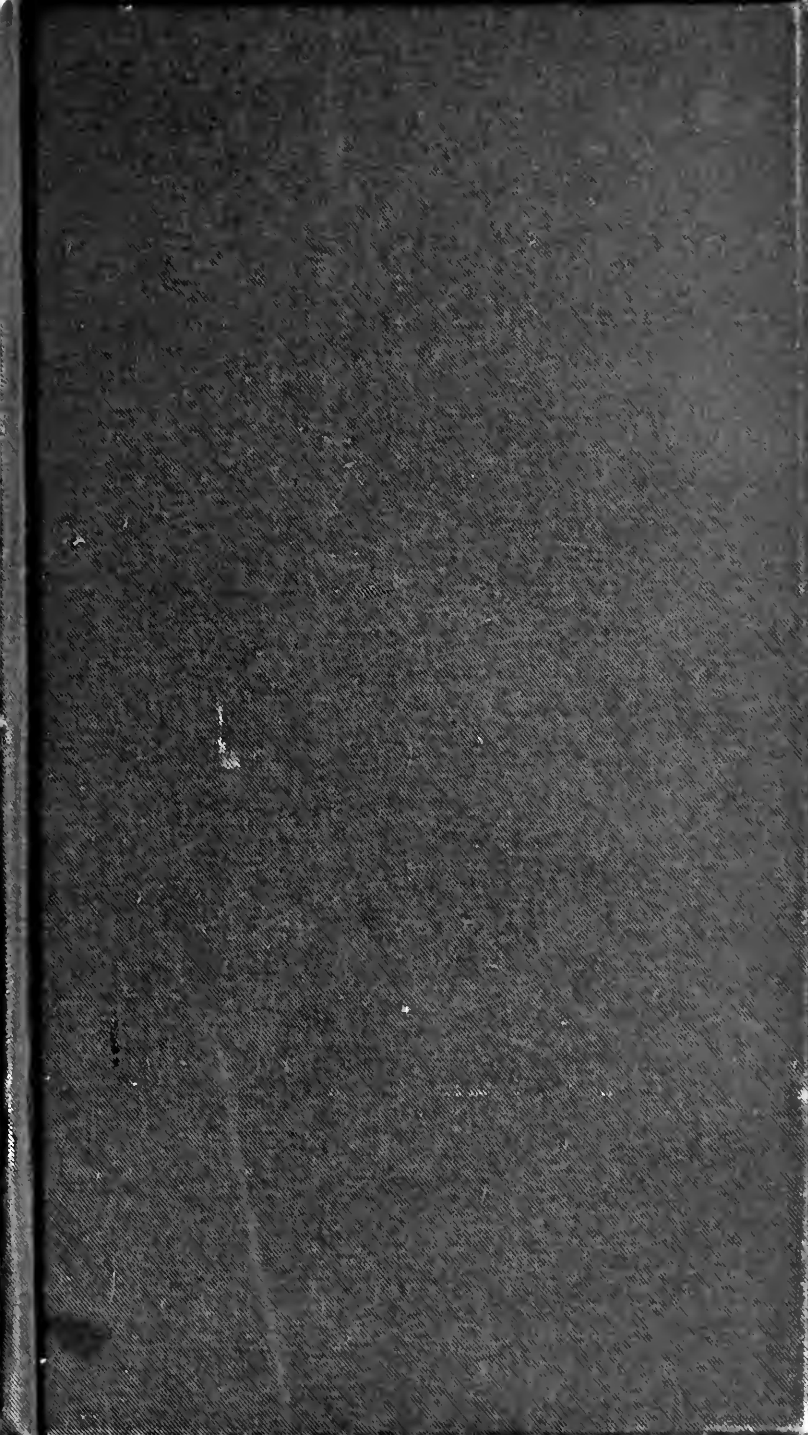

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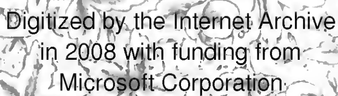
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OF

UNIVERSAL LITERATURE

PRESENTING

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES, AND SPECIMENS
FROM THE WRITINGS OF EMINENT AUTHORS
OF ALL AGES AND ALL NATIONS

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OF

UNIVERSAL LITERATURE.

HERBERT, HENRY WILLIAM (FRANK FORESTER, *pseud.*), an Anglo-American author, born in 1807; died by his own hand in 1858. He was the son of the Dean of Manchester, received his education at Eton and at the University of Cambridge, and in 1831 emigrated to New York. In 1833, conjointly with A. D. Patterson, he began the publication of the *American Monthly Magazine*, of which he was editor for three years. His first work of fiction was *The Brothers: a Tale of the Fronde* (1834.) He was the author of several other novels or romances, of several historical works, and of numerous books on field sports, in which sort of writing he excelled. Among his works are: *Oliver Cromwell*, an historical novel (1837), *Marmaduke Wyvil*, and *The Deerstalkers* (1843), *The Roman Traitor* (1848), *Field Sports of North America* (1849), *The Warwick Woodlands*, and *Fish and Fishing in North America* (1850), *Guarica*, *The Miller of Martigny*, and *Sherwood Forest* (1855), *The Quorndon Hounds*, *Dermot O'Brien*, *The Lord of the*

Manor, *Henry VIII. and His Six Wives*, *Captains of the Greek Republics*, *Captains of the Roman Republic*, *The Chevaliers of France from the Crusades to the Maréchales of Louis XIV.*, and *The Royal Maries of Mediæval History*. He also translated into English the *Agamemnon* and the *Prometheus of Æschylus*. His last work was *The Horse and Horsemanship of America* (1857.)

DOLPH PIERSON THE DUTCH HUNTER.

He was three inches above six feet in height, and of bone and frame which were almost gigantic. His face and features were as sharp and as angular as the edge of an Indian tomahawk; his brow was low, but neither narrow nor receding; on the contrary, it displayed considerable amplitude in those parts which phrenologists are pleased to designate as the seats of ideality; and some prominence in the point which the same learned gentry assert to contain the organs whereby man appreciates the relations between cause and effect. Across this forehead the skin was drawn as tight as the parchment of a drum, indented only by one deep furrow running from temple to temple. His hair was thin and straggling, and what there was of it was as white as the drifted snow, as were also two tufts of ragged bristles, which stood out low down on the jaw-bone, a little way below his mouth, alone relieving the monotonous color of his otherwise whiskerless and beardless physiognomy. As if to set off the whiteness of his hair, however, and of those twin tufts, his eyebrows, which were of extraordinary thickness, were as black as a crow's wing, running in a straight line, without any arch above the eyes.

The eyes, themselves, which were very deeply set, and, in fact, almost entombed between the sharp projections of the brow, and the al-

most fleshless processes of the cheek-bones, were dark, twinkling, restless, never fixed for a moment, but ever roving, as if in quest of something which he was anxiously seeking. His nose was of the highest and keenest aquiline, starting out suddenly at an acute angle from between his eyes, and then turning as abruptly downward, in a line parallel to the face, the point at the curvature, or summit, appearing as if it would pierce through the skin. The nostrils were rather widely expanded, and their owner had a habit of distending them, as if he were snuffing the air; so that many of his neighbors believed that he was actually gifted with a hound's instinct of following game by the scent.

His mouth, to conclude, was wide, straight, thin-lipped, and so closely glued down upon his few remaining stumps of teeth, that it seemed as if it had never been intended to open; and indeed it was the abode of an organ, which, if not endowed with great eloquence, had at least a vast talent for taciturnity. Such were the features of the man who entered the room, walking in-toed, like an Indian, with long noiseless strides, with a singular stoop, not of his shoulders, but of his neck itself, and with his eyes so riveted to the ground, that it appeared very difficult for him to raise them to the faces of those he came to visit.

He was dressed in a thick blanket coat, of a dingy green color, with a sort of brown binding down the seams, and a sash of brown worsted about his waist. On his head he wore a sort of skull-cap of gray fox-skin, with the brush sewed across it, like the crest of a dragoon helmet, about four inches of the white tag waving loose like a crest from the top of the crown. Two cross-belts of buckskin were thrown across his shoulders, that on the right supporting an ox-horn, quaintly carved, and scraped so thin that the dark color of the powder could be seen through it in many places;

and that on the left garnished with a long wooden-handled butcher-knife in a greasy scabbard. A tomahawk was thrust into his sash, its sharp head guarded by a sort of leathern pocket, and from the front of the girdle was suspended a pouch of otter-skin, containing balls, bullet-mould, charger, greased wadding, and all the apparatus necessary for cleaning the heavy rifle which he carried in his hand, and which, at least in his waking hours, he was seldom, if ever, known to lay aside. To complete his costume, his feet were shod in Indian moccasins, and his legs encased in stout buckskin leggins, supported by garters rich in embroideries of porcupine-quills, and laced over his rough homespun pantaloons.—*The Deerstalkers.*

THE LAST BEAR ON THE WARWICK HILLS.

Tom and I set forth after breakfast, with dog and gun, to beat up a large bevy of quail which we had found on the preceding evening, when it was quite too late to profit by the find, in a great buckwheat stubble, a quarter of a mile hence on the southern slope. After a merry tramp, we flushed them in a hedgerow, drove them up into this swale, and "used them up considerable," as Tom said. The last three birds pitched into the bank: and as we followed them we came across what Tom pronounced upon the instant to be the fresh track of a bear. Leaving the meaner game, we set ourselves to work immediately to trail old Bruin to his lair, if possible; the rather that from the loss of a toe, Tom confidently, and with many oaths, asserted that this was no other than "the damdest etarnal biggest bear that ever had been knowed in Warwick;" one that had been acquainted with the sheep and calves of all the farmers round, for many a year. In less than ten minutes we had traced him to the cave, whereunto the track led visibly, and whence no track returned. The moment

we had housed him, Tom left me with directions to sit down close to the den's mouth, and there to smoke my cigar, and talk to myself aloud, until his return from exploring the locality and learning whether our friend had any second exit to his snug winter-quarters. "You needn't be scart now, I tell you," he concluded; "for he is a deal too cute to come out, or even show his nose, while he smells 'bacca and hears voices. I'll be back to-rights."

After some twenty-five or thirty minutes back he came, blown and tired, but in extraordinary glee. "There's no help for it; he's got to smell hell anyway! There's not a hole in this hull hillside but this."

"But can we bolt him?" inquired I somewhat dubiously.

"Sartin," replied he scornfully, "sartin; what's there now to hinder us? I'll bide here quietly, whilst you cuts down into the village, and brings all the hands you can raise; and bid them bring lots of blankets and an axe or two and all there is in the house to eat and drink—both; and a heap of straw. Now don't be stoppin' to ask me no questions—shin it, I say, and jest call in and tell my brother what we've done, and start him up here right away; leave me your gun, and all o' them cigars. Now streak it."

Well, away I went, and in less than an hour we had a dozen able-bodied men, with axes, arms, provisions, edible and potable, enough for a week's provision, on the ground, where we found Tom and his brother, both keeping good watch and ward. The first step was to prepare a shanty, as it was evident there was small chance of bolting him before nightfall. This was soon done, and our party was immediately divided into gangs, so that we might be on the alert both day and night. A mighty fire was next kindled over the cabin's mouth in hopes we might smoke him out. After this method had been tried all that day and all

night, it was found utterly useless—the cavern having so many rifts and rents, as we could see by the fumes which arose from the earth at several points, whereby the smoke escaped without becoming dense enough to force our friend to bolt.

We then tried dogs. Four of the best the country could produce were sent in, and a most demoniacal affray and hubbub followed within the bowels of the earth-fast rock. But in a little while three of our canine friends were glad enough to make their exit, mangled and maimed and bleeding; more fortunate than their companion, whose greater pluck had only earned for him a harder and more mournful fate. We sent for fireworks, and kept up for some hours such a din and such a stench as might have scared the devil from his lair. But Bruin bore it all with truly stoical endurance. Miners were summoned next; and we essayed to blast the granite; but it was all in vain—the hardness of the stone defied our labors.

Three days had passed away, and we were now no nearer than at first; every means had been tried, and every means found futile. Blank disappointment sat on every face, when Michael Draw, Tom's brother, not merely volunteered, but could not by any means be deterred from going down into the den, and shooting the brute in its very hold. Dissuasion and remonstrance were in vain—he was bent on it; and at length Tom, who had been the most resolved in his opposition, exclaimed, "If he will go, let him!" so that decided the whole matter.

The cave, it seemed, had been explored already, and its localities were known to several of the party, but more particularly to the bold volunteer who had insisted on this perilous enterprise. The well-like aperture, which could alone be seen from without, descended, widening gradually as it got further from the sur-

face, for somewhat more than eight feet. At that depth the fissure turned off at right angles, running nearly horizontally—an arch of about three feet in height and some two yards in length—into a small circular chamber, beyond which there was no passage whether for man or beast, and in which it was certain that the well-known and much-detested bear had taken up his winter-quarters. The plan then, upon which Michael had resolved was to descend into this cavity, with a rope securely fastened under his arm-pits, provided with a sufficient quantity of lights and a good musket, to worm himself, feet forward, on his back, along the horizontal tunnel, and shoot at the eyes of the fierce monster, which would be clearly visible in the dark den by the reflection of the torches; trusting to the alertness of his comrades from without, who were instructed, instantly on hearing the report of his musket-shot, to haul him out, hand-over-hand.

This mode decided upon, it needed no long space to put it into execution. Two narrow laths of pine-wood were procured, and half a dozen auger-holes bored into each; as many candles were inserted into these temporary candelabra, and duly lighted. The rope was next made fast about his chest, his musket carefully loaded with good two-ounce bullets, well wadded in greased buckskin; his butcher-knife disposed in readiness to meet his grasp; and in he went, without one fear or doubt on his bold, sun-burnt visage. As he descended, I confess that my heart fairly sank, and a faint sickness came across me when I thought of the dread risk he ran in courting the encounter of so fell a foe, wounded and furious, in that small, narrow hole, where valor, nor activity, nor the high heart of manhood, could be expected to avail anything against the close hug of the shaggy monster.

Tom's ruddy face grew pale, and his huge body quivered with emotion, as, bidding him

"God speed," he gripped his brother's fist, gave him the trusty piece which his own hand had loaded, and saw him gradually disappear, thrusting the lights before him with his feet, and holding the long queen's-arm cocked and ready in a hand that trembled not—the only hand that trembled not of all our party. Inch by inch his stout frame vanished into the narrow fissure; and now his head disappeared, and still he drew the yielding rope along. Now he has stopped; there is no strain upon the rope; there is a pause—a long and fearful pause. The men without stood by to haul—their arms stretched forward to their full extent, their sinewy frames bent to the task, and their rough lineaments expressive of strange agitation. Tom and myself, and some half dozen others, stood on the watch with ready rifles, lest, wounded and infuriate, the brute should follow hard on the invader of its perilous lair.

Hark to that dull and stifled growl! The watchers positively shivered, and their teeth chattered with excitement. There! there! that loud and bellowing roar, reverberated by the ten thousand echoes of the confined cavern till it might have been taken for a burst of subterraneous thunder! that wild and fearful howl—half roar of fury—half yell of mortal anguish! With headlong violence they hauled upon the creaking rope, and dragged with terrible impetuosity out of the fearful cavern—his head striking the granite rocks, and his limbs fairly chattering against the rude projections, yet still with gallant hardihood retaining his good weapon—the sturdy woodman was whirled out into the open air unwounded; while the fierce brute within rushed after him to the very cavern's mouth, raving and roaring till the solid mountain seemed to shake and quiver.

As soon as he had entered the small chamber, he had perceived the glaring eyeballs of the monster; had taken his aim steadily between them by the strong light of the burning

candles; and as he said, had lodged his bullet fairly—a statement which was verified by the long-drawn and painful moanings of the beast within. After a while these dread sounds died away, and all was as still as death. Then once again, undaunted by his previous peril, the bold man, though, as he averred, he felt the hot breath of the monster on his face, so nearly had it followed him in his precipitate retreat —prepared to beard the savage in its hold.

Again he vanished from our sight; again his musket-shot roared like the voice of a volcano from the vitals of the rock; again he was dragged into daylight. But this time, maddened with wrath and agony, yelling with rage and pain, streaming with gore, and white with foam, which flew on every side, churned from his gnashing tusks, the bear rushed after him. One mighty bound brought it clear out of the deep chasm—the bruised trunk of the daring hunter, and the confused group of men who had been stationed at the rope, and who were now, between anxiety and terror, floundering to and fro, hindering one another—lay within three, or at most four, paces of the frantic monster; while, to increase the peril, a wild and ill-directed volley, fired in haste and fear, was poured in by the watchers, the bullets whistling on every side, but with far greater peril to our friends than to the object of their aim. Tom drew his gun up coolly—pulled—but no spark replied to the unlucky flint. With a loud curse he dashed the useless musket to the ground, unsheathed his butcher-knife, and rushed on to attack the wild beast single-handed.

At the same point of time I saw my sight, as I fetched up my rifle, in clean relief against the dark fur of the head, close to the root of the left ear. My finger was upon the trigger, when, mortally wounded long before, exhausted by his dying effort, the huge brute pitched headlong, without waiting for my shot, and.

within ten feet of his destined victim, "in one wild roar expired." He had received all four of Michael's bullets; the first shot had planted one ball in his lower jaw, which it had shattered fearfully, and another in his neck; the second had driven one through the right eye into the very brain, and cut a long deep furrow on the crown with the other. Six hundred and odd pounds did he weigh. He was the largest and the last. None of his shaggy brethren have visited, since his decease, the woods of Warwick; nor shall I ever more, I trust, witness so dread a peril so needlessly encountered.—*The Warwick Woodlands.*

HERDER, JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON, a German author; born in 1744; died in 1803. He was intended for a surgeon, but having fainted during the first operation of which he was a witness, he turned his attention to theology, and studied at Königsberg. Towards the close of 1764, he was appointed teacher and preacher in the Cathedral School at Riga. In 1770 he was appointed Court Preacher at Bückberg. The University of Göttingen offered him the chair of Theology, but his acceptance of it was prevented by a call to Weimar, in 1776, and the Grand Duke appointed him Court Preacher, General Superintendent, and Councillor of the Upper Consistory. In 1881, he became President of the Upper Consistory. His works, sixty volumes in all, relate to literature, art, philosophy, history, and religion. Among them are: *Fragments on Recent German Literature* (1767), *Critical Forests* (1769), *The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry* (1782), *Ideas towards a Philosophy*, (translated into English under the title *Outlines of the History of Mankind* (1784–91), *The Cid* and *Folk-Songs.*

MAN A LINK BETWEEN TWO WORLDS.

Everything in Nature is connected: one state pushes forward and prepares another. If then man be the last and highest link, closing the chain of terrestrial organization, he must begin the chain of a higher order of creatures as its lowest link, and is probably, therefore, the middle ring between two adjoining systems of the creation. He cannot pass into any other organization upon earth without turning backwards and wandering in a circle. That he should stand still is impossible; since no living power in the dominions of the most active

goodness is at rest : thus there must be a step before him, close to him, yet as exalted above him, as he is pre-eminent over the brute, to whom he is at the same time nearly allied. This view of things, which is supported by all the laws of nature, alone gives us the key to the wonderful phenomenon of man, and at the same time to the only philosophy of his history. . . .

Far as the life of man here below is from being calculated for eternity ; equally far is this incessantly revolving sphere from being a repository of permanent works of art, a garden of never-fading plants, a seat to be eternally inhabited. We come and go : every moment brings thousands into the world, and takes thousands out of it. The Earth is an inn for travelers ; a planet, on which birds of passage rest themselves, and from which they hasten away. The brute lives out his life ; and, if his years be too few to attain higher ends, his inmost purpose is accomplished : his capacities exist, and he is what he was intended to be. Man alone is in contradiction with himself, and with the Earth : for, being the most perfect of all creatures, his capacities are the farthest from being perfected, even when he attains the longest term of life before he quits the world. But the reason is evident : his state, being the last upon this Earth, is the first in another sphere of existence, with respect to which he appears here as a child making his first essays. Thus he is the representative of two worlds at once ; and hence the apparent duplicity of his essence. . . .

If superior creatures look down upon us, they may view us in the same light as we do the *middle species*, with which Nature makes a transition from one element to another. The ostrich flaps his feeble wings to assist himself in running, but they cannot enable him to fly ; his heavy body confines him to the ground. Yet the organizing Parent has taken care of

him, as well as of every middle creature; for they are all perfect in themselves, and only appear defective to our eyes. It is the same with man here below: his defects are perplexing to an earthly mind; but a superior spirit that inspects the internal structure, and sees more links of the chain, may indeed pity, but cannot despise him. He perceives why man must quit the world in so many different states, young and old, wise and foolish, grown gray in second childhood, or an embryo yet unborn. Omnipotent goodness embraces madness and deformity, all the degrees of cultivation, and all the errors of man, and wants not balsams to heal the wounds that death alone could mitigate. Since probably the future state springs out of the present, as our organization from inferior ones, its business is no doubt more closely connected with our existence here than we imagine. The garden above blooms only with plants of which the seeds have been sown here, and put forth their first germs from a coarser husk. If, then, as we have seen, sociality, friendship, or active participation in the pains and pleasures of others, be the principal end to which humanity is directed, this finest flower of human life must necessarily there attain the vivifying form, the overshadowing height, for which our heart thirsts in vain in any earthly situation. Our brethren above, therefore, assuredly love us with more warmth and purity of affection, than we can bear to them: for they see our state more clearly; to them the moment of time is no more, all discrepancies are harmonized, and in us they are probably educating unseen partners of their happiness, and companions of their labors. But one step farther, and the oppressed spirit can breathe more freely, the wounded heart recovers: they see the passenger approach it, and stay his sliding feet with a powerful hand.

Since, therefore we are of a middle species between two orders, and in some measure par-

take of both, I cannot conceive that the Future state is so remote from the Present, and so incommunicable with it, as the animal part of man is inclined to suppose, and indeed many steps and events in the history of the human race are to me incomprehensible, without the operation of superior influence. A divine economy has certainly ruled over the human species from its first origin, and conducted him into his course the readiest way. . . .

Thus much is certain, that there dwells an infinity in each of man's powers, which cannot be developed here, where it is repressed by other powers, by animal senses and appetites, and lies bound as it were to the state of terrestrial life. Particular instances of memory, of imagination, nay, of prophesy, and prehension, have discovered wonders of that hidden treasure which reposes in the human soul; and indeed the senses are not to be excluded from this observation. That diseases, and partial defects, have been the principal occasions of indicating this treasure, alters not the nature of the case; since this very disproportion was requisite, to set one of the weights at liberty, and display its power.

The expression of Leibnitz, that the soul is a mirror of the universe, contains perhaps a more profound truth than has usually been educed from it: for the powers of a universe seem to lie concealed in her, and require only an organization, or a series of organizations, to set them in action. Supreme goodness will not refuse her this organization, but guides her like a child in leading-strings, gradually to prepare her for the fulness of increasing enjoyment, under a persuasion that her powers and senses are self-acquired. Even in her present fetters *space* and *time* are to her empty words: they measure and express relations of the body, but not of her internal capacity, which extends beyond time and space, when it acts in perfect internal quiet. Give thyself no concern for

the place and hour of thy future existence: the Sun, that enlightens thy days, is necessary to thee during thy abode and occupation upon earth; and so long it obscures all the celestial stars. When it sets, the universe will appear in greater magnitude; the sacred night, that once enveloped thee, and in which thou wilt be enveloped again, covers thy Earth with shade, and will open to thee the splendid volume of immortality in Heaven. There are habitations, worlds, and spaces, that bloom in unfading youth, though ages on ages have rolled over them, and defy the changes of time and season; but everything that appears to our eyes decays, and perishes, and passes away; and all the pride and happiness of Earth are exposed to inevitable destruction.

This earth will be no more, when thou thyself still art, and enjoyest God and his creation in other abodes, and differently organized. On it thou hast enjoyed much good. On it thou hast attained an organization, in which thou hast learned to look around and above thee as a child of Heaven. Endeavor, therefore, to leave it contentedly, and bless it in the field, where thou hast sported as a child of immortality, and as the school, where thou hast been brought up in joy, and in sorrow, to manhood. Thou hast no farther claim on it; it has no farther claim on thee. As the flower stands erect, and closes the realm of the subterranean inanimate creation, to enjoy the commencement of life, in the region of day; so is man raised above all the creatures that are bowed down to the Earth. With uplifted eye, and outstretched hand, he stands as a son of the family, awaiting his father's call.—*Transl. of* T. CHURCHILL.

OUTLIVING OURSELVES.

What we call outliving ourselves—that is, a kind of death—is, with souls of the better sort, but sleep, which precedes a new waking, a re-

laxation of the bow which prepares it for new use. So rests the fallow field, in order to produce the more plentifully hereafter. So dies the tree in winter, that it may put forth and blossom anew in the spring. Destiny never forsakes the good man, as long as he does not forsake himself, and ignobly despair of himself. The Genius which seemed to have departed from him, returns to him again, at the right moment, bringing new activity, fortune and joy. Sometimes the Genius comes in the shape of a friend, sometimes in that of an unexpected change of times. Sacrifice to this Genius even though you see him not! Hope in back-looking, returning Fortune, even when you deem her far off! If the left side is sore, lay yourself on the right; if the storm has bent your sapling one way, bend it the other way, until it attains once more, the perpendicular medium. You have wearied your memory? Then exercise your understanding. You have striven too diligently after seeming, and it has deceived you? Now seek being. That will not deceive. Unmerited fame has spoiled you? Thank Heaven that you are rid of it, and seek, in your own worth, a fame which cannot be taken away. Nothing is nobler and more venerable than a man who, in spite of fate, perseveres in his duty, and who, if he is not happy outwardly, at least deserves to be so. He will certainly become so at the right season. The Serpent of time often casts her slough, and brings to the man in his cave, if not the fabled jewel in her head and the rose in her mouth, at least medicinal herbs which procure him oblivion of the past, and restoration to new life.

Philosophy abounds in remedies designed to console us for misfortunes endured, but unquestionably its best remedy is when it strengthens us to bear new misfortunes, and imparts to us a firm reliance on ourselves. The illusion which weakens the faculties of the soul, comes, for the most part, from without.

But the objects which environ us are not ourselves. It is sad indeed, when the situation in which a man is placed is so embittered and made so wretched, that he has no desire to touch one of its grapes or flowers, because they crumble to ashes in his hands, like those fruits of Sodom. Nevertheless, the situation is not himself; let him, like the tortoise, draw in his limbs, and be what he can and ought. The more he disregards the consequences of his actions, the more repose he has in action. Thereby the soul grows stronger and revivifies itself, like an ever-springing fountain. The fountain does not stop to calculate through what regions of the earth its streams shall flow, what foreign matter it shall take in, and where it shall finally lose itself. It flows from its own fulness, with an irrepressible motion. That which others show us of ourselves is only appearance. It has always some foundation, and is never to be wholly despised; but it is only the reflection of our being in them, mirrored back to us from their own; often a broken and dim form, and not our being itself. Let the little insects creep over and around you, and be at the uttermost pains to make you appear dead; they work in their nature. Work you in yours, and live! In fact, our breast, our character, keeps us always more and longer upright, than all the acumen of the head, than all the cunning of the mind. In the heart we live, and not in the thoughts. The opinions of others may be a favorable or unfavorable wind in our sails. As the ocean its vessels, so circumstances at one time may hold us fast, at another may powerfully further us; but ship and sail, compass, helm, and oar, are still our own. Never, then, like old Tithonus, grow gray in the conceit that your youth has passed away. Rather, with newly awakened activity, let a new Aurora daily spring from your arms.—*Transl. of* F. H. HEDGE.

A SONG OF LIFE.

Time more swift than wind and billows,
  Fleeth. Who can bid it stay?
To enjoy it when 'tis present,
  To arrest it on its way,
This, ye brothers, will the fleeting
  Of the winged days restrain;
Let us strew life's path with roses,
For its glory soon will wane!

Roses! for the days are merging
  Into winter's misty tide,
Roses! for they bloom and blossom
  Round about on every side.
On each spray there blossom roses,
  On each noble deed of youth;
Happy he who, till its warning,
  E'er hath lived a life of truth.

Days, O be ye like a garland,
  Crowning locks of snowy white,
Blooming with new brightness round them,
  Like a youthful vision bright.
E'en the dark-hued flowers refresh us
  With repose of matchless price,
And refreshing breezes waft us
  Kindly into Paradise.

Transl. of ALFRED BASKERVILLE.

A LEGENDARY BALLAD.

Among green, pleasant meadows,
  All in a grove so wild,
Was set a marble image
  Of the Virgin and her child.

There, oft, on summer evenings,
  A lovely boy would rove,
To play beside the image
  That sanctified the grove.

Oft sat his mother by him,
  Among the shadows dim,
And told how the Lord Jesus
  Was once a child like him.

"And now from highest heaven
He doth look down each day,
And sees whate'er thou doest,
And hears what thou dost say."

Thus spake the tender mother:
And on an evening bright,
When the red, round sun descended,
'Mid clouds of crimson light,

Again the boy was playing,
And earnestly said he,
"O beautiful Lord Jesus,
Come down and play with me!

"I'll find thee flowers the fairest,
And weave for thee a crown;
I will get thee ripe red strawberries,
If thou wilt but come down.

"O holy, holy Mother,
Put him down from off thy knee!
For in these silent meadows
There are none to play with me."

Thus spake the boy so lovely:
The while his mother heard,
And on his prayer she pondered,
But spake to him no word.

That selfsame night she dreamed
A lovely dream of joy,
She thought she saw young Jesus
There, playing with the boy.

"And for the fruits and flowers
Which thou hast brought to me,
Rich blessings shall be given
A thousandfold to thee.

"For in the fields of heaven
Thou shalt roam with me at will,
And of bright fruits celestial
Thou shall have, dear child, thy fill."

Thus tenderly and kindly
The fair child Jesus spoke,
And full of careful musings
His anxious mother woke.

And thus it was accomplished,
  In a short month and a day,
That lovely boy, so gentle,
  Upon his deathbed lay.

And thus he spoke in dying:
  "O mother dear, I see
The beautiful child Jesus
  A-coming down to me!

"And in his hand he beareth
  Bright flowers as white as snow,
And red and juicy strawberries,—
  Dear mother, let me go!"

He died, and that fond mother
  Her tears could not restrain;
But she knew he was with Jesus
  And she did not weep again.

Transl. of Mary Howitt.

HERODOTUS, a Greek traveler and historian, born at Halicarnassus, in Asia Minor, about 484 B. C.; died probably at the Greek colony of Thurium, in Italy, about 420 B. C. Of his personal history little is authentically recorded. That he was possessed of considerable wealth is evident from the extensive journeys which he undertook; that he was versed in all the literature of his time is shown by his writings throughout; there is, however, no evidence that he was acquainted with any language except Greek. His journey to Egypt probably took place when he was twenty-four years of age, and he seems to have remained in that country about six years. His other journeyings, the dates of which are uncertain, took him to Babylon, Susa, the Persian capital, Scythia, Thrace, and all over Greece proper, Asia Minor, and some of the Grecian islands. The countries visited by him extend for 1700 miles from east to west, and more than 1600 miles from north to south, covering nearly all of the habitable globe as it was known to the Greeks. He also picked up such vague information as he could of the regions lying beyond those which he visited. At the age of about thirty-seven he took up his residence at Athens, having fairly entered upon the composition of his great work, to the elaboration of which the remaining years of his life were mainly devoted. It is divided into nine Books, each bearing the name of one of the nine Muses. In the opening sentence he thus sets forth his purpose:

THE PROEM TO THE HISTORY

These are the researches of Herodotus of

Halicarnassus, which he publishes in the hope of thereby preserving from decay the remembrance of what men have done, and of preventing the great and wonderful actions of the Greeks and the Barbarians from losing their due meed of glory; and withal to put on record what were their grounds of feud.

The leading aim was to narrate the contest between the Persians and Greeks—that is, between Asia and Europe—which was formally begun by Darius Hystaspis, in 490 B. C., and closed by the signal defeats of the forces of Xerxes at Platæa and Mycalé, seventeen years later. But the history of this war is continually broken in upon by what might properly be styled "Researches and Inquiries of Travel." He is supposed to have written another work upon Assyrian History, but if it was written, no part of it is now extant. The work of Herodotus has been often translated into English, notably by Cary and Beloe. But the earlier translations are superseded by that of George Rawlinson (1858–1860; 3d ed. 1873) assisted by his brother, Sir Henry Rawlinson, and Sir James Gardner Wilkinson. This translation is accompanied by Notes, Dissertations, and other critical apparatus, exceeding in bulk the original of the "Father of History."

The History of the Græco-Persian war strictly begins with the Fifth Book. Perhaps the most interesting portions of the whole are Book II. ("Erato"), which describes Egypt, and Book III. ("Thalia"), which narrates the mad freaks of Cambyses, King of Persia, the son and successor of the great Cyrus, and predecessor of Darius Hystaspis. Our extracts will be wholly

from these two books, as translated by Rawlinson.

AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL INVESTIGATION.

The Egyptians, before the reign of their King Psammetichus, believed themselves to be the most ancient of mankind. Since Psammetichus, however, made an attempt to discover who were actually the primitive race, they have been of opinion that while they surpass all other nations, the Phrygians surpass them in antiquity. This king, finding it impossible to make out by dint of inquiry what men were the most ancient, contrived the following method of discovery:—He took two children of the common sort, and gave them over to a herdsman to bring up at his folds, strictly charging him to let no one utter a word in their presence, but to keep them in a sequestered cottage, and from time to time to introduce goats to their apartment, see that they got their fill of milk, and in all other respects look after them. His object herein was to know, after the indistinct babblings of infancy were over, what word they would first articulate. It happened as he had anticipated. The herdsman obeyed his orders for two years, and at the end of that time, on his one day opening the door of their room and going in, the children both ran up to him with outstretched arms, and distinctly said *Békos.* When this first happened, the herdsman took no notice, but afterwards when he observed, upon coming often to see them, that the word was constantly in their mouths, he informed his master, and by his command brought the children into his presence. Psammetichus then himself heard them say the word, upon which he then proceeded to make inquiry what people there were who called anything *békos;* and hereupon he learnt that *békos* was the Phrygian name for "bread." In consideration of this circumstance the Egyptians yielded their claims, and

admitted the greater antiquity of the Phrygians. That these were the real facts I learnt at Memphis from the priests of Vulcan. The Greeks, among other foolish tales, relate that Psammetichus had the children brought up by women whose tongues he had previously cut out; but the priests said their bringing up was such as I have described above.

THE INUNDATION OF THE NILE.

Perhaps after censuring all the opinions that have been put forward, on this obscure subject, one ought to prove some theory of one's own. I will therefore proceed to explain what I think to be the reason of the Nile's swelling in the summer time. During the winter the sun is driven out of his usual course by the storms, and removes to the upper parts of Libya. This is the whole secret in the fewest possible words; for it stands to reason that the country which the Sun-god approaches the nearest and which he passes most directly over, will be scantest of water, and that there the streams which feed the river will shrink the most.

To explain, however, more at length, the case is this: The sun in his passage across the upper parts of Libya, affects them in the following way: As the air in those regions is constantly clear, and the country warm through the absence of cold winds, the sun in his passage across them acts upon them exactly as he is wont to act elsewhere in summer, when his path is in the middle of heaven—that is, he attracts the water. After attracting it, he again repels it into the upper regions, where the winds lay hold of it, scatter it, and reduce it to a vapor, whence it naturally enough comes to pass that winds which blow from this quarter—the south and southwest—are of all winds the most rainy. And my own opinion is that the sun does not get rid of all the water which he draws year by year from the Nile, but re-

tains some about him. When the winter begins to soften, the sun goes back again to his old place in the middle of the heaven, and proceeds to attract water equally from all countries. Till then the other rivers run big from the quantity of rain-water which they bring down from countries where so such moisture falls that all the land is cut into gullies; but in summer, when the showers fail, and the sun attracts their water, they become low. The Nile, on the contrary, not deriving any of its bulk from rains, and being in the winter subject to the attraction of the sun, naturally runs at that season, unlike all other streams, with a less burthen of water than in the summer time. For in summer it is exposed to attraction equally with all other rivers, but in winter it suffers alone.

It is the sun also, in my opinion, which by heating the space through which it passes, makes the air of Egypt so dry. There is thus perpetual summer in the upper parts of Libya. Were the position of the heavenly bodies reversed, so that the place where now the north wind and the winter have their dwelling became the station of the south wind and of the noon-day, while on the other hand the station of the south wind became that of the north, the consequence would be that the sun, driven from the mid-heaven by the winter and the northern gales, would betake himself to the upper parts of Europe, as he now does to those of Libya, and then I believe his passage across Europe would affect the Ister exactly as the Nile is affected at the present day. And with respect to the fact that no breeze blows from the Nile, I am of opinion that no wind is likely to arise in very hot countries, for breezes love to blow from some cold quarter.

THE COURSE OF THE NILE.

The course of the Nile is known, not only throughout Egypt, but to the extent of four

months' journey either by land or water above the Egyptian boundary; for on calculation it will be found that it takes that length of time to travel from Elephantiné to the country of the "Deserters." There the direction of the river is from west to east. Beyond, no one has any certain knowledge of its course, since the country is uninhabited by reason of the excessive heat.

I did hear, indeed, what I will now relate, from certain natives of Cyrené. Once upon a time, they said, they were on a visit to the oracular shrine of Ammon, when it chanced that in the course of conversation with Etearchus, the Ammonian king, the talk fell upon the Nile, how that its sources were unknown to all men. Etearchus upon this mentioned that some Nasimonians had come over to his court, and when asked if they could give any information concerning the uninhabited parts, of Libya, had told the following tale. (The Nasimonians are a Libyan race who occupy the Syrtis and a tract of no great size towards the east.)

They said there had grown up among them some wild young men, the sons of certain chiefs, who, when they came to man's estate, indulged in all manner of extravagances, and among other things drew lots for five of their number to go and explore the desert parts of Libya, and try if they could not penetrate further than any had done previously. The coast of Libya along the sea which washes it to the north, throughout its entire length from Egypt to Cape Soloris, which is its furthest, is inhabited by Libyans of many distinct tribes, who possess the whole tract except certain portions which belong to the Phœnicians and the Greeks. Above the coast-line and the country inhabited by the maritime tribes, Libya is full of wild-beasts; while beyond the wild-beast region there is a tract which is wholly sand, very scant of water, and utterly and entirely a desert.

The young men therefore dispatched on this errand by their comrades with a plentiful supply of water and provisions, traveled at first through the inhabited region, passing which they came to the wild-beast tract, whence they finally entered upon the desert, which they proceeded to cross in a direction from east to west. After journeying for many days over a wide extent of sands they came at last to a plain where they observed trees growing; approaching them, and seeing fruit on them, they proceeded to gather it. While they were thus engaged, there came upon them some dwarfish men, under the middle height, who seized them and carried them off. The Nasimonians could not understand a word of their language, nor had they any acquaintance with the language of the Nasimonians. They were led across extensive marshes, and finally came to a town where all the men were of the height of their conductors, and black-complexioned. A great river flowed by the town, running from west to east, and containing crocodiles. Here let me dismiss Etearchus the Ammonian, and his story, only adding that (according to the Cyrenæans) he declared that the Nasimonians got safe back to the country, and that the men whose city they had reached were sorcerers.

With respect to the river which ran by their town, Etearchus conjectured it to be the Nile; and reason favors that view. For the Nile certainly flows out of Libya, dividing it down the middle, and as I conceive—judging the unknown from the known—rises at the same distance from its mouth as the Ister. The latter river has its source in the country of the Celts near the city Pyrené, and runs through the middle of Europe, dividing it into two portions. The Celts live beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and border on the Cynesians, who dwell at the extreme west of Europe. Thus the latter flows through the whole of Europe before it finally empties itself into the Euxine at Istria, one of

the colonies of the Milesians. Now as this river flows through regions that are inhabited, its course is perfectly well known; but of the sources of the Nile no one can give any account, since Libya, the country through which it passes, is desert and without inhabitants. As far as it was possible to get information by inquiry, I have given a description of the stream. It enters Egypt from the parts beyond. Egypt lies almost exactly opposite the mountainous region of Cilicia, whence a lightly equipped traveler may reach Sinopé on the Euxine in five days by the direct route. Sinopé lies opposite the place where the Ister falls into the sea. My opinion therefore is that the Nile as it traverses the whole of Libya, is of equal length with the Ister. And here I take my leave of this subject.

Herodotus wrote more than twenty-two centuries ago. Up to about the middle of the present century nothing was known as to the course of the Nile beyond what was narrated by Herodotus; for the supposed discovery by James Bruce, near the close of the last century, of the source of the Nile in the mountain region of Abyssinia, though true as a matter of fact, was actually misleading. He discovered, indeed, the origin of the so-called "Blue River," that affluent which, after the rainy season, supplies the water which constitutes the "rising of the Nile; but during the remaining nine months of the year presents hardly more than a dry river-bed. Of the far more important affluent, known as "the White River," fed by the great Nyanzas, whose waters constitute the Nile for three quarters of the year, neither Herodotus, nor any other man for more than two thousand years, ever dreamed. The "open secret" of the Nile remained for our own generation to discover.

ABOUT THE CROCODILE.

The following are the peculiarities of the crocodile. During the four winter months they eat nothing. They are four-footed, and live indifferently on land or in the water. The female lays and hatches her eggs ashore, passing the greater portion of the day on dry land, but at night retiring to the river, the water of which is warmer than the night-air and the dew. Of all known animals this is the one which from the smallest size grows to be the greatest; for the egg of the crocodile is but little bigger than that of the goose, and the young crocodile is in proportion to the egg; yet when it is full-grown the animal measures frequently seventeen cubits, and even more. It has the eyes of a pig, teeth large and tusk-like, of a size proportioned to its frame. Unlike any other animal, it is without a tongue. It cannot move its under jaw, and in this respect too it is singular, being the only animal in the world which moves its upper jaw, and not the under. It has strong claws and a scaly skin, impenetrable upon the back. In the water it is blind, but on the land it is very keen of sight. As it lives chiefly in the river, it has the inside of its mouth constantly covered with leeches; hence it happens that while all the other birds and beasts avoid it, with the trochilus it lives at peace, since it owes much to that bird; for the crocodile, when he leaves the water and comes upon the land, is in the habit of lying with his mouth wide open, facing the western breeze; at such times the trochilus goes into his mouth and devours the leeches. This benefits the crocodile, who is pleased, and takes care not to hurt the trochilus. . . .

The modes of catching the crocodile are many and various. I shall only describe the one which seems to me most worthy of mention. They bait a hook with a chine of pork, and let the meat be carried out into the middle of the stream, while the hunter upon the bank

holds a living pig, which he belabors. The crocodile hears its cries, and making for the sound, encounters the pork, which he instantly swallows down. The men on the shore haul, and when they have got him to land, the first thing the hunter does is to plaster his eyes with mud. This once accomplished, the animal is despatched with ease; otherwise he gives much trouble.

THE PHŒNIX.

They have also another sacred bird called the phœnix, which I myself have never seen except in pictures. Indeed it is a great rarity even in Egypt, only coming there, (according to accounts of the people of Heliopolis), once in five hundred years, when the old phœnix dies. Its size and appearance—if it is like the pictures—is as follows: The plumage is partly red, partly golden, while the general make and size are almost exactly that of the eagle. They tell a story of what this bird does, which does not seem to me to be credible: that he comes all the way from Arabia, and brings the parent bird, all plastered with myrrh, to the temple of the sun, and there buries the body. In order to bring him, they say, he first forms a ball of myrrh as big as he finds that he can carry; then he hollows out the ball, and puts his parent inside; after which he covers over the opening with fresh myrrh, and the ball is then of exactly the same weight as at first; so he brings it to Egypt, plastered over as I have said, and deposits it in the temple of the sun. Such is the story they tell of the doings of this bird.

MODES OF EMBALMING.

There are a set of men in Egypt who practice the art of embalming, and make it their proper business. These persons, when a body is brought to them, show the bearers various models of corpses, made in wood, and painted so as to resemble nature. The most perfect

is said to be after the manner of Him whom I do not think it religious to name in connection with such a matter; the second is inferior to the first, and less costly; the third is the cheapest of all. All this the embalmers explain, and then ask in which way it is wished that the corpse should be prepared. The bearers tell them, and having concluded their bargain, take their departure, while the embalmers, left to themselves, proceed to their task.

The mode of embalming, according to the most perfect process, is the following: They take first a crooked piece of iron, and with it draw out the brain through the nostrils, thus getting rid of a portion, while the skull is cleared of the rest by rinsing with drugs. Next, they make a cut along the flank, with a sharp Ethiopian stone, and take out the whole contents of the abdomen, which they then cleanse, washing it thoroughly with palm-wine, and again frequently with an infusion of pounded aromatics. After this they fill the cavity with the purest bruised myrrh, with cassia and every sort of spicery, except frankincense, and sew up the opening. Then the body is placed in natrum for seventy days, and covered entirely over. After the expiration of that space of time, which must not be exceeded, the body is washed, and wrapped round from head to foot with bandages of fine linen cloth, smeared over with gum, which is used generally by the Egyptians in the place of glue; and in this state it is given back to the relations, who enclose it in a wooden case which they have made for the purpose, shaped into the figure of a man. Then fastening the case, they place it in a sepulchral chamber, upright against the wall. Such is the most costly way of embalming the dead.

If persons wish to avoid expense, and choose the second process, the following is the method pursued: Syringes are filled with oil made

from the cedar-tree, which is then, without any incision or disemboweling, injected into the abdomen. The passage by which it might be likely to return is stopped, and the body laid in natrum the prescribed number of days. At the end of the time the cedar-oil is allowed to make its escape; and such is its power that it brings with it the whole stomach and intestines in a liquid state. The natrum meanwhile has dissolved the flesh, and so nothing is left of the dead body but the skin and the bones. It is returned in this condition to the relatives, without any further trouble being bestowed upon it.

The third method of embalming, which is practiced in the case of the poorer classes, is to clean out the intestines with a clyster, and let the body lie in the natrum the seventy days, after which it is at once given to those who come to fetch it away.

In Egypt Herodotus heard a version of the siege of Troy, differing in some particulars from that narrated in the *Iliad*. According to this Egyptian version, Paris (whom Herodotus calls Alexander) took his departure from Sparta with the frail Helen and the immense treasures which he had stolen from Menelaus. He headed for Ilium, but was driven by contrary winds upon the Egyptian coast. Proteus, the Egyptian king, having been informed of the perfidity of Paris, allowed him to take his departure for his own country, but detained Helen and the stolen treasures to be delivered up to Menelaus, when he should come to claim them, which he did after the destruction of Ilium. Herodotus thus proceeds:

HELEN AND THE SIEGE OF TROY.

I made inquiry of the priests, whether the story which the Greeks tell about Ilium is a

fable or no. In reply they related the following particulars, of which they declared that Menelaus had himself informed them:

After the rape of Helen, a vast army of Greeks, wishing to render help to Menelaus, set sail for the Teucrian territory. On their arrival they disembarked, and formed their camp, after which they sent ambassadors to Ilium, of whom Menelaus was one. The embassy was received within the walls, and demanded the restoration of Helen, with the treasures which Alexander had carried off, and likewise demanded satisfaction for the wrong done. The Teucrians gave at once the answer in which they persisted ever afterwards, backing their assertions sometimes even with oaths, to wit, that neither Helen nor the treasures claimed were in their possession: both the one and the other had remained, they said, in Egypt; and it was not just to come upon them for what Proteus, king of Egypt, was detaining. The Greeks, imagining that the Teucrians were merely laughing at them, laid siege to the town, and never rested until they finally took it.

So Menelaus traveled to Egypt, and on his arrival sailed up the river as far as Memphis, and related all that had happened. He met with the utmost hospitality, received back Helen unharmed, and recovered all his treassures. After this friendly treatment Menelaus, they said, behaved most unjustly towards the Egyptians; for as it happened that at the time when he wanted to take his departure, he was detained by the wind being contrary, and as he found this obstruction continue, he had recourse to a most wicked expedient. He seized, they said, two children of the people of the country, and offered them up in sacrifice. When this became known, the indignation of the people was stirred, and they went in pursuit of Menelaus, who, however, escaped with his ships to Libya, after which the Egyptians could not say whither he went. The rest they

knew full well, partly by the inquiries which they had made, and partly from the circumstances having taken place in their own land, and therefore not admitting of doubt.

Such is the account given by the Egyptian priests, and I am inclined to regard as true all that they say of Helen, from the following considerations: If Helen had been at Troy, the inhabitants would, I think, have given her up to the Greeks, whether Alexander consented to it or no. For surely neither Priam nor his family, could have been so infatuated as to endanger their own persons, their children and their city, merely that Alexander might possess Helen. At any rate, if they determined to refuse at first, yet afterwards, when so many of the Trojans fell on every encounter with the Greeks, and Priam too in each battle lost a son, sometimes two or three, and even more, if we may credit the epic poets, I do not believe that even if Priam himself had been married to her, he would have declined to deliver her up, with the view of bringing the series of calamities to a close. Nor was it as if Alexander had been heir to the crown, in which case he might have had the chief management of affairs, since Priam was already old. Hector, who was his elder brother, and a far braver man, stood before him, and was the heir to the kingdom on the death of their father Priam. And it could not be Hector's interest to uphold his brother in his wrong when it brought such dire calamities upon himself and the other Trojans. But the fact was that they had no Helen to deliver, and so they told the Greeks; but the Greeks would not believe what they said—Divine Providence, as I think, so willing that by their utter destruction it might be made evident to all men that when great wrongs are done, the gods will surely visit them with great punishments. Such, at least, is my view of the matter.

THE DESCENT OF RHAMPSINITUS TO HADES.

When Proteus died, Rhampsinitus, so the

priests informed me, succeeded to the throne. His monuments were the western gateway of the temple of Vulcan, and the two statues which stand in front of this gateway, called by the Egyptians the one Summer, the other Winter, each twenty-five cubits in height. The statue of Summer, which is the northernmost of the two, is worshiped by the natives, and has offerings made to it; that of Winter, which stands towards the south is treated in precisely the contrary way. King Rhampsinitus was possessed, they said, of great riches in silver; indeed to such an amount that none of the princes, his successors, surpassed or even equalled his wealth. . . . .

This same king, I was also informed by the priests, descended alive into the region which the Greeks call Hades, and there played at dice with Ceres, sometimes winning and sometimes suffering defeat. After a while he returned to earth, and brought with him a golden napkin, the gift of the goddess. From this descent of Rhampsinitus into Hades, and return to earth again, the Egyptians, I was told, instituted a festival, which they certainly celebrated in my day. On what occasion it was that they instituted it—whether upon this or upon any other—I cannot determine. The following are the ceremonies: On a certain day in the year the priests weave a mantle, and binding the eyes of one of their number with a fillet, they put the mantle upon him, and take him with them into the roadway conducting to the temple of Ceres, when they depart and leave him to himself. Then the priest, thus blindfolded, is led (they say) by two wolves to the temple of Ceres, distant twenty furlongs from the city, where he stays a while, after which he is brought back from the temple by the wolves, and left upon the spot where they first joined him.

THE DOCTRINE OF METEMPSYCHOSIS.

Such as think the tales of the Egyptians

credible are free to accept them for history. For my own part, I propose to myself throughout my whole work faithfully to record the traditions of the several nations. The Egyptians maintain that Ceres and Bacchus preside in the realms below. They were also the first to broach the opinion that the soul of man is immortal, and that when the body dies, it enters into the form of an animal which is born at the moment, thence passing on from one animal into an other until it has circled through the forms of all the creatures which tenant the earth, the water, and the air; after which it enters again into a human frame, and is born anew. The whole period of the transmigration is (they say) three thousand years. There are Greek writers—some of an earlier, some of a later date—who have borrowed this doctrine from the Egyptians, and put it forward as their own. I could mention their names, but I abstain from doing so.

THE INSANE FREAKS OF CAMBYSES THE SON OF CYRUS.

About the time when Cambyses arrived at Memphis, from his unsuccessful expedition against the Ethiopians, Apis appeared to the Egyptians. Now Apis is the god whom the Greeks call *Epaphus*. As soon as he appeared, straightway all the Egyptians arrayed themselves in their gayest garments, and fell to feasting and jollity; which when Cambyses saw, making sure that these rejoicings were on account of his own ill success, he called before him the officers who had charge of Memphis, and demanded of them why, when he was at Memphis before, the Egyptians had done nothing of this kind, but waited until now, when he had returned with the loss of so many of his troops? The officers made answer, that one of their gods had appeared to them—a god who at long intervals of time had been accustomed to show himself in Egypt; and that always on

his appearance, the whole of Egypt feasted and kept jubilee. When Cambyses heard this, he told them that they lied, and as liars he condemned them all to death.

When they were dead he called the priests to his presence, and questioning them received the same answer; whereupon he observed, "That he would soon know whether a tame god had really come to dwell in Egypt;" and straightway, without another word, he bade them bring Apis to him. So they went out from his presence to fetch the god. Now this Apis, or Epaphus, is the calf of a cow which is never afterwards able to bear young. The Egyptians say that fire comes down from heaven upon the cow, which thereupon conceives Apis. The calf which is so called has the following marks: He is black, with a square spot of white upon his forehead, and on his back the figure of an eagle; the hairs upon his tail are double, and there is a beetle upon his tongue.

When the priests returned, bringing Apis with them, Cambyses, like the hare-brained person that he was, drew his dagger, and aimed at the belly of the animal, but missed his mark, and stabbed him in the thigh. Then he laughed, and said to the priests: "Oh! blockheads, and think ye that the gods become like this, of flesh and blood, and sensible to steel? A fit god indeed for Egyptians, such an one! But it shall cost you dear that you have made me your laughing-stock!" When he had so spoken, he ordered those whose business it was, to scourge the priests, and if they found any of the Egyptians keeping festival, to put them to death. Thus was the feast stopped throughout the land of Egypt, and the priests suffered punishment.

Apis, wounded in the thigh, lay some time pining in the temple; at last he died of his wound, and the priests buried him secretly without the knowledge of Cambyses. And

now Cambyses, who even before had not been quite in his right mind, was forthwith, as the Egyptians say, smitten with madness for this crime.

CAMBYSES MURDERS HIS BROTHER.

The first of his outrages was the slaying of Smerdis his full brother, whom he had sent back to Persia from Egypt out of envy because he drew the bow brought from the Ethiopians by the Icthyophagi, which none of the other Persians were able to bend the distance of two fingers' breadth. When Smerdis was departed into Persia, Cambyses had a vision in his sleep: he thought a messenger from Persia came to him with tidings that Smerdis sat upon the royal throne, and with his head touched the heavens. Fearing therefore for himself, and thinking it likely that his brother would kill him and rule in his stead, Cambyses sent Prexaspes, whom he trusted beyond all the other Persians, bidding him put Smerdis to death. So this Prexaspes went up to Susa, and slew Smerdis. Some say he killed him as they hunted together; others that he took him down to the Erythræan Sea, and there drowned him.

CAMBYSES MURDERS HIS WIFE-SISTER.

This, it is said, was the first outrage which Cambyses committed. The second was the slaying of his sister, who had accompanied him into Egypt, and lived with him as his wife, though she was his full sister, the daughter both of his father and his mother. The way wherein he had made her his wife was the following: It was not the custom of the Persians before his time to marry their sisters; but Cambyses happening to fall in love with one of his, and wishing to take her to wife, as he knew that it was an uncommon thing, called together the royal judges, and put it to them "whether there was any law which allowed a brother if he wished, to

marry his sister?" Now the royal judges are certain picked men among the Persians who hold their office for life, or until they are found guilty of some misconduct. By them justice is administered in Persia, and they are the interpreters of the old laws, all disputes being referred to their decision. When Cambyses, therefore, put his question to these judges, they gave him an answer which was at once true and safe: "They did not find any law," they said, "allowing a brother to take his sister to wife; but they found a law that the king might do whatever he pleased." And so they neither warped the law through fear of Cambyses, nor ruined themselves by over-stiffly maintaining the law; but they brought another quite distinct law to the king's help, which allowed him to have his wish. Cambyses therefore married the object of his love, and no long time afterwards he took to wife another sister. It was the younger of these who went with him to Egypt and there suffered death at his hands.

Concerning the manner of her death, as concerning that of Smerdis, two different accounts are given. . . . The Egyptians tell the story thus: The two were sitting at table, when the sister took a lettuce, and stripping off the leaves asked her brother when he thought the lettuce looked the prettiest—when it had its leaves on, or now that it was stripped; he answered. "When the leaves were on." "But thou," she rejoined, "hast done as I did to the lettuce, and made bare the house of Cyrus." Then Cambyses was wroth, and sprang fiercely upon her, though she was with child at the time. And so it came to pass that she miscarried and died.

Thus mad was Cambyses upon his own kindred, and this either from his usage of spies or from some other among the many causes from which calamities are wont to arise. They say that from his birth he was afflicted with a

dreadful disease—the disorder which some call the "sacred sickness." It would be by no means strange, therefore, if his mind were affected in some degree, seeing that his body labored under so sore a malady.

CAMBYSES AND PREXASPES.

He was mad also upon others besides his kindred: among the rest upon Prexaspes, the man whom he esteemed beyond the rest of all the Persians, who carried his messages, and whose son held the office—an honor of no small account among the Persians—of his cupbearer. Him Cambyses is said to have once addressed as follows: "What sort of a man, Prexaspes, do the Persians think me? What do they say of me?" Prexaspes answered, "Oh! Sire, they praise thee greatly in all things but one—they say that thou art too much given to the love of wine." Whereupon Cambyses, full of rage, made answer: "What! they say now that I drink too much wine, and have lost my senses, and am gone out of my mind! Then their former speeches about me were untrue." For once when the Persians were sitting with him and Crœsus was by, he had asked them, "What sort of a man they thought him compared to his father, Cyrus?" Hereon they had answered, "that he surpassed his father, for he was lord of all that his father ever ruled, and further, had made himself master of Egypt and the sea. Then Crœsus, who was standing near, and misliked the comparison, spoke thus to Cambyses: "In my judgment, O son of Cyrus, thou art not equal to thy father, for thou hast not left behind thee such a son as he." Cambyses was delighted when he heard this reply, and praised the judgment of Crœsus.

Recollecting these answers, Cambyses spoke fiercely to Prexaspes, saying: "Judge now thyself, Prexaspes, whether the Persians tell the truth, or whether it is not they who are mad for speaking as they do. Look there now

at thy son standing in the vestibule—if I shoot and hit him right in the middle of the heart, it would be plain that the Persians have no grounds for what they say; if I miss him, then I allow that the Persians are right, and that I am out of my mind." So speaking he drew his bow to the full, and struck the boy, who straightway fell down dead. Then Cambyses ordered the body to be opened, and the wound examined; and when the arrow was found to have entered the heart, the king was quite overjoyed, and said to the father with a laugh: "Now thou seest plainly, Prexaspes, that it is not I who am mad, but the Persians who have lost their senses. I pray thee, tell me sawest thou ever mortal man send an arrow with a better aim?" Prexaspes, seeing that the king was not in his right mind, and fearing for himself, replied: "Oh! my lord, I do not think that God himself could shoot so dexterously."

CAMBYSES AND CRŒSUS.

Such was the outrage which Cambyses committed at this time. At another, he took twelve of the noblest Persians, and without bringing any charge worthy of death against them, buried them all up to the neck. Hereupon Crœsus, the Lydian, thought it right to admonish Cambyses, which he did in these words following: "Oh! King, allow not thyself to give way entirely to thy youth and the heat of thy temper; but check and control thyself. It is well to look to consequences, and in forethought lies true wisdom. Thou layst hold of men, who are thy fellow-citizens, and without cause of complaint slayest them; thou even puttest children to death. Bethink thee now, if thou shalt often do things like these, will not the Persians rise in revolt against thee? It is by thy father's wish that I offer thee advice. He charged me strictly to give thee such counsel as I might see to be most for thy good." In thus advising Cam-

byses, Crœsus meant nothing but what was friendly; but Cambyses answered him, "Dost thou presume to offer me advice? Right well thou ruledst thy own country when thou wert a king; and right sage advice thou gavest my father, Cyrus, bidding him cross the Araxes and fight the Massagetæ in their own land, when they were willing to have passed over into ours. By thy misdirection of thine own affairs thou broughtest ruin upon thyself; and by thy bad counsel, which he followed, thou broughtest ruin upon Cyrus, my father. But thou shalt not escape punishment now, for I have long been seeking to find some occasion against thee."

As he thus spoke, Cambyses took up his bow to shoot at Crœsus; but Crœsus ran hastily out and escaped. So when Cambyses found that he could not kill him with his bow, he bade his servants seize him and put him to death. The servants, however, who knew their master's humor, thought it best to hide Crœsus; that so, if Cambyses relented, and asked for him, they might bring him out, and get a reward for having saved his life; if, on the other hand, he did not relent or regret the loss, they might then dispatch him. Not long afterwards Cambyses did in fact relent the loss of Crœsus, and the servants perceiving it, let him know that he was still alive. "I am glad," said he, "that Crœsus lives; but as for you who saved him, ye shall not escape my vengeance, but shall all of you be put to death." And he did even as he had said.

HOW THE ARABIANS PROCURE CASSIA, CINAMON, AND LEDANUM.

The manner in which the Arabians collect the cassia is the following; they cover all their body and their faces with the hides of oxen and other skins, leaving only holes for the eyes; and thus protected go in search of the cassia, which grows in a lake of no great depth. All round the shores and in the lake itself

there dwell a number of winged animals, much resembling bats, which screech horribly and are very valiant. These creatures they must keep from their eyes all the while that they gather the cassia.

Still more wonderful is the mode in which they collect the cinnamon. Where the wood grows, and what country produces it, they cannot tell ; only some, following probability, relate that it comes from the country in which Bacchus was brought up. Great birds, they say, bring the sticks which we Greeks, taking the word from the Phœnicians, call *cinnamon*, and carry them up into the air to make their nests. These are fastened with a sort of mud to a sheer face of rock, where no foot of man is able to climb. So the Arabians, to get the cinnamon, use the following-artifice: They cut all the oxen and asses and beasts of burden that die in their land into large pieces, which they carry with them into those regions, and place near the nests. Then they withdraw to a distance, and the old birds, swooping down, sieze the pieces of meat and fly with them up to their nests; which, not being able to support the weight, break off and fall to the ground. Hereupon the Arabians return and collect the cinnamon, which is afterwards carried from Arabia into other countries.

Ledanum, which the Arabians call *ladanum*, is procured in a yet stranger fashion. Found in a most inodorous place, it is the sweetest-scented of all substances. It is gathered from the beards of he-goats, where it is found sticking like gum, having come from the bushes on which they browse. It is used in many sorts of ungnent, and is what the Arabians chiefly burn as incense. Concerning the spices of Arabia, let no more be said. The whole country is scented with them, and exhales an odor marvelously sweet.

HERRERA, FERNANDO DE, a Spanish ecclesiastic and poet, born in 1534; died in 1597. Little is known of his life; but he was called the Divine, and was praised by Cervantes and Lope de Vega. He published a volume of poems in 1582, and others of his poems appeared after his death. He wrote vigorous prose also. His chief work is the *Relacion de la Guerra de Chipre y Batalla de Lepanto* (1572.) Another work, the *History of Spain till the Time of Charles V.* is not extant. A number of his longer poems are lost, among them *The Battle of the Giants*, *The Rape of Proserpina*, *The Amadis*, and *The Loves of Laurino and Caerona.*

ODE TO SLEEP.

Sweet Sleep, that through the starry path of night,
With dewy poppies crowned, pursu'st thy flight!
Stiller of human woes,
That shedd'st o'er Nature's breast a soft repose!
O, to these distant climates of the West
Thy slowly wandering pinions turn;
And with thy influence blest
Bathe these love-burdened eyes, that ever burn
And find no moment's rest,
While my unceasing grief
Refuses all relief!
O, hear my prayer! I ask it by thy love,
Whom Juno gave thee in the realms above.
Sweet power that dost impart
Gentle oblivion to the suffering heart,
Beloved Sleep, thou only canst bestow
A solace for my woe!
Thrice happy be the hour
My weary limbs shall feel thy sovereign power!
Why to these eyes alone deny
The calm thou pour'st on Nature's boundless reign?

Why let thy votary all neglected die,
Nor yield a respite to a lover's pain ?
And must I ask thy balmy aid in vain ?
Hear, gentle power, O, hear my humble prayer,
And let my soul thy heavenly banquet share !

In this extreme of grief, I own thy might.
Descend, and shed thy healing dew ;
Descend, and put to flight
The intruding Dawn, that with her gairish light
My sorrows would renew !
Thou hear'st my sad lament, and in my face
My many griefs may'st trace :
Turn, then, sweet wanderer of the night, and
spread
Thy wings around my head !
Haste, for the unwelcome Morn
Is now on her return !
Let the soft rest the hours of night denied
Be by thy lenient hand supplied.

Fresh from my summer bowers,
A crown of soothing flowers,
Such as thou lov'st, the fairest and the best,
I offer thee ; won by their odors sweet,
The enamored air shall greet
Thy advent : O, then, let thy hand
Express their essence bland,
And o'er my eyelids pour delicious rest !
Enchanting power, soft as the breath of spring
Be the light gale that stirs thy dewy wing !
Come, ere the sun ascends the purple east—
Come, end my woes ! So, crowned with heaven-
ly charms,
May fair Pasithea take thee to her arms !

Transl. of T. ROSCOE.

FROM AN ODE TO DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.

When from the vaulted sky,
Struck by the bolt and volleyed fire of Jove,
Enceladus, who proudly strove
To rear to heaven his impious head,
Fell headlong upon Etna's rocky bed ;
And she, who long had boldly stood

Against the powers on high,
By thousand deaths undaunted, unsubdued—
Rebellious Earth—her fury spent,
Before the sword of Mars unwilling bent.

In heaven's pure serene,
To his bright lyre, whose strings melodious
rung,
Unshorn Apollo sweetly sung,
And spread the joyous numbers round—
His youthful brows with gold and laurel bound—
Listening the sweet, immortal strain,
Each heavenly power was seen;
And all the lucid spheres, night's wakeful
train,
That swift pursue their ceaseless way,
Forgot their course, suspended by his lay.

Hushed was the stormy sea—
At the sweet sound the boisterous waves were
laid,
The noise of rushing winds was stayed;
And with the gentle breath of pleasure
The Muses sung, according with his measure.
In wildest strains of rapture lost,
He sung the victory.
The power and glory of the heavenly host;
The horrid mien and warlike mood,
The fatal pride of the Titanian brood:
Of Pallas, Attic maid,
The Gorgon terrors and the fiery spear;
Of him, whose voice the billows fear,
The valor proved in deadly fight;
Of Hercules the strength and vengeful might.
But long he praised thy dauntless heart.
And sweetest prelude made,
Singing, Bistonian Mars, thy force and art;
Thine arm victorious, which o'erthrew
The fiercest of the bold Phlegrean crew.

Transl. of HERBERT.

HERRICK, Robert, an English clergyman and poet, born in 1591; died in 1674. He studied at Cambridge, and after leaving the University led a jovial life in London for several years. Among his associates was Ben Jonson, to whom—or, rather, to his departed Shade—he addressed the following lines:

TO BEN JONSON.

Ah Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun;
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad?
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

My Ben!
Or come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus.
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it;
Lest we that talent spend;
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit, the world should have no more.

At the age of thirty-six Herrick took holy orders, and was in 1629 presented by Charles I. to the vicarage of Dean Prior, in Devonshire. Here he wrote numerous poems, not altogether of a clerical character, but containing many clever descriptions of rural customs and manners. In 1647 he published the *Noble Numbers*, and the *Hesperides, or Works Humane and Divine*, which were dedicated to "the most Illustrious and most Hopeful Prince

Charles," then a lad of eighteen, and afterwards King Charles II. In this publication the author drops the clerical desigtion, and announces himself as "Robert Herrick, Esquire."

His volume had hardly been published when Herrick was ejected from his living by the "Long Parliament." He repaired to London, where he lived as best he could for ten or twelve years. Upon the restoration of Charles II., in 1660, Herrick was reinstated in his vicarage. He was now close upon three-score-and-ten, well-wearied of a life which had been nowise saintly, though apparently not marked by any great excesses. In his old age he wrote the following "Apologia" for some of the writings of his earlier years:

HERRICK'S APOLOGIA.

For these, my unbaptized rhymes,
Writ in my wild unhallowed times—
For every sentence, clause, and word,
That's not inlaid with Thee, O Lord,
Forgive me, God, and blot each line
Out of my book that is not thine:
But if, 'mongst all, thou findest one
Worthy thy benediction,
That one, of all the rest shall be
The glory of my work and me.

For nearly a century and a half after the death of Herrick his poems appear to have been almost forgotten. In 1810 a selection from the *Hesperides* was published by Dr. Nott; since then several good editions have appeared in England and America. Among these there is no better one than that edited by Prof. Child, of Harvard College (2 vols., Boston, 1856.) Herrick's poems include not a few of the daintiest fancies in the English language.

A THANKSGIVING.

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell:
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weatherproof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry.
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlor, so my hall,
And kitchen small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread,
Unchipt, unflead.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
Make me a fire.
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee.
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of thy kindness Thou hast sent,
And my content,
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.

'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth;
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.

Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
That sows my land:
All this, and better, dost Thou send
Me for this end:
That I should render for my part
A thankful heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resign
As wholly Thine:
But the acceptance—that must be,
O Lord, by Thee.

TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do you fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon:
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay as you!
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
  As you or anything;
    We die,
  As your hours do; and dry
    Away
   Like the summer's rain,
  Or as the pearls of morning-dew,
   Ne'er to be found again.

CHERRY RIPE.

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones—come and buy!
If so be you ask me where
They do grow?—I answer: There,
Where my Julia's lips do smile—
There's the land, or cherry-isle;
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.

EPITAPH UPON A CHILD.

Virgins promised, when I died,
That they would each primrose-tide,
Duly morn and evening come,
And with flowers dress my tomb:
Having promised, pay your debts,
Maids, and here strew violets.

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
  Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted
  Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
  Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the Furies in a shoal
Come to fight a parting soul
        Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
        Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last has prayed,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
        Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When God knows I'm tossed about,
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass is out,
        Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Tempter me pursueth,
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
        Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries,
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
        Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the judgment is revealed.
And that opened which was sealed.
When to Thee I have appealed,
        Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

HERSCHEL, FREDERICK WILLIAM, an English astronomer; born in 1738; died in 1822. He was the son of a musician of Hanover. His early educational advantages were not great, but he repaired all their deficiences by his own efforts, and became, not only a skillful musician, but a fine mathematician. About 1758 he went to England. After several years of teaching music, he obtained the position of organist in a fashionable church in Bath, in which city he became the leading musical authority. While practicing his profession, he devoted his leisure to astronomical research. In 1772 he was joined by his sister Caroline, who became his efficient cooperator both in music and astronomy. Unable to purchase a telescope, Herschel set about constructing one, and in 1774 completed one of six feet focal length. All the leisure of sister and brother was now given to astronomy. The nights to observation, and the days to the toil of grinding and polishing specula.

In 1780 his first paper, an *Inquiry in Regard to the varying Lustre of several Stars*, was communicated to the Royal Society. This was followed by other papers embodying the results of his observations, and culminating in an inquiry whether there was any relation between the recurrence of sun-spots, and the variability of seasons on the earth. The appearance of a white spot near each pole of the planet Mars, led to investigations which caused him to conclude that the climate of that planet closely resembles ours, and that the white patches were snow, a conclusion since confirmed by other investigators. In 1781 he discovered a planet to which he

gave the name of *Georgium Sidus* (the "Georgian Star"), now called "Uranus." In 1782 Herschel was invited by George III. to Windsor, and was appointed the King's private astronomer, with a salary of £200 a year, and an additional £50 for the assistance of his sister. They established themselves at Slough, where they continued their investigations. From 1784 to 1818 he addressed a series of remarkable papers to the Royal Society, on the stars of the Milky Way and their attendant planets, and on the nebulous masses from the condensation of which he conceived the stellar universe to have been formed. Besides pursuing his investigations, he constructed a grand reflecting telescope, which he completed in August, 1789, through which he could see Saturn with six of its satellites, and through which he soon afterwards discovered the seventh. The eighth and the Saturnian ring escaped him.

His sister, CAROLINA LUCRETIA HERSCHEL (born in 1750; died in 1848). She resided at Hanover, her birthplace, until her twenty-second year, when she went to England, joining her brother at Bath, to whom she gave great assistance, not only acting as his amanuensis, but frequently performing the long and complicated calculations involved in his investigations. Her contributions to science appeared mostly in her brother's works, and under his name. After the death of her brother in 1822, she returned to Hanover. In 1828 she completed a catalogue of the fixed stars and nebulæ observed by her brother, for which she received a gold medal from the Astronomical Society of London, of which she was elected an honorary member.

HERSCHEL, John Frederick William, an English astronomer and author, son of Frederick William Herschel, born in 1792; died in 1871. He was educated at Eton and at St. Joseph's College, Cambridge. In 1820 he produced a work on the differential calculus, and other branches of mathematical science. He also contributed two or three memoirs to the Royal Society upon the applications of mathematical analysis. In 1820 he completed, with his father's assistance, a reflecting telescope 18 inches in diameter and 20 feet in focal length, with which he made his great astronomical observations. Before the end of 1833 he had re-examined all his father's discoveries of double stars and nebulæ, and had added many of his own. In November of this year he set sail for the Cape of Good Hope, with the resolution of exploring the heavens of the southern hemisphere—"to attempt the completion of a survey of the whole surface of the heavens;" and in March, 1834, began his labors. At the end of four years he returned to England. His work, *Results of Observations at the Cape of Good Hope*, published in 1847, gives a faint idea of what his labors must have been. Sir John Herschel was an accomplished chemist, and made several important discoveries in photography. He was the author of several books: *On the Study of Natural Philosophy* (1830), *Outlines of Astronomy* (1849), *Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects*, a collection of papers contributed to *Good Words*. He contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* the articles on *Meteorology*, *Physical Geography*, and *Telescope*. A volume of his *Collected Addresses* has also been published.

TENDENCY OF PHILOSOPHICAL STUDIES.

Nothing can be more unfounded than the objection which has been taken, *in limine*, by persons, well meaning perhaps, certainly narrow minded, against the study of natural philosophy—that it fosters in its cultivators an undue and overweening self-conceit, leads them to doubt of the immortality of the soul, and to scoff at revealed religion. Its natural effect, we may confidently assert, on every well-constituted mind, is, and must be, the direct contrary. No doubt, the testimony of natural reason, on whatever exercised, must of necessity stop short of those truths which is the object of revelation to make known; but while it places the existence and principal attributes of a Deity on such grounds as to render doubt absurd and atheism ridiculous, it unquestionably opposes no natural or necessary obstacle to further progress: on the contrary, by cherishing as a vital principle an unbounded spirit of inquiry and ardency of expectation, it unfetters the mind from prejudices of every kind, and leaves it open and free to every impression of a higher nature which it is susceptible of receiving, guarding only against enthusiasm and self-deception by a habit of strict investigation, but encouraging, rather than suppressing, everything that can offer a prospect or a hope beyond the present obscure and unsatisfactory state.

The character of the true philosopher is to hope all things not unreasonable. He who has seen obscurities which appeared impenetrable in physical and mathematical science suddenly dispelled, and the most barren and unpromising fields of inquiry converted, as if by inspiration, into rich and inexhaustible springs of knowledge and power, on a simple change of our point of view, or by merely bringing them to bear on some principle which it never occurred before to try, will surely be the very last to acquiesce in any dispiriting prospects of either the pres-

ent or the future destinies of mankind; while on the other hand, the boundless views of intellectual and moral, as well as material relations which open on him on all hands in the course of these pursuits, the knowledge of the trivial place he occupies in the scale of creation, and the sense continually pressed upon him of his own weakness and incapacity to suspend or modify the slightest movement of the vast machinery he sees in action around him, must effectually convince him that humility of pretension, no less than confidence of hope, is what best becomes his character.

The question "*cui bono*"—to what practical end and advantage do your researches tend?—is one which the speculative philosopher who loves knowledge for its own sake, and enjoys, as a rational being should enjoy, the mere contemplation of harmonious and mutually dependent truths, can seldom hear without a sense of humiliation. He feels that there is a lofty and disinterested pleasure in his speculations which ought to exempt them from such questioning; communicating as they do to his own mind the purest happiness (after the exercises of the benevolent and moral feelings) of which human nature is susceptible, and tending to the injury of no one, he might surely allege *this* as a sufficient and direct reply to those who, having themselves little capacity, and less relish for intellectual pursuits, are constantly repeating upon him this inquiry.

A TASTE FOR READING.

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it, of course, only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office, and surer and stronger panoply

of religious principles, but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest—with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters that have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilization from having constantly before one's eyes the way in which the best-bred and best-informed have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle but perfectly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading well directed, over the whole term of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It cannot, in short, be better summed up than in the words of the Latin poet: "Emollis mores, nes sinit esse feros." It civilizes the conduct of men, and suffers them not to remain barbarous.

HOW DOES AN EARTHQUAKE TRAVEL.

Now I come to consider the manner in which an earthquake is propagated from place to place; how it travels, in short. It runs along the earth precisely in the same manner, and according to the same mechanical laws as a wave along the sea, or rather as the waves of sound run along the air, but quicker. The earthquake which destroyed Lisbon ran out from thence, as from a centre, in all directions.

at a rate averaging about twenty miles per minute, as far as could be gathered from a comparison of the times of its occurrence at different places: But there is little doubt that it must have been retarded by having to traverse all sorts of ground; for a blow or shock of any description is conveyed through the substance on which it is delivered with the rapidity of sound in that substance. Perhaps it may be new to many who hear me to be told that sound is conveyed by water, by stone, by iron, and indeed by everything, and at a different rate for each. In air it travels at the rate of about 1140 feet per second, or about 13 miles in a minute. In water much faster, more than four times as fast (4700 feet.) In iron ten times as fast (11,400 feet), or about 130 miles in a minute, so that a blow delivered endways at one end of an iron rod 130 miles long, would only reach the other after a lapse of a minute, and a pull at one end of an iron wire of that length, would require a minute before it would be felt at the other. But the substance of the earth through which the shock is conveyed is not only far less elastic than iron, but it does not form a coherent, connected body; it is full of interruptions, cracks, loose materials, and all these tend to deaden and retard the shock; and putting together all the accounts of all the earthquakes that have been exactly observed, their rate of travel may be taken to vary from as low as 12 or 13 miles a minute to 70 or 80.

The way, then, that we may conceive an earthquake to travel is this:—I shall take the case which is most common, when the motion of the ground to and fro is horizontal. How far each particular spot on the surface of the ground is actually pushed from its place there is no way of ascertaining, since all the surrounding objects receive the same impulse almost at the same instant of time, but there are many indications that it is often several

yards. In the earthquake of Cutch trees were seen to flog the ground with their branches, which proves that their stems must have been jerked suddenly away for some considerable distance and as suddenly pushed back; and the same conclusion follows from the sudden rise of the water of lakes on the side where the shock reaches them, and its fall on the opposite side; the bed of the lake has been jerked away for a certain distance from under the water, and pulled back.

Now suppose a row of sixty persons, standing a mile apart from each other, in a straight line, in the direction in which the shock travels, at a rate, we will suppose, of sixty miles per minute; and let the ground below the first get a sudden and violent shove, carrying it a yard in the direction of the next. Since this shock will not reach the next till after the lapse of one second of time, it is clear that the space between the two will be shortened by a yard, and the ground—that is to say, not the mere loose soil on the surface, but the whole mass of solid rock below, down to an unknown depth—compressed, or driven into a smaller space. It is this compression that carries the shock forwards. The elastic force of the rocky matter, like a coiled spring, acts both ways; it drives back the first man to his old place, and shoves the second a yard nearer to the third; and so on. Instead of men, place a row of tall buildings, or columns, and they will tumble down in succession, the base flying forwards, and leaving the tops behind to drop on the soil on the side *from* which the shock came. This is just what was seen to happen in Messina in the great Calabrian earthquake. As the shock ran along the ground, the houses of the Faro were seen to topple down in succession; beginning at one end and running on to the other, as if a succession of mines had been sprung. In the earthquake in Cutch, a sentinel standing at one end of a long straight line

of wall, saw the wall bow forward and recover itself; not all at once, but with a swell like a wave running all along it with immense rapidity. In this case it is evident that the earthquake wave must have had its front oblique to the direction of the wall just as an obliquely-held ruler runs along the edge of a page of paper while it advances, like a wave of the sea, perpendicularly to its own length.—*Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects.*

HERTZ, HENDRICK, a Danish dramatist and poet, born in 1798; died in 1870. He studied law, but had scarcely passed his examination when he gave himself to literature. His first comedy appeared anonymously, in 1827. He afterwards travelled in Germany, Italy, and France. He left in all thirty-six works. *King René's Daughter*, a lyrical drama, produced in 1845, is regarded as his masterpiece. Its whole action is comprised between noon and sunset of a single day. In the following scene Iolanthe, the King's blind daughter, is represented as sleeping in a garden under the influence of a talisman. The following scene is given with considerable curtailment:

KING RENE'S DAUGHTER.

[Characters: KING RENE; IOLANTHE, his blind daughter; EBN JAHIA, a physician; TRISTAN; ALMERICK, a messenger from the King; MARTHA, and BERTRAND, attendants of IOLANTHE.]

Almerik.—And so she lacks for nought, and
is content
If but some stranger on occasion come?
Of all the wealth the world to us presents,
Of all its glories, she surmiseth nought?
Does she not question you?
Martha.— That is a point
On which 'tis not so easy to reply;
It may be she suppresses many a thought.
She knows there is an entrance to this vale,
Hears the bell sound when any one arrives,
Brightens to hear it, and in silence waits,
With ears intent. Yet doth she never ask
Where is the entrance, whitherward it leads;
For she has heard that there are many things
She must not ask, but leave to years to teach.
So 'tis with children. Speak to them of God,
Of power omnipotent, of another life.

And mark how they will listen, opening wide
Their little eyes in wonder, as some doubt—
A passing shade—is painted on their looks;
And then, at last, with touching faith, accept
For truth the things they may not comprehend.
So now for Iolanthe the whole world
Is one vast mystery, which she oft would pierce,
Then will her father or the abbess say:
"Rest thee content, my child—thou art too young;
Some future time thou'lt comprehend it all."
In this she piously confides; nor dreams
She wants the eyes' clear sight, to compass all
The splendors of this goodly universe.—
May it not be, Sir, while we darkly muse
Upon our life's mysterious destinies,
That we in blindness walk, like Iolanthe,
Unconscious that true vision is not ours?
Yet is that faith our hope's abiding star.

[*Enter* KING RENE, EBN JAHIA and BERTRAND.]

René.— Martha, I bring thee here
Good Ebn Jahia. As I learn, he hath
Been here to-day once before.
How goes it now?

Mar.— Even to a wish, my liege.

René—All that the leech enjoined thou hast fulfilled?
Neglected nothing? Has Iolanthe lain
With eyes close bandaged every night?

Mar.— She has.

René (*to Ebn Jahia*).—That was a perilous venture. It is strange
She bears it. Yet the chance is fortunate
That the bee stung her on the temple lately;
This served us for a plausible pretext.
Ah! sure the little bee deceived itself.
In this fair world, that's tended by her care,
Where, like a flower, she grows amidst her flowers,

The insect, dazzled by the fragrant bloom,
Deemed that it nestled in a rose's bud.
Forgive me! It is sinful thus to speak
Of mine own child. But now no more of this.
Thou long'st to see the fruitage of thy skill,
Go, then, to Iolanthe; Bertrand! Martha!
Follow him in; perchance he may require you.

(EBN JAHIA, followed by BERTRAND and MARTHA goes out, and the KING converses with ALMERIK, whom he sends away when EBN JAHIA returns.)

René.—My Ebn Jahia, com'st thou like the dove
That bears the olive-branch? Thou lookest grave,
And, as thine art, unfathomable all.
How shall I construe what thy looks import?

Ebn J.—I have the strongest hopes, my noble liege.

René.—Is't so? Oh, thou'rt an angel sent from heaven!
Thy dusky visage, like that royal Moor's
Who knelt beside our great Redeemer's cradle,
Heralds the star, shall cheer my night of gloom.
Say, Jahia, say, whereon thy hope is based?
What is thy counsel; what thy purpose? Speak!
'Tis written in a book which late I read,
That oftentimes an unsound eye is cured
By application of the surgeon's knife.
This thou wilt never try, my Ebn Jahia;
Thou know'st the eye is a most noble part,
And canst not gain such mastery o'er thyself
As to approach my Iolanthe's eyes
With instruments of steel. Nay, thou must dread
To mar the beauty of their azure depths,
That dark, deep fount, which still, though saddened o'er,
Wells forth such glorious radiance. Oh! her eyes,

How is it possible that night should brood
On two fair orbs of such transcendent sheen ?
Ebn Jahia.—Nay, be at at ease! You need not fear for this.
'Twould aid us little, should I have recourse
To instruments.
René.— What is thy purpose, then ?
Ebn Jahia.—Your pardon, good my lord! My treatment is
A mystery, like all my leeches' craft;
It scarce would serve my purpose to divulge it.
'Tis not the fruitage of a moment's growth;
No, but the slow result of wakeful years,
Shaped—step by step conducted to one point,
Whereat, so speed it Heaven! it shall succeed;
Ay, and succeed it must, this very day,
Or fail forever.
René.— How! This very day ?
Ebn Jahia.—Soon as the sun has sunk beneath the hill.
And a soft twilight spreads along the vale,
Such as her eyes, still to the light unused,
May bear with safety, I will test my plan.
René.—Ah, Ebn Jahia, prithee, not to-day!
From day to day, from hour to hour, have I,
With restless eagerness, looked onwards for
This moment; and alas! now it hath come
My heart grows faint, and wishes it away.—
Think what I peril! When the sun goes down,
My fairest hope, perchance, goes down with it.
Thou'rt wrapt in thought. Art thou content to pause ?
Ebn Jahia.— I will not wait.
René.—Then, tell me, dost thou fear ?
Art thou not certain of the issue ? Thou
Didst put to question yonder silent stars,
From which thy potent art can wring response.
What was their answer ? tell me, Ebn Jahia,
The horoscope—was't happy ?
Ebn Jahia.— Yes, it was.
I told you so already. Yet the stars
Inclinant, non necessitant. They influence
The fortunes of mankind, yet do they not

Rule nature's laws with absolute control.
Rest thee at ease: I have no fear for this.
Another hindrance menaces my skill.

René.— A hindrance?

Ebn Jahia.—One, my liege, I apprehend,
Which you will find it hard to obviate.
Iolanthe, ere I bend me to my task,
Must comprehend what she till now has lacked,
Must learn this very day that she is blind.

René.—No, Ebn Jahia, no; this cannot be!

Ebn Jahia.—It must be, or my skill is powerless.

René.—No, no! oh, never! never! Thou wilt not
Constrain me to this monstrous cruelty,
And strip her all at once, with sudden wrench,
Of that unconsciousness has been her blessing.
Not slowly, by degrees, but all at once,
Force on her tender soul this fearful truth?
I cannot do it! No, it may not be!

Ebn Jahia.—E'en as you will. I only can advise;
And if you will not trust to my advice,
Then I am useless here. So, fare ye well!
Hence to the convent, I! There you will find me,
If your resolve shall alter. Yet, bethink you;
Sink but the sun behind yon mountain tops,
My utmost skill cannot again avail.

(*Exit.*)

René.—Oh, dreadful strait! And I so dearly bought
A hope, which yet so soon may be undone!
Shall I destroy at once her cheerful mood,
Convert it into comfortless despair,
And see her youth grow pale by slow degrees,
Wither and die in mournful consciousness?
He yet shall yield. I will not rest until
He hears me, and submits to my desire. (*Exit.*)

[TRISTAN, who has been unwillingly betrothed to IOLANTHE, though he has never seen her, and does not know that she is blind,

enters the cottage where she is sleeping, accompanied by his preceptor GEOFFREY. As he turns to go, he takes the talisman from her breast, and she immediately awakes, and follows him into the garden. He loves her at first sight, and asks her to give him a red rose. He then discovers that she cannot distinguish one flower from another, except by form, texture, or perfume.]

Tristan.— Have they never told thee, then,
That objects, things, can be distinguished, though
Placed at a distance—with the aid of sight?
Iolanthe.—At distance? Yes! I by his twittering know
The little bird that sits upon the roof,
And, in like fashion, all men by their voice.
The sprightly steed whereon I daily ride,
I know him in the distance by his pace
And by his neigh. Yet with the help of sight?
They told me not of that. An instrument
Fashioned by art, or but a tool, perhaps?
I do not know this sight. Canst teach me, then,
Its use and purpose?
Tristan (*aside*).— O almighty Powers!
She does not know or dream that she is blind!
Iolanthe (*after a pause*).—Whence art thou? Thou dost use so many words
I find impossible to understand;
And in thy converse, too, there is so much
For me quite new and strange! Say, is the vale
Which is thy home so very different
From this of ours? Then stay, if stay thou canst,
And teach me all that I am wanting in.
Tristan.— I'll come
Again, and soon—to-day I'll come again.
Wilt thou permit me with thy hand to mark
How high I am, that, when we next shall meet,

Thou may'st distinguish me ?
Iolanthe.— What need of that
I know that few resemble thee in height.
Thy utterance comes to me as from above,
Like all that's high and inconceivable.
And know I not thy tones ? Like as thou speakest
None speak beside. No voice, no melody
I've known in nature or in instrument,
Doth own a resonance so lovely, sweet,
So winning, full, and gracious as thy voice.
Trust me, I'll know thee well amidst them all !
Tristan.—Then fare thee well, until we meet once more.
Iolanthe.—There, take my hand ! Farewell ! Thou'lt come again—
Again, and soon ?—Thou knows't I wait for thee !

[King René, the physician and the attendants return, and MARTHA gathers from what the princess tells her, that she knows her blindness. The king explains to her further what is this sense of sight and bids her go into the cottage with EBN JAHIA, first to sink into a slumber and then to wake seeing, if it be Heaven's will.]

Iolanthe.—What ails thee, father ? Wherefore shakes thy hand ?
My once dear father, joy'st thou not, that now
The hour has come thou'st panted for so long ?
Thou fearest it will prove unfortunate.
Yet, even then, shall I not be, as ever,
Thy child, thy own dear child—thy child, who joys
To be so dear—joys in her happy lot !—
Let me go in, then.
René.— Oh, my child ! my child !
Iolanthe.—Nay, do not fear ! For what my sage kind master
Has ponder'd well, will prosper, I am sure.
It feels to me as though e'en now I know
The singular power which thou hast called the light.
And it hath found its way to me already.

Ah, while that wondrous stranger was beside me
A feeling quivered through me, which I ne'er
Had known before; and every word he spoke
Resounded like an echo in my soul,
With new and unimagined melodies.
Didst thou not say the power of light is swift,
And gives significance to what it touches?
That it is also closely blent with warmth—
With the heart's warmth? Oh! I know it is.
If what thou call'st the light consist in this,
Then a forewarning tells me it will be
Revealed to me to-day. Yet on one point
Thou dost mistake. 'Tis not the eye that sees;
Here, close beside the heart, our vision lies;
Here is it seated in remembrance sweet,
A reflex of the light that pierced my soul,
The light I go with bounding hope to meet!

(*Exit.*)

[While the king awaits the result of the physician's care, TRISTAN and GEOFFREY return, and TRISTAN learns that the blind girl whom he loves and the princess whom he hates are the same person.]

[*Enter* EBN JAHIA, *leading* IOLANTHE *by the hand.*

Iolanthe.— Where art thou leading me?
O God! where am I? Support me—oh, support me!

Ebn J.— Calm thee, my child!

Iolanthe.— Support me—oh, stand still!
I ne'er was here before—what shall I do
In this strange place? Oh, what is that? Support me!
It comes so close on me, it gives me pain.

Ebn Jahia.—Iolanthe, calm thee! Look upon the earth!
That still hath been to thee thy truest friend,
And now, too, greets thee with a cordial smile.
This is the garden thou hast ever tended.

Iolanthe.—My garden—mine? Alas I know it not.

Ebn J.— Cease your fears, my cnild.

These stately trees are the date-palms, whose leaves
And fruit to thee have long been known.

Iolanthe.— Ah, no!
Indeed I know them not! This radiance, too,
That everywhere surrounds me—yon great vault,
That arches there above us—oh, how high!—
What is it? Is it God? Is it His Spirit,
Which, as you said, pervades the universe?

Ebn J.— Yon radiance is the radiance of the light.
God is in it, like as He is in all.
Yon blue profound, that fills yon airy vault,
It is the heaven, where, as we do believe,
God hath set up his glorious dwelling-place
Kneel down, my child! and raise your hands on high,
To heaven's o'erarching vault—to God—and pray.

Iolanthe (kneels).—Mysterious Being, who to me hast spoken
When darkness veiled mine eyes, teach me to seek Thee
In Thy light's beams, that do illume this world;
Still, in the world, teach me to cling to Thee!—
Yes, He hath heard me. I can feel He hath,
And on me pours the comfort of His peace.
He is the only one that speaks to me,
Invisibly and kindly as before.

Ebn J.— Arise! arise, my child, and look around.

Iolanthe.— Say, what are these, that bear such noble forms?

Ebn J.— Thou know'st them all.

Iolanthe.— Ah, no; I can know nothing.

René (approaching Iolanthe).—Look on me, Iolanthe—me, thy father!

Iolanthe (embracing him).—My father! Oh, my God! Thou art my father!
I know thee now—thy voice, thy clasping hand.
Stay here! Be my protector, be my guide!
I am so strange here in this world of light.
They've taken all that I possessed away—

All that in old time was thy daughter's joy.
René.— I have call'd out a guide for thee, my child.
Iolanthe.— Whom meanest thou?
René (pointing to Tristan).— See, he stands expecting thee.
Iolanthe.— The stranger yonder? Is he one of those
Bright cherubim thou once didst tell me of?
Is he the angel of the light come down?
René.— Thou knowest him—hast spoken with him. Think!
Iolanthe.— With him? with him? Father, I understand.
In yonder glorious form must surely dwell
The voice that late I heard—gentle, yet strong:
The one sole voice that lives in Nature's round.
(*To Tristan*). Oh, but one word of what thou said'st before!
Tristan.— Oh, sweet and gracious lady!
Iolanthe.— List! oh, list!
With these dear words the light's benignant rays
Found out a way to me; and these sweet words
With my heart's warmth are intimately blent.
Tristan.— Iolanthe! Dearest!
René.— Blessings on you both
From God, whose wondrous works we all revere!
Transl. of THEODORE MARTIN.

HERVEY, James, an English author, born in 1714; died in 1758. He was educated at Lincoln College, Oxford. In 1737 he took Holy Orders, and in 1752 succeeded his father, whose curate he had been, in the livings of Weston Favell and Collingwood. His religious writings became highly popular, his *Meditations and Contemplations* (1746–47) passing through fourteen editions in as many years. They embrace *Meditations among the Tombs*, *Reflections on a Flower Garden*, a *Descant on Creation*, and *Contemplations on the Night and Starry Heavens.* In 1753 he published *Remarks on Lord Bolingbroke's Letters on History*, and in 1755, *Theron and Aspasia, or a series of Letters upon the most important and interesting Subjects.* He also edited *Jenks's Devotions*, and *Burnham's Pious Memorials.*

A MEDITATION AT EVENING.

See how the day is shortened! The sun, detained in fairer climes, or engaged in more agreeable services, rises like an unwilling visitant, with tardy and reluctant steps. He walks with a shy indifference along the edges of the sky, casting an oblique glance. He just looks upon our dejected world, and scarcely scatters light through the thick air. Dim is his appearance, languid are his gleams while he continues. Or, if he chance to wear a brighter aspect, and a cloudless brow, yet, like the young and gay in the house of mourning, he seems uneasy till he is gone, is in haste to depart. And let him depart. Why should we wish for his longer stay, since he can show us nothing but the Creation in distress? The flowery families lie dead, and the tuneful tribes are struck dumb. The trees, stript of their verdure and lashed by storms, spread their naked arms to the enraged and relentless Heavens. Fragrance

no longer floats in the air; but chilling damps hover, or cutting gales blow. Nature, divested of all her beautiful robes, sits like a forlorn disconsolate widow in her weeds, while winds in doleful accents howl, and rains in repeated showers weep.—*Meditations and Contemplations.*

A MEDITATION AT NIGHT.

Who that looks upward to the midnight sky, and with an eye of reason beholds its rolling wonders, who can forbear inquiring, Of what were those mighty orbs formed? Amazing to relate! They were produced without materials. They spring from emptiness itself. The stately fabric of universal Nature emerged out of *nothing.* What instruments were used by the Supreme Architect, to fashion the parts with such exquisite niceness and give so beautiful a polish to the whole? How was all connected into one finely-proportioned and nobly finished structure? A bare fiat accomplished all. "Let them be," said God. He added no more; and immediately the marvelous edifice arose; adorned with every beauty; displaying innumerable perfections; and declaring amidst enraptured seraphs, its great Creator's praise. By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth. What forceful machinery fixed some of those ponderous globes on an immovable basis? What irresistible impulse bowled others through the circuit of the heavens? What coercive energy confined their impetuous courses within limits astonishingly large, yet most minutely true? Nothing but his Sovereign Will. For all things were at first constituted, and all to this day abide, "according to his ordinance."

Without any toilsome assiduity or laborious process, to raise, to touch, to speak such a multitude of immense bodies into being; to launch them through the spaces of the sky, as an arrow from the hand of a giant; to impress on such

unwieldy masses, a motion far outstripping the swiftness of the winged creation; and to continue them in the same rapid whirl for thousands and thousands of years; what an amazing instance of infinite might is this! Can anything be impossible to the Lord—the Lord God, the Creator and Controller of all the ends of the earth, all the regions of the universe? Rather is not all that we count difficult, perfect ease to that glorious Being, who only spake, and the world was made? who only gave command, and the stupendous axle was lodged fast, the lofty wheels moved complete? What a sure defense, O my soul, is this everlasting strength of thy God! Be this thy continual refuge, in the article of danger; thy never-failing resource in every time of need.—*Meditations and Contemplations.*

HERVEY, THOMAS KIBBLE, an English journalist and poet, born at Manchester in 1799; died near London in 1859. He studied at Cambridge and Oxford, but did not take a degree. He began the study of law, but abandoned it for literature. He contributed to various periodicals, especially to the *Athenæum*, of which he was editor from 1846 to 1854. His principal publications are: *The Poetical Sketch-Book* (1829), *The Devil's Progress*, a satire (1830), *Illustrations of Modern Sculpture* (1832), *The Book of Christmas* (1836), and *England's Helicon in the Nineteenth Century* (1841.) His wife, ELEONORA LOUISA (MONTAGUE), born in 1811, wrote several dramatic poems, tales and juvenile books.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

Morn on the water! and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like Hope, in the gale;
The winds come around her, in murmur and [song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along;
See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gayly aloft in the shrouds.
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters—away, and away!
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!
Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
Hung like a gem, on the brow of the sky,
Treading its depths in the power of her might,

And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light!
Look to the waters!—asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main, .
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain!
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And that souls that are smitten lie bursting within?
Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
Hearts which are parted and broken forever?
Or deems that he watches afloat on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?
'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amidst sunshine and song!
Gayly we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurled,
All gladness and glory, to wondering eyes,
Yet chartered by sorrow and freighted with sighs:
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er.

HOPE.

Again again, she comes! Methinks I hear
Her wild, sweet singing, and her rushing wings;

My heart goes forth to meet her with a tear,
And welcome sends from all its broken strings.
It was not thus—not thus—we met of yore,
When my plumed soul went half-way to the sky
To greet her; and the joyous song she bore
Was scarce more tuneful than the glad reply:
The wings are fettered by the weight of years,
And grief has spoiled the music with her tears,

She comes! I know her by her starry eyes,
I know her by the rainbow in her hair;
Her vesture of the light and summer skies;—
But gone the girdle which she used to wear
Of summer roses, and the sandal flowers
That hung enamored round her fairy feet,
When, in her youth, she haunted earthly bowers,
And culled from all the beautiful and sweet.
No more she mocks me with her voice of mirth,
Nor offers now the garlands of the earth.

Come back, come back! thou hast been absent long.
Oh! welcome back the Sibyl of the soul,
Who came, and comes again, with pleading strong,
To offer to the heart her mystic scroll;
Though every year she wears a sadder look,
And sings a sadder song; and every year
Some further leaves are torn from out her book,
And fewer what she brings, and far more dear.
As once she came, Oh, might she come again,
With all the perished volumes offered then!

She comes! She comes! Her voice is in mine ear—
Her mild, sweet voice, that sings, and sings forever,
Whose strains of song sweet thoughts awake to hear,
Like flowers that haunt the margin of a river;

(Flowers that like, lovers, only speak in sighs,
Whose thoughts are hues, whose voices are their hearts,)
Oh—thus the spirit yearns to pierce the skies,
Exulting throbs, though all save hope departs:
Thus the glad freshness of our sinless years
Is watered ever by the heart's rich tears.

She comes! I know her by her radiant eyes,
Before whose smile the long dim cloud departs
And if a darker shade be on her brow,
And if her tones be sadder than of yore,
And if she sings more solemn music now,
And bears another harp than erst she bore,
And if around her form no longer glow
The earthly flowers that in her youth she wore—
That look is loftier and that song more sweet,
And heaven's flowers—the stars—are at her feet.

TO ONE DEPARTED.

I know thou art gone to the home of thy rest,
Then why should my soul be so sad?
I know thou art gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad;
Where Love has put off, in the land of its birth,
The stains it had gathered in this;
And Hope, the sweet singer, that gladdened the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of Bliss.

I know thou art gone where thy forehead is starred
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul,
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,
Nor thy spirit flung back from its goal.
I know thou hast drunk from the Lethe that flows
Through a land where they do not forget;

That sheds over memory only repose,
And takes from it only regret.

This eye must be dark, that so long has been dim,
Ere again it may gaze upon thine;
But my heart has revealings of thee and thy home,
In many a token and sign:
I never look up, with a vow, to the sky,
But a light like thy beauty is there;
And I hear a low murmur like thine in reply,
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

In thy far-away dwelling, wherever it be,
I know thou hast glimpses of mine;
For the love that made all things as music to me,
I have not yet learned to resign.
In the hush of the night, or the waste of the sea,
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still,

And though, like a mourner that sits by a tomb,
I am wrapped by a mantle of care,
Yet the grief of my bosom—oh, call it notgloom!
Is not the dark grief of despair.
By sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,
Far off a bright vision appears,
And Hope, like a rainbow—a creature of light,
Is born, like the rainbow, from tears.

HERWEGH, GEORGE, a German poet born in 1817; died in 1875. He studied theology at Tübingen, but gave it up for literature. Several of his articles in the review, *Europa*, attracted the attention of the King of Wurtemberg, who exempted him from military duty, in order that he might cultivate his talents. A quarrel with an officer deprived him of the royal favor, and he fled to Switzerland. In 1841 he published at Zurich a volume of political poems, *Gedichte eines Lebendiger* ("Poems of a Living Man"), which produced a great sensation. Herwegh's dream was of a united Fatherland. In 1842 he traveled in Germany, and had an interview with King William IV., whose last words to him were, "Let us be honest enemies." On the same day, the King's ministers, who had previously suppressed the *Gedichte*, forbade the sale of a journal of which Herwegh had been appointed editor, but to which he had not yet contributed an article. His letter of remonstrance to the King procured his banishment. He returned to Switzerland, and in 1844 published a second volume of *Gedichte*, poems decidedly revolutionary. In the same year he went to Paris, and associated with the radical leaders there. In the revolutionary movement of 1848 he organized a legion of French and German workmen, with whom he entered the Grand Duchy of Baden. The legion was routed by the Wurtemberg soldiery at Dossenbach, and he owed his escape to the courage and energy of his wife, who had followed him. He afterwards took up his residence in Berlin. Besides his *Gedichte*, he published *Ein-und-zwanzig Bogen aus der Schweiz* ("Twenty-

one Leaves from Switzerland"), *Zwei Preussenlieder*, a translation of Lamartine's works, and translations of several of Shakespeare's plays.

THE MIDNIGHT WALK.

With Midnight's spirit to and fro I walk
The lengthy streets, where silence reigns supreme— [talk
How wept they here, how did they laugh and
One hour ago!—And now again they dream.
Here pleasure, like a flower, lies pale and wan,
The wildest goblet pours no more its stream,
And sorrow with the sun's bright beam is gone,
The world is weary—let it, let it dream!

To fragments dashed, my hate and rancor cease, [spreads,
When storm no more its vengeful arm out-
The moon its reconciling beams of peace
O'er e'en the faded leaves of roses sheds.
As noiseless as a star, light like a tone,
My soul within these places hovers round;
It fain would penetrate, e'en as its own,
Of human dreams the secret depths profound.

Behind me, like a spy, my shadow creeps,
Now stand I still before a dungeon's grate.
O'er her too faithful son his country weeps,
He bitterly his love did expiate.
He sleeps—feels he the loss that bowed him down? [anon
Dreams he perhaps of his oaks? Dreams he
His brow is decked by victory's bright crown?
O God of freedom, let him still dream on!

How narrow is yon cot beside the stream!
There innocence and hunger share our bed,
The lord leaves to the countryman his dream,
That it may save him from his waking dread;
With every grain that falls from Morpheus's hands,
He sees around him golden cornfield beam,
The narrow cottage to a world expands.
O God of want, O let the poor man dream!

At yon last house, upon the bench of stone,
I'll beg a blessing, and repose awhile;
I love thee well, my child, but not alone,
With freedom must thou ever share my smile.
Thou'rt rocked by turtledoves in golden sky,
I see alone the war-steed's eyeballs gleam;
Thou dream'st of butterflies, of eagles I:
O God of love, O let my maiden dream!

Thou star, who break'st like Fortune through
the clouds!
Thou night, with thy deep, silent, azure space,
Let not the world, when bursting from Night's
shrouds,
Too soon gaze on my grief-distorted face!
The sun's first ray will but a tear reveal,
And Freedom must give way to day's first
beam,
Fell tyranny again will whet the steel,
O God of dreams, O let us all still dream!
Transl. of ALFRED BASKERVILLE.

THE PROTEST.

As long as I'm a Protestant,
I'm bounden to protest;
Come, every German musicant,
And fiddle me his best!
You're singing of the "Free old Rhine;"
But I say, No, good comrades mine—
The Rhine could be
Greatly more free,
And that I do protest.

I scarce had got my christening o'er,
Or was in breeches dressed,
But I began to shout and roar
And mightily protest.
And since that time I've never stopped,
My protestations never dropped;
And blessed be they
Who every way
And everywhere protest.

There's one thing certain in my creed,
And schism is all the rest—

That who's a Protestant indeed
Forever must protest.
What is the river Rhine to me?
For, from its source unto the sea,
Men are not free,
Whate'er they be,
And that I do protest.

And every man in reason grants
What always was confessed,
As long as we are Protestants,
We sternly must protest,
And when they sing "the Free old Rhine,"
Answer them, "No," good comrade mine—
The Rhine could be
Greatly more free,
And that you shall protest.

HESIOD, a Greek poet, a native and resident of Ascra, in Bœotia, at the foot of Mt. Helicon, one of the abodes of the Muses. Herodotus supposed that both Hesiod and Homer lived some four centuries before his time, or about 850 B. C. Hesiod, then, must have lived two centuries later than David, and about a century and a half earlier than Isaiah; and about a century before the foundation of Rome. Assuming that Hesiod and Homer were contemporaries, there is nothing to indicate that either of them knew anything of the other or of his works. Of Hesiod personally we know nothing except what may be gathered from almost incidental passages in his works. From these it would appear that his father, who had led a seafaring life, emigrated from Æolia, to Bœotia. Hesiod thus says to his brother Perses:

HESIOD TO PERSES.

O witless Perses, thus for honest gain,
Thus did our mutual father plough the main.
Erst from Æolian Kyme's distant shore
Hither in sable ships his course he bore;
Through the wide seas his venturous way he
took;
No revenues, nor prosperous ease forsook.
His wandering course from poverty began—
The visitation sent from Heaven to man.
In Ascra's wretched hamlet, at the feet
Of Helicon, he fixed his humble seat:
Ungenial clime—in wintry cold severe,
And summer heat—and joyless through the
year.

But the emigrant seems to have prospered in his new home; for he left a competent estate to be shared between his two sons. Perses, the younger, seems to have been a wild scapegrace, who at the outset

got more than his proper share of the patrimony, and when he had run through it tried, not unsuccessfully, to get hold of a part of that which had fallen to his elder brother Hesiod, who, notwithstanding, cherished a fondness for his ne'er-do-well brother, and tried to dissuade him from his evil ways, insinuating that these were to be attributed to his having married an extravagant wife. Hesiod himself seems to have led a quiet life on his paternal acres, of the management of which he took good care; but nevertheless devoting himself to what we should now call "literary work." Upon only one occasion did he ever leave his native district and venture across the sea; and that was in order to be present at a musical contest which was to be held at Chalcis, on the island of Eubœa, now Egripo; and he mentions this mainly for the purpose of dissuading Perses from doing anything of the kind.

HESIOD'S ONE SEA-VOYAGE.

If thy rash thoughts on merchandise be placed,
Lest debts ensnare or woeful hunger waste,
Learn now the courses of the roaring sea,
Though ships and voyages are strange to me.
Ne'er o'er the sea's broad way my course I bore,
Save once from Aulis to the Eubœan shore:
From Aulis, where the mighty Argive host
The winds awaiting, lingered on the coast,
From sacred Greece assembled to destroy
The guilty walls of beauty-blooming Troy.

This voyage from Aulis to Eubœa could hardly have been an adventurous one; it was certainly a short one, for the distance from the mainland to the island, at their nearest approach, is only about forty yards.

Here ends all that we are credibly told of the life of Hesiod; though writers who lived a thousand years or more after him have invented sundry other incidents, among which is a contest between him and Homer for the supreme place in the divine art of song.

The extant poems ascribed to Hesiod are: *The Works and Days*, the authenticity of which has never been questioned; the *Theogony*, the authenticity of which has been disputed, but is almost universally admitted; the *Shield of Hercules*, which is probably spurious, although it is not at all unlike Hesiod. Besides these, mention is made by later writers of several other poems attributed to Hesiod, which are no longer extant; or at most only detached quotations from them.

The *Works and Days* is in form an admonitory epistle from Hesiod to his brother Perses. It naturally divides itself into three parts, each containing some three or four hundred lines. The first part sets forth, by the aid of myth, fable, allegory, and proverbial sayings, the superiority of worthy emulation over envying and unworthy strife; of honest labor and economy over idleness and prodigality. The second part consists of practical rules and hints as to husbandry. The third part is a kind of religious calendar of the months of the year, noticing the days of the month which are lucky or unlucky for the occupations of rural life. The extracts which follow are from the translation by Elton.

GOOD COUNSEL TO PERSES.

Small care be his of wrangling and debate,
For whose ungathered food the garners wait;

Who wants within the Summer's plenty stored [hoard:
Earth's kindly fruits and Ceres's yearly
With these replenished, at the brawling bar,
For other's wealth go instigate the war.
But this thou may'st no more: let justice guide—
Best boon of heaven—and further strife decide.
Not so we shared the patrimonial land,
When greedy pillage filled thy grasping hand; [thee,
The bribe-devouring judges, smoothed by
The sentence willed, and stamped the false decree.
O fools and blind! to whose misguided soul
Unknown how far the half exceeds the whole;
Unknown the good that healthful mallows yield
And asphodel—the daintiest of the field.

Works and Days.

PANDORA, THE BEAUTEOUS EVIL.

The Sire who rules the earth and sways the pole
Had said—and laughter filled his secret soul.
He bade the crippled god his hest obey,
And mould with tempering water plastic clay;
With human nerve and human voice invest
The limbs elastic, and the breathing breast;
Fair as the blooming goddesses above—
A virgin's likeness with the looks of love.
He bade Minerva teach the skill that sheds
A thousand colors in the gliding threads;
He called the magic of love's golden Queen
To breathe around a witchery of mien,
And eager passion's never-sated flame,
And cares of dress that prey upon the frame;
Bade Hermes last endue with craft refined
Of treacherous manners, and a shameless mind;
Adored Persuasion and the Graces young,
Her tapered limbs with golden jewels hung;
Round her fair brow the lovely-tressed Hours
A golden garland twined of Springs purpureal flowers. [given,
The name of Pandora to the maid was

For all the gods conferred a gifted grace
To crown this mischief of the mortal race.
The Sire commands the winged herald bear
The finished nymph—the inextricable snare.
To Epimetheus was the present brought:
Prometheus's warning vanished from his
thought,
That he disclaim each offering from the skies,
And straight restore, lest ill to man should rise.
But he received, and conscious knew too late
The invidious gift, and felt the curse of Fate.
The woman's hands an ample casket bear;
She lifts the lid—she scatters ills in air;
Hope sole remained within, nor took her flight
Beneath the casket's verge concealed from sight.
The unbroken cell with closing lid the maid
Sealed, and the Cloud-Assembler's voice obeyed.
Issued the rest, in quick dispersion hurled,
And woes innumerous roamed the breathing
world:
With ills the land is rife, with ills the sea;
Diseases haunt our frail humanity;
Self-wandering through the noon, the night,
they glide
Voiceless—a voice the Power all-wise denied.
Know, then, this awful truth: It is not given
To elude the wisdom of omniscient Heaven.

Works and Days.

MAN IN THE GOLDEN AGE.

Strangers to ill, they Nature's banquets proved;
Rich in earth's fruits, and of the blest beloved,
They sank in death, as opiate slumber stole
Soft o'er the sense, and whelmed the willing
soul.
Theirs was each good: the grain-exuberant soil
Poured its full harvest uncompelled by toil;
The virtuous many dwelt in common blest,
And all unenvying shared what all in peace
possessed.

Works and Days.

THE EVER-PRESENT INVISIBLE GODS.

Invisible, the gods are ever nigh,
Pass through the midst, and bend the all-see-
ing eye.

Who on each other prey, who wrest the right—
Aweless of heaven's revenge—are open to their
sight;
For thrice ten thousand holy dæmons rove
The nurturing earth—the delegates of Jove;
Hovering, they glide to earth's extremest
bound;
A cloud aerial veils their forms around:
Guardians of man, their glance alike surveys
The upright judgments and the unrighteous
ways.

Works and Days.

CHOOSING A WIFE.

Let no fair woman, robed in loose array,
That speaks the wanton, tempt thy feet astray;
Who soft demands if thine abode be near,
And blandly lisps and murmurs in thine ear.
Thy slippery trust the charmer shall beguile,
For lo! the thief is ambushed in her smile.
But choose thy wife from those that round thee
dwell, [well.
Weighing—lest neighbors jeer—thy choice full
Than wife that's good man finds no greater
gain,
But feast-frequenting mates are simply bane;
Such, without fire, a stout man's frame con-
sume,
And to crude old age bring his manhood's
bloom.

Works and Days.

THE TIME FOR SOWING AND FOR REAPING.

When, Atlas-born, the Pleiad stars arise,
Before the sun above the dawning skies,
'Tis time to reap; and when they sink below
The morn-illumined west, 'tis time to sow.
Know, too, they set, immerged into the sun,
While forty days entire their circle run;
And with the lapse of the revolving year,
When sharpened is the sickle, reappear:
Law of the fields, and known to every swain
Who turns the labored soil beside the main,
Or who, remote from billowy ocean's gales,

Tills the rich glebe of inland-winding vales.
Works and Days.

WINTRY WEATHER.

Beware the January month ; beware,
Those hurtful days, the keenly piercing air
Which flays the steers, while frosts their horrors cast,
Congeal the ground, and sharpen every blast.
From Thracia's courser-teeming region sweeps
The northern wind; and, breathing on the deeps, [roars
Heaves wide the troubled surge: earth echoing
From the deep forests and the sea-beat shores.
He from the mountain-top, with shattering stroke, [oak
Rends the broad pine, and many a branching
Hurls thwart the glen, when sudden, from on high,
With headlong fury rushing down the sky,
The whirlwind stoops to earth ; then deepening round
Swells the loud storm, and all the boundless woods resound.
The beasts their cowering tails with trembling fold,
And shrink and shudder at the gusty cold.
Though thick the hairy coat, the shaggy skin,
Yet that all-chilling breath shall pierce within.
Not his rough hide the ox can then avail,
The long-haired goat defenseless feels the gale ;
Yet vain the north-wind's rushing strength to wound
The flock, with sheltering fleeces fenced around.
And now the horned and unhorned kind,
Whose lair is in the wood, sore famished grind
Their sounding jaws, and frozen and quaking fly, [on high;
Where the oaks the mountain dells embranch
They seek to crouch in thickets of the glen,
Or lurk deep-sheltered in the den,
Like aged men who propped on crutches, tread
Tottering, with broken strength and stooping head—

So move the beasts of earth, and, creeping low,
Shun the white flakes, and dread the drifting
 snow.

Works and Days.

Each of the thirty days which composed the original Greek month was lucky or unlucky—some for people in general, some for particular classes. Thus, the fourth was lucky for marriages, because it was sacred to Aphrodite and Hermes; the fifth was very unlucky, because on it was born Horcus, the deity who punishes false-swearing; the sixth was unlucky for marriages, because it was the birthday of the virgin goddess Artemis; the seventh was especially lucky, because it was the birthday of Hermes; and so on. Here are a few of the days which were of special good omen to husbandmen, for whom Hesiod was more particularly writing:

SOME LUCKY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

The eighth, nor less the ninth, with favoring
 skies [terprise;
Speeds of the increasing month each rustic en-
And on the eleventh let thy flocks be shorn,
And on the twelfth be reaped thy golden corn:
Both days are good—yet is the twelfth confest
More fortunate, with fairer omen blest:
On this the air-suspending spider treads,
In the full noon, his fine and self-spun threads,
And the wise emmet, tracking dark the plain,
Heaps provident the store of golden grain:
On this let careful woman's nimble hand
Throw first the shuttle, and the web expand.

Works and Days.

Interspersed throughout the *Works and Days* are wise maxims, terse aphorisms, and proverbial sayings, which doubtless were household words in Bœotia. Thus:

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Hand work will best uncertain fortune mend.

Famine evermore
Is natural consort to the idle boor.

Little to little added, if oft done,
In small time makes a good possession.

The summer day
Endures not ever: toil ye while ye may.

Ever with loss the putter-off contends.

The morn the third part of thy work doth gain;
The morn makes short thy way, makes short
thy pain.

When broached, or at the lees, no care be thine
To save thy cask; but spare the middle wine.

When on your home falls unforeseen distress,
Half-clothed come neighbors; kinsmen stay to
dress.

Lo! the best treasure is a frugal tongue;
The lips of moderate speech with grace are
hung.

No rumor wholly dies, once bruited wide;
But deathless like a goddess doth abide.

The fool first suffers, and is after wise.

Often the crimes of one destructive fall
The crimes of one are visited on all.

The *Theogony* ("Origin of the Gods," though perhaps a better title would be *Cosmogony*, "Origin of the Universe"), is a poem of loftier aim than the *Works and Days*. It was for ages the text-book of the Greek cult. Much of it indeed seems trivial or absurd when viewed from the standpoint of our own times. But there are portions of it which rise to the loftiest heights of poetry. Such is the story of Prometheus, who, according to the Hesiodic legend, had twice deceived Zeus—the

last time by stealing from Olympus the sacred fire which Zeus had denied to man after the first fraud.

ZEUS AND PROMETHEUS.

Zeus, the first fraud remembering, from that hour
The strength of unexhausted fire denied
To all the dwellers upon earth. But him
Did Prometheus, the friend of man, beguile:
The far-seen splendor in a hollow reed
He stole of inexhaustible flame. And then
Resentment stung the Thunderer's inmost soul,
And his heart chafed with anger when he saw
The fire far-gleaming in the midst of men.
Straight for the flame purloined devised he ill. . . .
Prometheus, versed
In various wiles, he bound with fettering chains
Indissoluble, chains of galling weight,
Midway a column. Down he sent from high
The broad-winged eagle: She his liver gorged
Immortal: for it sprang with life, and grew
In the night season, and the waste repaired
Of what by day the bird of spreading wing devoured. . . .
Know that it is not given thee to deceive
The god, nor yet elude the omniscient mind;
For not Prometheus, void of blame to man,
Could 'scape the burden of oppressive wrath;
And vain his various wisdom—vain to free
From pangs, or burst the inextricable chain.

Theogony.

Another fine passage is that which describes Asteria—the Star-Goddess—who gives valor to the soldier, wisdom to the ruler, dexterity to the contestants in the sacred games, and skill to charioteers and mariners.

ASTERIA—THE STAR-GODDESS.

When mailed men arise
To deadly battle, comes the goddess prompt

To whom she wills, bids rapid victory
Await them, and extends the wreath of fame.
She sits upon the sacred judgment-seat
Of venerable rulers. She is found
Propitious when in solemn games the youth
Contending strive: there is the goddess nigh
With succor. He whose hardiment and strength
Victorious prove, with ease the graceful palm
Achieving, joyous o'er his father's age
Sheds a bright gleam of glory. She is known
To them propitious who the fiery steed
Rein in the course; and them who laboring cleave
Through the blue waste the untrackable way.
Theogony.

But the grandest passage in the *Theogony* is that which describes the victory of Zeus over the rebel Titans, and the hundred-headed monster Typhœus — half-human, half-serpent. This must have chanted itself in the soul of Milton as he meditated the warfare in heaven, in *Paradise Lost:*

ZEUS AND THE TITANS.

All on that day roused infinite the war,
Female and male: the Titan deities,
The gods from Kronos sprung, and those whom Zeus
From subterranean gloom released to light—
Terrible, strong, of force enormous. Burst
A hundred arms from all their shoulders huge;
From all their shoulders fifty heads upsprang
O'er limbs of sinewy mould. They then arrayed
Against the Titans in fell combat stood,
And in their nervous arms wielded aloft
Precipitous rocks. On the other side alert
The Titans, phalanx closed. Then hands of strength
Joined prowess, and displayed the works of war.
Tremendous then the immeasureable sea

Roared; earth resounded, the wide heavens
throughout
Groaned shuddering; from its base Olympus
vast
Reeled to the violence of the gods; the shock
Of deep concussion rocked the dark abyss
Remote of Tartarus: the shrilling din
Of hollow tramplings and strong battle-strokes,
And measureless uproar of wild pursuit.
So they reciprocal their weapons hurled
Groan-scattering; and the shout of either host,
Burst in resounding ardor to the stars
Of heaven; with mighty war-cries either host
Encountering closed. Nor longer then did
Zeus
Curb his full power; but instant in his soul
There grew dilated strength, and it was filled
With his omnipotence. At once he loosed
His whole of might, and put forth all the god.
The vaulted sky, the mount Olympian flashed
With his continual presence; for he passed
Incessant forth, and scattered fires on fires.
Hurled from his mighty grasp the lightnings
flew
Reiterated swift; the whirling flash
Cast sacred splendor, and the thunderbolt
Fell. Roared around the nurture-yielding
earth
In conflagration; for on either side
The immensity of forests crackling blazed;
Yea, the broad earth burned red, the streams
that mix
With ocean, and the deserts of the sea.
Round and around the Titan brood of earth
Rolled the hot vapor of its fiery surge,
The liquid heat air's pure expanse divine
Suffused; the radiance keen of quivering flame
That shot from writhen lightnings, each dim
orb—
Strong though they were—intolerable smote,
And scorched their blasted vision. Through
the void
Of Erebus the preternatural glare
Spread mingling fire with darkness. But to see

With human eye, and hear with ear of man,
Had been as if midway the spacious heaven
Shocked hurtling with earth, e'en as nether earth
Crashed from the centre, and the wreck of heaven
Fell ruinous from high. So vast the din
When, gods encountering gods, the clang of arms
Commingled, and the tumult roared from heaven. *Theogony.*

The Titans, overwhelmed, were driven to Tartarus; "as far beneath, under the earth, as heaven is from earth," where they were imprisoned with the hundred-handed giants set over them as keepers, and Day and Night acting as janitors in front of the brazen threshold. But the hundred-headed, fire-breathing, man-serpent, monster Typhœus had yet to be subdued.

ZEUS AND TYPHŒUS.

Intuitive and vigilant and strong,
Zeus thundered. Instantaneous all around
Earth reeled with horrible crash; the firmament
Roared of high heaven, the ocean streams, and seas,
And uttermost caverns. While the king in wrath
Uprose; beneath his everlasting feet
Trembled Olympus; groaned the steadfast earth.
From either side a burning radiance caught
The darkly rolling ocean, from the flash
Of light, and the monster's darted flame,
Hot thunder-bolts, and blasts of fiery winds.
Glowed earth, air, sea; the billows heaved on high,
Foamed round the shores, and dashed on every [side
Beneath the rush of gods. Concussion wild
And unappeasable arose; aghast
The gloomy monarch of the infernal dead

Trembled; the sub-Tartarean Titans heard,
E'en where they stood, and Kronos in the midst—
They heard appalled the inextinguished rage
Of tumult and the din of dreadful war.
Now when the god—the fulness of his might
Gathering at once—had grasped his radiant arms—
The glowing thunderbolt and bickering flame—
He from the summit of the Olympian mount
Leapt at a bound, and smote him. Hissed at once
The horrible monster's heads enormous, scorched
In one conflagrant blaze. When thus the god
Had quelled him, thunder-smitten, mangled, prone
He fell; beneath his weight earth groaning [shook.
Flame from the lightning-stricken prodigy
Flashed 'mid the mountain hollows, rugged, dark,
Where he fell smitten. Broad earth glowed [intense,
From that unbounded vapor, and dissolved.
As fusile tin, by art of youths, above
The wide-brimmed vase up-bubbling, foams with heat,
Or iron, hardest of the mine, subdued
By burning flame, amid the mountain dells
Melts in the sacred caves beneath the hands
Of Vulcan—so earth melted in the glare
Of blazing fire. Zeus down wide Hell's abyss
His victims hurled, in bitterness of soul.

Theogony.

If Milton has caught inspiration from these strains of Hesiod, so the translator of the *Theogony* caught the majestic sweep of *Paradise Lost*. It would be hard to say which is the nobler song. Hesiod's celestial combat is in general better managed than Milton's. We have in him no mailed gods and demi-gods fighting with sword, spear and cannon; no tearing up mountains by the roots and hurling them at each

other ; they only fling "precipitous rocks." On the other hand, Hesiod makes omnipotent Zeus "loosen his whole of might;" while in Milton the conquering Son puts forth only half his strength. Above all, in Hesiod there is nothing at all comparable to the two supreme lines of Milton:

"Attended by ten thousand thousand saints
He onward came—far off his coming shone."

HEYLIN, Peter, an English clergyman and author, born near Oxford in 1600; died in 1662. He took the Royalist side in the civil war, and was despoiled by the Parliament. He wrote nearly forty separate works, the most important of which are, *Microcosmus, or a Description of the Great World* (1662), and *A History of the Reformation*. In 1625 he made a tour in France, of which he gives a lively narrative in his *Voyage of France*.

THE FRENCH PEOPLE AND THEIR LANGUAGE.

The present French is nothing but an old Gaul moulded into a new name; as rash he is, as head-strong, and as hare-brained. A nation whom you shall win with a feather, and lose with a straw; upon the first sight of him, you shall have him as familiar as your sleep, or the necessity of breathing. In one hour's conference you may endear him to you, in the second unbutton him, the third pumps him dry of all his secrets, and he gives them you as faithfully as if you were his ghostly father, and bound to conceal them *sub sigillo confessionis* "under the seal of confession"—when you have learned this, you may lay him aside, for he is no longer serviceable. If you have any humor in holding him in a further acquaintance—a favor which he confesseth, and I believe him, he is unworthy of—himself will make the first separation: he hath said over his lesson now unto you, and now must find out somebody else to whom to repeat it. Fare him well; he is a garment whom I would be loath to wear above two days together, for in that time he will be threadbare. *Familiare est hominis omnia sibi remittere*, "it is usual for men to overlook their own faults," saith Velleius of all; it holdeth most properly in this people. He is very kind-hearted to himself, and thinketh himself as free from wants

as he is full; so much he hath in him the nature of a Chinese, that he thinketh all men blind but himself. In this private self-conceitedness he hateth the Spaniard, loveth not the English, and contemneth the German; himself is the only courtier and complete gentleman, but it is his own glass which he seeth in. Out of this conceit of his own excellency, and partly out of a shallowness of brain, he is very liable to exceptions; the least distaste that can be draweth his sword, and a minute's pause sheatheth it to your hand: afterwards, if you beat him into better manners, he shall take it kindly, and cry *serviteur*. In this one thing they are wonderfully like the devil; meekness or submission makes them insolent; a little resistance putteth them to their heels, or makes them your spaniels. In a word—for I have held him too long—he is a walking vanity in a new fashion.

The French language is, indeed, very sweet and delectable: it is cleared of all harshness, by the cutting and leaving out of the consonants, which maketh it fall off the tongue very volubly; yet, in my opinion, it is rather elegant than copious; and, therefore, is much troubled for want of words to find out paraphrases. It expresseth very much of itself in the action; the head, body, and shoulders concur all in the pronouncing of it; and he that hopeth to speak it with a good grace, must have something in him of the mimic. It is enriched with a full number of significant proverbs, which is a great help to the French humor in scoffing; and very full of courtship, which maketh all the people complimental. The poorest cobbler in the village hath his court cringes and his *eau bénite de cour*, his court holy-water, as perfectly as the Prince of Condé.

HEYSE, JOHANN LUDWIG PAUL, a German poet and novelist, born at Berlin, in 1830. His father was Karl Wilhelm Ludwig Heyse, a philologist of distinction. He was educated at Berlin and at Bonn. In 1852 he took his degree. He then travelled in Switzerland and Italy, for the purpose of studying the Romance tongues from manuscripts in the public libraries. In 1854 he was called to Munich by King Maximilian of Bavaria. Here he married the daughter of the historian Kugler, and devoted himself entirely to literary work. Among his dramatic works are *Francisca da Rimini* (1850), *Meleager* (1854), *The Sabine Women* (1859), *Ehrenschulden* (*Debts of Honor*), *Lady Lucretia*, and *Die Hochzeit auf dem Aventin* (*The Marriage on the Aventine*) (1886) ; among his poems, *The Brothers* (1852), *Thekla* (1858), and *Novellen in Versen* (*Tales in Verse*) (1863.) The *Buch der Freundschaft* (*Book of Friendship* (1854), *Sammlungen Novellen* (1855–59),and *Moralische Novellen* (1870), are collections of prose sketches. Among his novels are *The Children of the World* (1873), *The Romance of the Canoness*, *In Paradise*, and *The Witch of the Coast*. Collections of his shorter tales have been translated into English under the titles *Barbarossa and other Tales*, and *The Dead Lake and other Tales*. Heyse has also written on Spanish, French, and Italian literature, and has published the *Italienische Liederbuch* (1860), *Spanische Liederbuch* (1852), and *Antologia dei Moderni Poeti Italiani* (1868.)

CHRISTMAS IN ROME.

I.

No tree with tapers lit, no Christmas joy,
We sit alone in silence, side by side.
And wherefore? Each one knows, yet each will hide;
Three little graves afar our thoughts employ.
This feast for us is silent; childish toy,
Nor Christmas bells, nor mirth with us abide,
For ever round our hearth there seems to glide
The pale sad semblance of each darling boy.
Ah well! Although we oft must quail and shrink,
And quaff in haste the bitter cup of pain,
One bitterer still might yet be ours to drink,
And this our very life-blood's fount would drain,
And life itself would ebb if 'tween us twain,
True hearts fast-bound, once broken were the link.

II.

I'd many talents in the olden days,
Could cut out tinsel stars and tapers light,
And when the Christmas-tree was sparkling bright
Would ring the eager watchers in to gaze.
The well-built fortress I could bodly raze,
With leaden soldiers marching, after fight
Store of sweet ammunition bring to sight
From bomb-proof bastions, spreading glad amaze.
I had a comrade then, I loved him well,
As were he part of me, how great a part!
In many wars we fought, my gallant boy;
He'll never hear again the Christmas bell,
Nor rush to me with full and merry heart,
Clapping his little hands with childish joy.

III.

Yet we to Christmas feast, we, too, were bid,
Not the green Northern fir decked out with light,

An avenue of cypress, black as night,
Below the silent Cestius pyramid.
Slowly we wandered there the tombs amid,
And read the long-forgotten names; in fight
They, too, were wounded, and have passed from sight,
And the kind mother-earth their wounds has hid.
Far, far above the misty blue appears
The Capitol's calm giant head, grown gray
Watching the generations rise and fall,
You plucked two violets from a grave, and tears
Burst from your eyes, list'ning, while loud
The birds were singing on the garden wall.

Trans. of B. L. TOLLEMACHE.

A DIRGE.

Brother with tender thoughts our hearts are swelling
Ere we surrender thee to thy last dwelling;
The strength serene, upon thine image seen,
Of hope is telling.

Noble thou wert—though not where castles tower,
But where the wretched dwell, was felt thy power,
The undefended, the poor, untended,
Thou has befriended.

Thou chosen hero, whom in pride bewailing—
High-soul'd and fountain of our joy unfailing;
Ah, how sad and faint, breathing ne'er a plaint,
Saw we thee paling.

The chain is riven, life has fill'd its measure,
Death now has given rest from pain and pleasure.
Sleep!—we will follow on some peaceful morrow
When we have striven!—

The Children of the World.

CONFLICTING DUTIES.

The most difficult thing in life seems to me to recognize which is the highest of two conflict-

ing duties, and those to whom it is easiest must have, I think, not only the most happiness but genius. If goodness were always quite simple, what could be more delightful than to be good always? It is, however, a sad thing, when the understanding and the affections are at variance, when one has to stop and consider which of two courses is morally incumbent on one, and without always finding a solution; it is sad, because it shakes one's faith in that which ought to be the surest of guides, namely, in one's own conscience; and let one choose what he will, it leaves in his mind a sting, something to regret. We are all deeply convinced that it is our duty not to injure any one. It is just as much the law of the Gospel as our deepest conviction which makes us feel that we cannot stand aloof from the suffering of the rest of the world, and which, therefore, bids each individual strive to lessen the universal misery by sparing his neighbors; and yet as each individual strives for perfection, for the complete growth and blossoming of his powers, he seldom succeeds without harming others; just as a tree in the middle of a wood can only have as much light and air as his fellow-trees will give up to him. Thus many a one pines and withers away consciously, knowing what his end must be, and yet without being able to move; and that when there is no question of injuring any one, when it is simply a prejudice which decides that it is not advisable to grow beyond a certain height and breadth, and that those who presume to do so, will be struck by lightning.

The Children of the World.

RETURNING FROM WAR.

At the head of his regiment, which has left nearly half its number on the cold ground at Bazeilles and Orleans, and for that reason has to accept a double tribute of flowers from the windows on the right and left, rides Captain von Schuetz, his lank figure seated bolt upright

in the saddle, his breast blazing with orders, and his whole person covered from head to foot with the bouquets which, aimed at the rider, have fallen off and been handed up to him by the boys that run along at his side. He has decorated his sword with them, and his helmet, and his pistols, and his horse's trappings, although usually he is no great admirer of flowers. Nor does he do this now for his own glorification or pleasure. But he knows that, at a window in the first story of that stately house over yonder, there sits a woman prematurely old, but whose cheeks, usually so pale, wear a joyous flush to-day, and whose eyes, grown faded through long suffering, beam once more with something of the brightness and hopefulness of youth. It is to this woman that he wants to show himself in his covering of flowers. Heretofore, she has worn a crown of thorns; now he wants to show her the promising future he has won for himself and her. But she sees him from a distance only. When the good, honest, yellow-leather-colored face, with its black imperial, rides by, close to the house, her eyes are so bedimmed by tears that she only sees, as if through a vail, how he lowers his sword to her in salute, and bows slightly with his garlanded helmet. The wreath which she has held ready for him falls from her trembling hand over the railing upon the heads of the densely packed crowd below. But they seem to know for whom it is intended. In a second twenty hands have helped to pass it along to him, and now it is handed up to the rider, who lets all the others slide off his sword so that this one alone shall be wound about it.

Not far behind this brave soldier rides another, upon whom, likewise, the eyes of the women and girls in the windows gaze with pleasure, though he is a stranger to them all, and, for his part, very rarely lets his dark eyes rest on any of these blooming faces. For who

is there here whom he cares to seek? And whose face would he be glad to see unexpectedly? It was only with great reluctance and in order not to offend Schuetz, who asked it of him as a particular proof of friendship, that he finally consented to take part in the entrance of the troops, and to visit once more the city which had so many bitter associations for him. These last two years—what a different man they had made of him! And yet—although he was firmly convinced that the source of every joy was dried up in his innermost heart, and that henceforth nothing was left to him but a barren satisfaction at duties conscientiously fulfilled—even he could not altogether escape the festal mood of this marvelous hour. His handsome face, made bolder and keener by the hardships of war, lost the sad, hard expression which had never been absent from it during the whole year; a bright determination, a quiet earnestness, beamed from his eyes. As he rode through the triumphal avenue strewn with flowers, amid the chime of bells and the wildest shouts of joy, he lost the consciousness of his own hopeless lot, and became merged, as it were, in the great, pervading spirit of a unique and sublime festival, which would never come again; and to take part in which, with the Iron Cross on his breast, and honorable, scarcely healed wounds underneath, was a privilege which might well be thought to compensate for all the lost bliss of a young life.—*In Paradise*

HEYWOOD, Thomas, an English actor, dramatist and poet, born about 1580; died about 1650. Of his personal history little is known beyond what may be gathered from casual notices in his own works. He says that he had "an entire hand, or at least a main finger," in 220 plays, of which only 23 have been preserved. He also wrote several prose works. He gives an account of the multifarious sources from which he had gathered the material for his dramas:

HIS WIDE READING.

To give content to this most curious age
The gods themselves we've brought down to the
stage,
And figured them in planets; made even Hell
Deliver up the Furies, by no spell
Saving the Muse's rapture; further we
Have trafficked by their help; no history
We have left unrifled; our pens have been
dipped
As well in opening each hid manuscript
As tracks more vulgar, whether read or sung
In our domestic or more foreign tongue.
Of fairies, elves, nymphs of the sea and land,
The lawns, the groves, no number can be
scanned
Which we have not given feet to.

The first complete collection of Heywood's extant dramatic works, in six volumes, was made in 1874. The best of his plays are *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, *The Four London 'Prentices*, and *Love's Mistress*. From the last of these we take the description of Psyche. The interlocutors are Admetus, and Astioche and Petrea, sisters of Psyche.

PSYCHE IN ELYSIUM.

Adm.—Welcome to both in one! Oh can you tell
What fate your sister hath?
Ast. and *Pet.*— Psyche is well.
Adm.—So among mortals it is often said
Children and friends are well when they are dead.
Art.—But Psyche lives, and on her breath attend
Delights that far surmount all earthly joy:
Music, sweet voices, and ambrosial fare;
Winds, and the light-winged creatures of the air.
Clear-channeled rivers, springs, and flowery meads,
Are proud when Psyche wantons on their streams,
When Psyche on their rich embroidery treads,
When Psyche gilds them crystal with her beams.
We have but seen our sister, and behold!
She sends us with our laps full-brimmed with gold.

Among Heywood's later poems is *The Hierarchy of Angels*, in which the famous dramatists of the age are thus mentioned:

NICK-NAMES OF THE POETS.

Mellifluous Shakespeare, whose melodious quill
Commanded mirth or passion, was but *Will;*
And famous Jonson, though his learned pen
Be dipped in Castaly, is still but *Ben.*
Fletcher and Webster, of that learned pack
None of the meanest, were but *Jack;*
Dekker but *Tom*, nor May nor Middleton;
And he's but now *Jack* Ford that once was John.

SONG: PACK, CLOUDS, AWAY.

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow.
Sweet air, blow soft, mount lark aloft.
To give my love good-morrow.

Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow.
Bird, prune thy wing! nightingale, sing,
To give my love good-morrow!
To give my love good-morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin-redbreast!
Sing, birds, in every furrow!
And from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow!
Black-bird and thrush, in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow;
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow!
To give my love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

Scattered through Heywood's dramas are many exquisite songs, and sometimes, as in the poem, *Search after God*, he rises to a lofty pitch:

SEARCH AFTER GOD.

I sought thee round about. O Thou, my God!
In thine abode:
I said unto the earth, "Speak, art thou He?"
She answered me,
"I am not." I inquired of creatures all,
In general
Contained therein. They with one voice proclaim
That none amongst them challenged such a name.

I asked the seas and all the deeps below,
My God to know;
I asked the reptiles and whatever is
In the abyss;
Even from the shrimp to the leviathan
Inquiry ran:
But in those deserts which no line can sound
The God I sought for was not to be found.

I asked the air if that were He; but lo!
It told me "No!"

I, from the towering eagle to the wren
Demanded then,
If any feathered fowl 'mongst them were such,
But they all—much
Offended, with my question—in full choir,
"To find thy God thou must look higher."
Answered, "To find thy God thou must look higher."
I asked the heavens sun, moon and stars; but they
Said, "We obey
The God thou seekest." I asked what eye or ear
Could see or hear;
What in the world I might descry or know,
Above, below;
With an unanimous voice all these things said,
"We are not God, but we by Him were made."

I asked the world's great universal mass
If that God was;
Which with a mighty and strong voice replied,
As stupefied,
"I am not He, O man! for know that I
By Him on high
Was fashioned first of nothing; thus instated
And swayed by Him by whom I was created."

I sought the Court; but smooth-tongued flattery there
Deceived each ear;
In the thronged city there was selling, buying,
Swearing and lying;
In the country, craft in simpleness arrayed:
And then I said,
"Vain is my search, although my pains be great;
Where my God is there can be no deceit."

A scrutiny within myself I then
Even thus began:
"O man, what art thou?" What more could I say
Than, "Dust and clay,
Frail mortal, fading, a mere puff, a blast
That cannot last;

Enthroned to-day, to-morrow in an urn,
Formed from that earth to which I must return."

I asked myself what this great God might be
that fashioned me;
I answered—"The All-potent, Sole, Immense,
Surpassing sense,
Unspeakable, Inscrutable, Eternal
Lord over all;
The only Terrible, Just, Strong, and True,
Who hath no end, and no beginning knew.

"He is the well of life; for He doth give
To all that live
Both breath and being; He is the creator
Both of the water,
Earth, air, and fire. Of all things that subsist
He hath the list;
Of all the heavenly host, or what earth claims,
He keeps the scroll, and calls them by their names."

And now, my God, by thine illumining grace,
Thy glorious face,
(So far forth as it may discovered be),
Methinks I see;
And though invisible and infinite,
To human sight,
Thou, in thy mercy, justice, truth, appearest
In which, to our weak sense, thou comest nearest.

Oh, make us apt to seek, and quick to find,
Thou God most kind!
Give us love, hope, and faith in Thee to trust
Thou God most just!
Remit all our offences, we entreat,
Most good! most great!
Grant that our willing though unworthy quest
May, through thy grace, admit us 'mongst the blest.

HICKOK, Laurens Perseus, an American clergyman, educator, and author, born in 1798. He was educated at Union College. In 1822 he became pastor of a church in Newtown, Conn., and afterwards succeeded Dr. Lyman Beecher in Litchfield. In 1836 he became Professor of Theology in the Western Reserve College, Ohio, in 1844 in the Auburn Theological Seminary, and in 1852 Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Union College, Schenectady, of which he was appointed President in 1866. Before his election he had charge of the college for several years. In 1868 he resigned the presidency of the College, and went to reside at Amherst, Mass. He is the author of *Rational Psychology, or the Subjective Idea and Objective Laws of all Intelligence* (1848), *System of Moral Science* (1853), *Empirical Psychology, or the Human Mind as given in Consciousness* (1854), *Rational Cosmology, or the Eternal Principles and the Necessary Laws of the Universe* (1858), *Creator and Creation, or the Knowledge in the Reason of God and His Works* (1872), *Humanity Immortal, or Man Tried, Fallen, and Redeemed* (1872), and *Rational Logic, or True Logic must strike Root in Reason,* (1875.)

THOUGHTS AND THINGS.

Both science of Thought and science of Thing, are alike complete comprehension in reason, and thus both are true knowledge. But a prime difference between them is in this, that the science of Thought is of that which is wholly within and essentially subjective, while the science of Thing is of that which is overt, and essentially objective. One may have in thought a mathematical triangle or circle,

and while the figure may condition other figures in subjective place and period, it cannot resist and react upon other figures themselves. It can put two equal triangles or circles to coincide in thought with each other, and the one will then be wholly lost in the other. All the energy is in the thinking, and no energy goes over into the thought to give to it any rigidity or stable consistency. And, in the same way, one may have in mental conception any color or sound, which may have its conditioning relationships of place and period with other conceptions, but the mere conceptions may be modified in any way among themselves with no mutual resistance and interferences. The conception has in itself no hard consistency, and all the energy is in the subjective thinking process, with none put over and persisting in the stated thought.—But when one has the plan of a house, or other complicated structure, in subjective thought, and he essays to put the plan in execution as a fixed thing, there is an energy other than the thinking demanded, even an energizing which moves muscle, and applies hard instrumentalities in shaping and placing materials together; and only in overcoming the resistance in the material elements can the thought-out plan become an existing thing. The subjective thinking energy which made the plan has been supplemented by an executive will, whose energy has gone over into a controlling arrangement of resisting elements, and made them overtly to express the plan as now an existing thing. Subjective thinking-energy, supplemented by subjective willing-energy, has been put into essentially objective materials, and the product is an objective existence in common for all intelligences. But still further, one may trace the growth of a grain of wheat from its first germinating to its perfect maturing, and while the insight of reason will detect a thought diffused through the

organism of the plant, yet has not the subjective thinking put the idea into the plant, nor has the subjective will supplemented the thinking, and forced the component elements to their outward expression of the hidden idea which the seed originally contained.

Here, then, are three different processes of thought, and all have the complete comprehension of their manifold parts in one, and are each thus a true knowing. The first has no other energy than the subjective thinking, and is *pure thought* only. The second has the energy of the subjective thinking; but another subjective energy than thinking, even an executive willing, must overcome the resisting energy already in the elements, and arrange them according to the thought, and the product is an *artificial thing*. The third has the ideal thought as seen already in the object, and which has been put there by a power in nature itself that has built up the outer object by the inner working of its own forces, and is thus a *natural thing*. But while all these have true science, whether of thought or thing, inasmuch as all have the many comprehended in a single, yet can these objects be known as *created* only in a qualified sense, except in the last case, which is a true creation. The pure thought is a creation only as we say a creation of the imagination, or the creation of genius; the artificial thing is a creation only as a construction from created materials; but the natural thing, though in its generations a propagated thing, is truly a created thing, and all its energies of elemental material, and organizing instinct according to original type, are product of absolute thought and will first springing into being from the one All-creating source.—*Creator and Creation.*

HIGGINSON, Francis, an Anglo-American clergyman, born in England in 1588; died at Salem, Mass., in 1630. He was educated at Cambridge, and became rector at Claybrooke; but having imbibed Puritanical views, he left his rectorship, and supported himself by preparing students for the University. In 1629 he was invited by the Massachusetts Bay Company to accompany an expedition to New England. He arrived at Salem on June 29, and three weeks after was chosen teacher of the Salem congregation; but died in little more than a year. He wrote a *Journal of the Voyage to New England*, and a pamphlet entitled *New England's Plantation, or a Short and True Description of the Commodities of that Country* (London, 1630.)

JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE TO NEW ENGLAND IN 1629.

May 13.—The wind holding easterly, we came as far as the Land's End, in the uttermost part of Cornwall, and so left our dear native soil of England behind us and sailing about ten leagues further, we passed the isles of Scilly, and launched the same day into the main ocean. And now my wife and other passengers began to feel the tossing waves of the western sea. . . . . *May* 27.—About noon there arose a south wind, which increased more and more, so that it seemed to us, that are landsmen, a sore and terrible storm: for the wind blew mightily, and the rain fell vehemently; the sea roared, and the waves tossed us horribly; besides, it was fearful dark, and the mariner's mate was afraid, and noise on the other side, with their running here and there, loud crying one to another to pull at this and that rope. The waves poured themselves over the ship that the two boats were filled with

water. But this lasted not many hours, after which it became a calmish day. . . . . *June* 24.—This day we had all a clear and comfortable sight of America. . . . . *June* 26.—A foggy morning, but after clear, and wind calm. We saw many schools of mackerel, infinite multitudes on every side of our ship. The sea was abundantly stored with rockweed and yellow flowers, like gillyflowers. By noon we were within three leagues of Cape Ann; and as we sailed along the coasts, we saw every hill and dale and every island full of gay woods and high trees. The nearer we came to the shore, the more flowers in abundance; sometimes scattered abroad, sometimes joined in sheets nine or ten yards long, which we supposed to be brought from the low meadows by the tide. Now what with fine woods and green trees by land, and these yellow flowers painting the sea, made us all desirous to see our new Paradise of New England, whence we saw such forerunning signals afar off. . . . . *June* 29.—As we passed along, it was wonderful to behold so many islands replenished with thick wood and high trees, and many fair green pastures. We rested that night with glad and thankful hearts that God had put an end to our long and tedious journey through the greatest sea in the world. Our passage was both pleasant and profitable; for we received instruction and delight in beholding the wonders of the Lord in the deep waters, and sometimes seeing the sea around us appearing with a terrible countenance, and, as it were, full of high hills and deep valleys; and sometimes it appeared as a most plain and even meadow. And ever and anon we saw divers kinds of fishes sporting in the great waters, great grampuses and huge whales, going by companies, and puffing up water-streams. Those that love their own chimney-corner, and dare not go beyond their own town's end, shall never have the honor to see these wonderful works of Almighty God.

HIGGINSON, MARY THACHER (POTTER), wife of Thomas W. Higginson, has written several occasional poems of decided merit.

GIFTS.

A flawless pearl, snatched from an ocean cave
Remote from light or air,
And by the mad caress of stormy wave
Made but more pure and fair;

A diamond wrested from earth's hidden zone,
To whose recesses deep
It clung, and bravely flashed a light that shone
Where dusky shadows creep;

A sapphire in whose heart the tender rays
Of summer skies have met:
A ruby, glowing with the ardent blaze
Of suns that never set:—

These priceless jewels shone one happy day,
On my bewildered sight;
"We bring from earth, sea, sky," they seemed to say,
"Love's richness and delight."
"For me?" I trembling cried. "Thou need'st not dread,"
Sang heavenly voices sweet;
And unseen hands placed on my lowly head
This crown for angels meet.

HIGGINSON, Thomas Wentworth, an American author, born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1823. He was educated at Harvard University and Divinity School, and in 1847 became pastor of a Congregational church at Newburyport. He retained this pastorate for three years. From 1852 to 1858 he had charge of a free church in Worcester. He then devoted himself to literature. He was from the first an active participant in the Anti-Slavery agitation, aided in organizing parties of Free-State settlers in Kansas, and served as brigadier-general in the Free-State forces. During the civil war he served in a Massachusetts regiment, and as colonel of 33d United States colored troops, the first regiment of slaves mustered into the United States service. He was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1880–81, and from 1881 to 1883 a member of the State Board of Education. Among his works, some of which are collections from his papers in periodicals, are: *Out-door Papers* (1863), *Malbone: an Oldport Romance* (1869), *Army Life in a Black Regiment* (1870), *Atlantic Essays* (1871), *Oldport Days* (1873), *Young Folks' History of the United States* (1875), *History of Education in Rhode Island* (1876), *Young Folks' Book of American Explorers* (1877), *Short Studies of American Authors* (1879), *Common Sense about Women* (1881), *Life of Margaret Fuller Ossoli* (1884), *Larger History of the United States* (1885), *The Monarch of Dreams* (1886), *Hints on Writing and Speech-making*, and *Women and Men* (1887.) He has translated the *Complete Works of Epictetus* (1865), and has edited *The Harvard Memorial Biographies* (1866), and

Brief Biographies of European Statesmen (1875–77.)

IN A FOG.

As the boat floated on, every sight and sound appeared strange. The music from the fort came sudden and startling through the vaporous eddies. A tall white schooner rose instantaneously near them, like a light-house. They could see the steam of the factory floating low, seeking some outlet between cloud and water. As they drifted past a wharf, the great black piles of coal hung high and gloomy; then a stray sunbeam brought out their peacock colors; then came the fog again, driving hurriedly by, as if impatient to go somewhere and enraged at the obstacle. It seemed to have a vast inorganic life of its own, a volition and a whim. It drew itself across the horizon like a curtain; then advanced in trampling armies up the bay: then marched in masses northward; then suddenly grew thin, and showed great spaces of sunlight; then drifted across the low islands, like long tufts of wool; then rolled itself away toward the horizon: then closed in again, pitiless and gray.

Suddenly something vast towered amid the mist above then. It was the French war-ship returned to her anchorage once more, and seeming in that dim atmosphere to be something spectral and strange, that had taken form out of the elements. The muzzles of great guns rose tier above tier along her side: great boats hung one above another, on successive pairs of davits, at her stern. So high was her hull, that the topmost gun appeared to be suspended in middle air; and yet this was but the beginning of her altitude. Above these ascended the heavy masts, seen dimly through the mist; between these were spread eight dark lines of sailors' clothes, which with the massive yards above looked like part of some ponderous framework built to reach the sky. This prolongation

of the whole dark mass towards the heavens had a portentous look to those who gazed from below; and when the denser fog sometimes furled itself away from the topgallant masts, hitherto invisible, and showed them rising loftier yet, the tri-color at the mizzen-mast head, and looking down as if from the zenith, then they all seemed to appertain to something of more than human workmanship; a hundred wild tales of phantom vessels came up to the imagination and it was as if that one gigantic structure were expanding to fill all space from sky to sea.—*Malbone.*

A PURITAN SUNDAY MORNING.

It is nine o'clock upon a summer Sunday morning, in the year sixteen hundred and something. The sun looks down brightly on a little forest settlement, around whose expanding fields the great American wilderness recedes each day, withdrawing its bears and wolves and Indians into an ever remoter distance—not yet so far removed but that a stout wooden gate at each end of the village street indicates that there is danger outside. It would look very busy and thriving in this little place, to-day, but for the Sabbath stillness which broods over everything with almost an excess of calm. Even the smoke ascends more faintly than usual from the chimneys of these numerous log-huts and these few framed houses, and since three o'clock yesterday afternoon not a stroke of this world's work has been done. Last night a Preparatory Lecture was held, and now comes the consummation of the whole week's life, in the solemn act of worship. In which settlement of the Massachusetts Colony is the great ceremonial to pass before our eyes? If it be Cambridge village, the warning drum is beating its peaceful summons to the congregation. If it be Salem village, a bell is sounding its more ecclesiastic peal, and a red flag is simultaneously hung forth from

the meeting-house, like the auction-flag of later periods. If it be Haverhill village, then Abraham Tyler has been blowing his horn assiduously for half an hour—a service for which Abraham, each year, receives a half-pound of pork from every family in town.

Be it drum, bell, or horn that gives the summons, we will draw near to this important building, the centre of the village, the one public edifice — meeting-house, town-house, school-house, watch-house, all in one. So important is it, that no one can legally dwell more than half a mile from it. And yet the people ride to "meeting," short though the distance be, for at yonder oaken block a wife dismounts from behind her husband;—and has it not, moreover, been found needful to impose a fine of forty shillings on fast trotting to and fro? All sins are not modern ones, young gentlemen.

We approach nearer still, and come among the civic institutions. This is the pillory, yonder are the stocks, and there is a large wooden cage, a terror to evil-doers, but let us hope empty now. Round the meeting-house is a high wooden paling, to which the law permits citizens to tie their horses, provided it be not done too near the passage-way. For at that opening stands a sentry, clothed in a suit of armor which is painted black, and cost the town twenty-four shillings by the bill. He bears also a heavy matchlock musket; his rest, or iron fork, is stuck in the ground, ready to support the weapon; and he is girded with his bandolier, or broad leather belt, which sustains a sword and a dozen tin cartridge-boxes.

The meeting-house is the second to which the town has treated itself, the first having been "a timber fort, both strong and comely, with flat roof and battlements,"— a cannon on top, and the cannonade of the gospel down below. But this one cost the town sixty-

three pounds—hard-earned pounds, and carefully expended. It is built of brick, smeared outside with clay, and finished with clapboards, larger than our clapboards, outside of all. It is about twenty-five feet square, with a chimney half the width of the building, and projecting four feet above the thatched roof. The steeple is in the centre, and the bell-rope, if there be one, hangs in the middle of the broad aisle. There are six windows, two on each side and one at each end, some being covered with oiled paper only, others glazed in numerous small panes. And between the windows, on the outside, hang the heads of all the wolves that have been killed in the township within the year. . . .

The people are assembling. The Governor has passed by, with his four vergers bearing halberds before him. The French Popish ambassadors, who have just arrived from Canada, are told the customs of the place, and left to stay quietly in the Governor's house, with sweetmeats, wines, and the liberty of a private walk in the garden. The sexton has just called for the minister, as is his duty twice every Sunday, and, removing his cocked hat, he walks before his superior officer. The minister enters, and passes up the aisle, dressed in Geneva cloak, black skull-cap, and black gloves, open at thumb and finger for the better handling of his manuscript. He looks round upon his congregation, a few hundred, recently "seated" anew for the year, according to rank and age. There are the old men in the pews beneath the pulpit. There are the young men in the gallery, or near the door, wearing ruffs, showy belts, gold and silver buttons, "points" at the knees, and great boots. There are the young women, with "silk or tiffany hoods or scarfs," "embroidered or needle-worked caps," "immoderate great sleeves," "cut-works"—a mystery; "slash apparel"—another mystery; "immoderate great vayles,

long wings," etc—mystery on mystery, but all recorded in the statutes, which forbid these splendors to persons of mean estate. There are the wives of the magistrates in prominent seats, and the grammar-school master's wife next them; and in each pew, close to the mother's elbow, is the little wooden cage for the youngest child, still too young to sit alone. All boys are deemed too young to sit alone also; for, though the emigrants left in Holland the aged deaconesses who then presided, birch in hand, to control the rising generation in Sunday meetings, yet the urchins are still herded on the pulpit and gallery-stairs, with four constables to guard them from the allurements of sin. And there sits Sin itself embodied in the shrinking form of some humiliated man or woman; placed on a high stool in the principal aisle, bearing the name of some dark crime written on paper and pinned to the garments, or perhaps a Scarlet Letter on the breast.

O the silence of this place of worship, after the solemn service sets in! "People do not sneeze or cough here in public assemblies," says one writer triumphantly, "so much as in England." The warning caution, "Be Short," which the minister has inscribed above his study-door, claims no authority over his pulpit. He may pray his hour, unpausing, and no one thinks it long; for indeed, at prayer-meetings four persons will sometimes pray an hour each—one with confession, one with private petitions, a third with petitions for Church and Kingdom, and a fourth with thanksgiving—each theme being conscientiously treated by itself. Then he may preach his hour, and, turning his hour-glass, may say—but that he cannot foresee the levity to be born in a later century with Mather Byles—"Now my hearers, we will take another glass." . . . .

The sermon is over. The more demoralized among the little boys, whose sleepy eyes have

been more than once admonished by the hare's-foot wand of the constables—the sharp paw is used for the boys, the soft fur is kept for the smooth foreheads of drowsy maidens—look up thoroughly awakened now. Bright eyes glance from beneath silk or tiffany hoods, for a little interlude is coming. Many things may happen in this pause after the sermon. Questions may be asked of the elders now, which the elders may answer, if they can. Some lay brother may "exercise" on a text of Scripture—rather severe exercise it sometimes turns out. Candidates for the church may be proposed. A baptism may take place. If it be the proper month the laws against profaning the Sabbath may be read. The last town regulations may be read; or—far more exciting—a new marriage may be published. Or a darker scene may follow, and some offending magistrate may be required to stand upon a bench, in his worst garments, with a foul linen cap drawn close to his eyes, and acknowledge his sins before the pious people, who reverenced him so lately.

These things done, a deacon says impressively, "Brethren, now there is time for contribution; wherefore, as God hath prospered you, so freely offer." Then the people in the galleries come down and march two abreast, "up one ile and down the other," passing before the desk where in a long "pue" sit the elders and deacons. One of these holds a money-box, into which the worshippers put their offerings, usually varying from one to five shillings, according to their ability and good-will. Some give paper pledges instead, and others give other valuables, such as "a fair gilt cup, with a cover," for the communion-service. Then comes a psalm, read, line after line, out of the "Bay Psalm-Book," and sung by the people. These psalms are sung regularly through, four every Sunday, and some ten tunes compose the whole vocal range of the congregation. Then come the words, "Blessed

are they who hear the word of the Lord and keep it," and then the benediction.

And then the reverend divine descends from his desk, and walks down the aisle, bowing gravely right and left to his people, not one of whom stirs till the minister has gone out; and then the assembly disperses, each to his own home, unless it be some who have come from a distance, and stay to eat their cold pork and peas in the meeting-house.—*Atlantic Essays.*

NIGHT IN CAMP

It is a dark, mild, drizzling evening, and as the foggy air breeds sand-flies, so it calls out melodies and strange antics from this mysterious race of grown-up children with whom my lot is cast. All over the camp the lights glimmer in the tents, and as I sit at my desk in the open doorway, there come mingled sounds of stir and glee. Boys laugh and shout; a feeble flute stirs somewhere in some tent—not an officer's; a drum throbs far away in another; wild kildeer-plover flit and wail above us, like the haunting souls of dead slave-masters; and from a neighboring cook-fire comes the monotonous sound of that strange festival, half pow-wow, half prayer-meeting, which they know only as a "shout." These fires are usually enclosed in a little booth, made neatly of palm-leaves and covered in at top—a regular native African hut, in short, such as is pictured in books, and such as I once got up from dried palm-leaves, for a fair at home. This hut is now crammed with men, singing at the top of their voices, in one of their quaint, monotonous endless, negro-Methodist chants, with obscure syllables recurring constantly, and slight variations interwoven, all accompanied with a regular drumming of the feet and clapping of the hands, like castanets. Then the excitement spreads; inside and outside the enclosure men begin to quiver and dance, others join, a circle forms, winding monotonously round some one

in the centre ; some " heel-and-toe " tumultuously, others merely tremble and stagger on, others stoop and rise, others whirl, others caper sideways, all keep steadily circling like dervishes ; spectators applaud special strokes of skill ; my approach only enlivens the scene. The circle enlarges, louder grows the singing, rousing shouts of encouragement come in, half-bacchanalian, half-devout. "Wake 'em, brudder!" "Stan' up to 'em, brudder!"—and still the ceaseless drumming and clapping in perfect cadence, goes steadily on. Suddenly there comes a sort of *snap*, and the spell breaks, amid general singing and laughter. And this not rarely and occasionally, but night after night, while in other parts of the camp the soberest prayers and exhortations are proceeding sedately.—*Army Life in a Black Regiment.*

HILDRETH, RICHARD, an American journalist and historian, born at Deerfield, Mass., in 1807; died at Florence, Italy, in 1865. He graduated at Harvard in 1826; studied law, and practiced at the bar in Newburyport and Boston from 1830 to 1832, when he became one of the editors of the *Boston Atlas.* In 1840 he went to Demerara, British Guiana, where he edited the *Guiana Chronicle*, and put forth a compilation of the *Colonial Laws of British Guiana*, with an *Historical Introduction.* Subsequently, for several years, he was editorially connected with the *New York Tribune.* In 1861 he was appointed U. S. Consul at Trieste, which post he retained until ill health compelled him to relinquish it. Besides contributions to journals he wrote: *Archy Moore, or The White Slave*, an anti-slavery novel (1836), *Theory of Legislation*, a translation of Bentham's work (1840), *History of Banks* (1841), *Theory of Morals* (1844), *Theory of Politics* (1853), *Despotism in America* (1854), *Japan, as it Was and Is* (1855), and a compilation from Lord Campbell's *Lives of Atrocious Judges* (1857.)

His most important work is *The History of the United States* (6 vols., 1849–1856), treating of the history of the country from its first settlement down to the close of President Monroe's first administration in 1821. At the close of the last volume he thus gives his reason for concluding the *History* at this point:—

THE UNITED STATES AT THE CLOSE OF MONROE'S FIRST ADMINISTRATION.

With the re-annexation of Florida to the Anglo-American dominion, the recognized ex-

tension of our western limit to the shores of the Pacific, and the partition of those new acquisitions between slavery and freedom, closed Monroe's first term of office; and with it a marked era in our history. All the old landmarks of party, uprooted as they had been—first by the embargo and the war with England, and then by peace in Europe—had since, by the bank question, the internal improvement question, and the tariff question, been completely superseded and almost wholly swept away. At the Ithuriel touch of the Missouri discussion, the slave interest, hitherto hardly recognized as a distinct element in our system, had started up, portentous and dilated, disavowing the very fundamental principles of modern democracy, and again threatening, as in the Federal Convention, the dissolution of the Union. It is from this point—already beginning indeed to fade away in the distance, that our politics of to-day [1856] take their departure.—*History of the United States.* VOL. VI.

THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.

The dying embers of the Continental Congress—barely kept alive for some months by the occasional attendance of one or two delegates—as the day [March 4, 1789] approached for the new system to be organized, quietly went out, without note or observation. History knows few bodies so remarkable. The Long Parliament of Charles I. and the French National Assembly are alone to be compared with it. Coming together, in the first instance, a mere collection of consulting delegates, the Continental Congress had boldly seized the reins of power, assumed the leadership of the insurgent States, issued bills of credit, raised armies, declared independence, negotiated foreign treaties, carried the nation through an eight years' war; finally had extorted from the powerful mother-country an acknowledgment of the sovereign authority so daringly assumed and so indomitably maintained.

But this brilliant career had been as short as it was glorious, the decline had commenced even in the midst of the war. Exhausted by such extraordinary efforts, smitten with the curse of poverty, their paper money first depreciating and then repudiated—overwhelmed with debts which they could not pay—pensioners on the bounty of France—insulted by mutineers—scouted at by the public creditors—unable to fulfil the treaties they had made—bearded and encroached upon by the State authorities—issuing fruitless requisitions which they had no power to enforce—vainly begging for additional authority which the States refused to grant—thrown more and more into the shade by the very contrast of former power—the Continental Congress sank fast into decrepitude and contempt. Feeble is the sentiment of political gratitude! Debts of that sort are commonly left for posterity to pay. While all eyes were turned—some with doubt and some with apprehension, but the greater part with hope and confidence — towards the ample authority vested in the new government now about to be organized, not one respectful word seems to have been uttered, not a single reverential regret to have been dropped over the fallen greatness of the exhausted and expiring Continental Congress.—*History*, Vol. III.

THE DUEL BETWEEN HAMILTON AND BURR.

It was not at all in the spirit of a professed duellist, it was not upon any paltry point of honor, that Hamilton had accepted the extraordinary challenge of Burr, by which it was attempted to hold him answerable for the numerous imputations on Burr's character, bandied about in conversation and the newspapers for two or three years past. The practice of duelling he utterly condemned; indeed, he had himself already been a victim to it in the loss of his eldest son, a boy of twenty, in a political duel some two years previously.

As a private citizen—as a man under the influence of moral and religious sentiments—as a husband, loving and loved, and the father of a numerous and dependent family—as a debtor honorably disposed, whose creditors might suffer by his death—he had every motive for avoiding the meeting. So he stated in a paper which, under a premonition of his fate, he took care to leave behind him. It was in the character of a public man; it was in that lofty spirit of patriotism, of which examples are so rare, rising high above all personal and private considerations—a spirit magnanimous and self-sacrificing to the last, however in this instance uncalled for and mistaken—that he accepted the fatal challenge. "The ability to be in future useful,"—such was his own statement of his motives—"whether in resisting mischief or effecting good in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with prejudice in this particular."

With a candor towards his opponents by which Hamilton was ever so nobly distinguished—but of which so very seldom indeed did he ever experience any return—he disavowed in this paper—the last which he ever wrote—any disposition to affix odium to Burr's conduct in this particular case. He denied feeling towards Burr any personal ill-will, while he admitted that Burr might naturally be influenced against him by hearing of strong animadversions in which he had indulged, and which, as usually happens, might probably have been aggravated in the report. These animadversions, in some cases, might have been occasioned by misconstruction or misinformation; yet his censures had not proceeded on light ground, nor from unworthy motives. From the possibility, however, that he might have injured Burr, as well as from his general principles and temper in relation to such affairs, he had come to the resolution which he

left on record, and communicated also to his second, to withhold and throw away his first fire, and perhaps even his second; thus giving to Burr a double opportunity to pause and reflect. . . .

The grounds of Weehawk, on the Jersey shore, opposite New York, were at that time the usual field of these single combats, then, chiefly by reason of the inflamed state of public feeling, of frequent occurrence, and very seldom ending without bloodshed. The day having been fixed, and the hour appointed at seven o'clock in the morning, the parties met, accompanied only by their seconds. The bargemen, as well as Dr. Hosack, the surgeon mutually agreed upon, remained, as usual, at a distance, in order, if any fatal result should occur, not to be witnesses.

The parties having exchanged salutations, the seconds measured the distance of ten paces; loaded the pistols; made the other preliminary arrangements, and placed the combatants. At the appointed signal Burr took deliberate aim and fired. The ball entered Hamilton's side; his pistol too was unconsciously discharged. Burr approached him, apparently somewhat moved; but, on the suggestion of his second—the surgeon and the bargemen already approaching—he turned and hastened away, Van Ness coolly covering him from their sight by opening an umbrella.

The surgeon found Hamilton half-lying, half-sitting on the ground, supported in the arms of his second. The pallor of death was on his face, "Doctor," he said, "this is a mortal wound;" and, as if overcome by the effort of speaking, he immediately fainted. As he was carried across the river, the fresh breeze revived him. His own house being in the country, he was conveyed to the house of a friend, where he lingered for twenty-four hours in great agony, but preserving his composure and self-possession to the last.—*History*, Vol. V.

CHARACTER OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

In Hamilton's death the Federalists and the country experienced a loss second only to that of Washington. Hamilton possessed the same rare and lofty qualities, the same just balance of soul, with less, indeed, of Washington's severe simplicity and awe-inspiring presence, but with more of warmth, variety, and grace. If the Doric in architecture be taken as the symbol of Washington's character, Hamilton's belonged to the same grand style as developed in the Corinthian—if less impressive, more winning. If we add Jay for the Ionic, we have a trio not to be matched—in fact, not to be approached in our history, if, indeed, in any other. Of earth-born Titans, as terrible as great—now angels, and now toads and serpents—there are everywhere enough. Of the serene and benign sons of the celestial gods, how few at any time have walked the earth!—*History*, Vol. V.

CHARACTER OF JAMES MADISON.

The political character of Madison sprang, naturally enough, from his intellectual temperament and personal and party relations. Phlegmatic in his constitution, moderate in all his feelings and passions, he possessed remarkable acuteness, and ingenuity sufficient to invest with the most persuasive plausibility whatever side of a question he espoused. But he wanted the decision, the energy, the commanding firmness, necessary in a leader. More a rhetorician than a ruler, he was made only for second places, and therefore never was but second, even when he seemed to be first. A Federalist from natural largeness of views, he became a Jeffersonian Republican because that became the predominating policy of Virginia. A peace man in his heart and judgment, he became a war man to secure his re-election to the Presidency, and because that seemed to be the prevailing bias of the Republican party. Having

been, in the course of a long political career, on both sides of almost every political question, he made friends among all parties, anxious to avail themselves, whenever they could, of his able support; escaping thereby much of that searching criticism so freely applied, with the unmitigated severity of party hatred, to his more decided and consistent compatriots and rivals. Let us, however, do Madison the justice to add, that, as he was among the first, so he was, all things considered, by far the ablest and most amiable of that large class of our national statesmen, who, instead of devotion to the carrying out of any favorite idea or measures of their own, put up their talents like mercenary lawyers, to be sold to the highest bidder; espousing on every question that side which, for the moment, seems to offer the surest road to applause and promotion.—*History*, Vol. VI.

HILL, THOMAS, an American clergyman, scientist, and poet, born at New Brunswick, N. J., in 1818. Left an orphan at an early age, he was apprenticed to a printer, and subsequently to an apothecary. He afterwards entered Harvard College, where he graduated in 1843, and at the Divinity School in 1845, when he became minister of a Unitarian congregation at Waltham, Mass., where he remained until 1849, when he succeeded Horace Mann as President of Antioch College, Ohio. In 1862 he was made President of Harvard College, retaining this position until 1868, when he resigned on account of impaired health. In 1871 he accompanied Agassiz on his scientific expedition to Brazil. Upon his return from this expedition he became pastor of a Unitarian congregation at Portland, Maine, where he has since resided. Among the numerous works of Mr. Hill are: *Addresses on Liberal Education* before the Phi Beta Kappa Association of Harvard (1858), on *Opportunities of Life* at Antioch (1860), *Christmas*, and *Poems on Slavery* (1843), *Geometry and Faith* (1849), *First Lessons in Geometry* (1854), *Second Book in Geometry* (1852), *Jesus, the Interpreter of Nature* (1859), *Practical Arithmetic* (1881.)

His son, HENRY BARKER HILL, born in 1849, graduated at Harvard in 1869, afterwards studied chemistry at Berlin, and in 1874 became Assistant Professor of Chemistry at Harvard, and full Professor in 1884.

THE BOBOLINK.

Bobolink! that in the meadow
Or beneath the orchard's shadow,

Keepest up a constant rattle
Joyous as my children's prattle—
Welcome to the North again!
Welcome to mine ear thy strain,
Welcome to mine eye the sight
Of thy buff, thy black and white.
Brighter plumes may greet the sun
By the banks of Amazon;
Sweeter tones may weave the spell
Of enchanting Philomel:
But the tropic bird would fail,
And the English nightingale,
If we should compare their worth
With thine endless, gushing mirth.
When the Ides of May are past—
June and Summer nearing fast—
While from depths of blue above
Comes the mighty breath of love,
Calling out each bud and flower
With resistless, secret power—
Waking hope and fond desire,
Kindling the erotic fire—
Filling youths' and maidens' dreams
With mysterious, pleasing themes:—
Then, amid the sunlight clear,
Floating in the fragrant air,
Thou dost fill each heart with pleasure
By thy glad ecstatic measure.
A single note so sweet and low,
Like a full heart's overflow,
Forms the prelude; but the strain
Gives us no such tone again;
For the wild and saucy song
Leaps and skips the notes among,
With such quick and sportive play,
Ne'er was madder, merrier lay.
Gayest songster of the Spring!
Thy melodies before me bring
Visions of some dream-built land,
Where, by constant zephyrs fanned,
I might walk the livelong day
Embosomed in perpetual May.
Nor care nor fear thy bosom knows;

For thee a tempest never blows;
But when our Northern Summer's o'er,
By Delaware's or Schuylkill's shore,
The wild-rice lifts its airy head,
And royal feasts for thee are spread;
And when the Winter threatens there,
Thy tireless wings yet own no fear,
But bear thee to more southern coasts,
Far beyond the reach of frosts.
Bobolink! still may thy gladness
Take from me all taint of sadness;
Fill my soul with trust unshaken
In that Being who has taken
Care for every living thing,
In Summer, Winter, Fall, and Spring.

There are certain classic metres to which our language does not readily adapt itself. Among these is the "Choriambic," in which the "foot" consists of four syllables, the first and last *long* (which in English prosody is equivalent to accented), the two others *short*. The subjoined poem, "The Winter is Past," is a good reproduction of the classic Choriambic measure. The succeeding poem, "Antiopea," was written in the Straits of Magellan, in the spring of 1872, while the author was a member of the Agassiz expedition. The butterfly there spoken of is that known as the *Vanessa antiopa*, which in our latitude makes its appearance in the month of April.

THE WINTER IS PAST.

Soft on this April morning
Breathe from the South delicate odors,
Vaguely defined, giving the breezes
Spring-like, delicious zest;—

Breezes from Southern forests,
Bringing us glad tidings of Summer's
Promised return; waking from slumber
Each of the earliest plants.

Lo! in the night the elm-tree
Opened its buds; catkins of hazel
Tasselled the hedge, maple and alder
Welcomed with bloom the Spring.

Faintly the warbling bluebird
Utters his note; song-sparrows boldly
Fling to the wind joyous assurance,
"Summer is coming North!"

None can express the longing,
Mingled with joy, mingled with sadness,
Swelling my heart ever, when April,
Brings us the bird and flower.

Tender and sweet remembrance
Filling my soul, gives me assurance,
"Death is but frost; lo! the eternal
Spring-time of heaven shall come."

ANTIOPA.

At dead of night a south-west breez
Came silently stealing along;
The bluebird followed at break of day,
Singing his low sweet song.

The breeze crept through the old stone wall,
And wakened the butterfly there,
And she came out, as morning broke,
To float through the sunlit air.

Within this stony rifted heart
The softening influence stole,
Filling with melodies divine,
The chambers of my soul.

With gentle words of hope and faith,
By lips now sainted spoken;
With vows of tenderest love toward me,
Which never once were broken.

At morn my soul awoke to life,
And glowed with faith anew;
The buds that perish swelled without,
Within the immortal grew.

LUX MUNDI.

(*Christmas*, 1887.)

The moonless sky was studded thick with stars,
And shepherd swains were watching by the fold,
When suddenly a glorious light appears
For heavenly glories are to them unrolled.
A shining seraph from the courts above
Glad tidings brings, a joy-inspiring word;
God bears towards guilty man such wondrous love,
That he hath sent a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

A heavenly choir joins in the swelling song;
Glory to God, they sing, and peace on earth;
The echoing rocks and hills the notes prolong,
And earth rejoices at the Saviour's birth.
No sooner did this choir their song begin,
Than near those fields, within a lowly cave,
Used as a stable for a village inn,
Birth to her first-born humble Mary gave.

Faint were the scattered stars which gemmed the sky
Of human hope, when thus that child was born.
All nations seemed in deepest night to lie;
No herald promised them a coming morn.
The ancient valor now was brutal force;
No hospitality a stranger found;
Honor and faith were dead; the vital source
Of every virtue in pollution drowned.

Yet darker grows the night, so dark before,
The scattered stars withdraw their feeble light,
While beasts of prey amidst the horrors roar,
And every heart is trembling with affright.
But soon that child displays his power divine;
Brighter his glories than seraphic fire,
Around his holy head they clearer shine,
Worthy the praises of the heavenly choir.

First, like the morning star, a silver thread
Of piercing light he sends amid the gloom;

Then pours a wider dawn among the dead—
Men, dead in sins, shut in a living tomb.
Death is but sleep, and sleepers ever dream:
What awful dreams disturbed that living death!
But as the silver thread became a stream,
The sleepers waked, and drew in living breath.

Down through the ages still that stream has flowed;
Brighter and clearer ever grows its ray,
Chasing the lingering shadows from the road,
And making plain the strait and narrow way.
Against that holy light we would not close
Our slumbering eyes; but walking by its light,
Rise towards the heavenly realms, as Jesus rose,
To tread the paths with endless glories bright.

HILLARD, George Stillman, an American lawyer and author, born at Machias, Maine, in 1808; died in 1879. He graduated at Harvard, and was admitted to the bar at Boston in 1833. He visited Europe in 1846, and upon his return delivered a course of twelve lectures upon Italy before the Lowell Institute in Boston. From 1867 to 1870 he was U. S. District-Attorney for Massachusetts. He wrote the *Life of Captain John Smith* in "Sparks' American Biography." *Six Months in Italy* (1853), *Life and Campaigns of George B. McClellan* (1864), *Political Duties of the Educated Classes*, and *Dangers and Duties of the Mercantile Profession*. He translated Guyot's *Character and Influence of Washington* (1840), edited an edition of *Spenser's Poems*, and a *Selection from the Writings of Walter Savage Landor*, prepared a series of *School Readers*, and delivered many addresses before literary societies.

EXCURSION TO SORRENTO.

On the morning of March 19th, I left Naples for Sorrento, about eighteen miles distant. The cars took us to Castellamare, a town beautifully situated between the mountains and the sea, and much resorted to by the Neapolitans in the heats of Summer. A lover of nature could hardly find a spot of more varied attractions. Before him spreads the unrivalled bay, dotted with sails and unfolding a broad canvas on which the most glowing colors and the most vivid lights are dashed; a mirror on which the crimson and gold of morning, the blue of noon, and the orange and yellow-green of sunset behold a lovelier image of themselves; a gentle and tideless sea, whose waves break upon the shore like caresses, and never like angry blows.

Should he ever become weary of waves, and languish for woods, he has only to turn his back upon the sea and climb the hills for an hour or two, and he will find himself in the depths of sylvan and mountain solitudes; in a region of vines, running streams, deep-shadowed valleys, and broad-armed oaks; where he will hear the ring-dove coo, and see the sensitive hare dart across the forest aisles. A great city is within an hour's reach, and the shadow of Vesuvius hangs over the landscape, keeping the imagination awake by touches of mystery and terror.

From Castellamare to Sorrento a noble road has within a few years past been constructed between the mountains and the sea, which in many places are so close together that the width of the road occupies the whole intervening space. On the right the traveller looks down a cliff of some hundred feet or more upon the bay, whose glossy floor is dappled with patches of green, purple, and blue—the effect of varying depth, or light and shade; or clusters of rock overgrown with sea-weed scattered over a sandy bottom. The colors of the Bay of Naples were a constant surprise and delight to me, from the predominance of blue and purple over the grays and greens of our own coast. There seem to be some elements affecting the color of the sea, not derived from the atmosphere or the reflection of the heavens.

The road combined rare elements of beauty; for it nowhere pursued a monotonous straight line, but followed the windings and turnings of this many-curved shore. Sometimes it was cut through solid ledges of rock; sometimes it was carried on bridges over deep gorges and chasms, wide at the top and narrowing towards the bottom, where a slender stream tripped down to the sea. The sides of these glens were often planted with orange and lemon trees; and we could look down upon their rounded tops—presenting with their dark-

green foliage, their bright and almost luminous fruit, and their snowy blossoms, the finest combination of colors which the vegetable kingdom, in the temperate zone at least, can show. The scenery was in the highest degree grand, beautiful, and picturesque, with the most animated contrasts and the most abrupt breaks in the line of sight, yet never savage or scowling. The mountains on the left were not bare and scalped, but shadowed with forests and thickly overgrown with shrubbery; such wooded heights as the genius of Greek poetry would have peopled with bearded satyrs and buskined wood-nymphs, and made vocal with the reeds of Pan and the hounds and horn of Artemis.

All the space near the road was stamped with the gentle impress of human cultivation. Fruit-trees and vines were thickly planted; garden vegetables were growing in favorable exposures; and houses were nestling in the hollows, or hanging to the sides of the cliff. Over the whole region there is a smiling expression of wooing and invitation, to which the sparkling sea murmured a fitting accompaniment. No pitiless ice and granite chill or wound the eye; no funereal cedars and pines darken the mind with their arctic shadows; but bloom and verdure, thrown over rounded surfaces, and rich and gay forms of foliage, mantling gray cliffs or waving from rocky ledges, give to the face of Nature that mixture of animation and softness which are equally fitted to soothe a wounded spirit or restore an over-tasked mind.

If one could only forget the existence of such words as "duty" and "progress," and step aside from the rushing stream of outward-moving life, and be content with being merely and not doing; if these lovely forms could fill all the claims and calls of one's nature; and all that we ask of sympathy and companionship could be found in mountain breezes and break-

ing waves; if days passed in communion with Nature, in which decay is not hastened by anxious vigils or ambitious toils, made up the sum of life—where could a better retreat be found than along this enchanting coast? Here are the mountains, and there is the sea. Here is a climate of delicious softness, where no extremes of heat and cold put a strife between man and nature. Here is a smiling and good-natured population, among whom no question of religion, politics, science, literature, or humanity is ever discussed, and the surface of the placid hours is not ruffled by argument or contradiction. Here a man could hang and ripen like an orange on the tree, and drop as gently out of life upon the bosom of the earth.

There is a fine couplet of Virgil, which is full of that tenderness and sensibility which form the highest charm of his poetry, as they probably did of his character, and they came to my mind in driving along this beautiful road:—

"Hic gelidi fontes; hic mollia prata, Lycori;
Hic nemus; hic ipso tecum consumere ævo."

"Here cooling fountains roll through flowing meads,
Here woods, Lycoris, lift their verdant heads,
Here could I wear my careless life away.
And in thy arms insensibly decay."

There is something in the musical flow of these lines which seems to express the movement of a quiet life, from which day after day loosens and falls, like leaf after leaf from a tree in a calm day of Autumn. But Virgil's air-castle includes a Lycoris; that is, sympathy, affection, and the heart's daily food. With these, fountains, meadows, and groves may be dispensed with; and without them, they are not much better than a painted panorama. To have something to do, and to do it, is the best appointment for us all. Nature, stern and coy, reserves her most dazzling smiles for those who

have earned them by hard work and cheerful sacrifice. Planted on these shores, and lapped in pleasurable sensations, man would turn into an indolent dreamer and a soft voluptuary. He is neither a fig nor an orange; and he thrives best in the sharp air of self-denial, and on the rocks of toil.—*Six Months in Italy.*

ON BOOKS.

For the knowledge that comes from books I would claim no more than it is fairly entitled to. I am well aware that there is no inevitable connection between intellectual cultivation, on the one hand, and individual virtue or social well-being, on the other. "The Tree of Knowledge is not the Tree of Life." I admit that genius and learning are sometimes found in combination with great vices, and not unfrequently with contemptible weaknesses; and that a community at once cultivated and corrupt is no impossible monster. But it is no over statement to say that—other things being equal—the man who has the greatest amount of intellectual resources is in the least danger from inferior temptations; if for no other reason, because he has fewer idle moments. The ruin of most men dates from some vacant hour. Occupation is the armor of the soul, and the train of idleness is borne up by all the vices. I remember a satirical poem in which the devil is represented as fishing for men, and adapting his baits to the taste and temperament of his prey; but the idler, he said, pleased him most, because he bit the naked hook.

To a young man away from home, friendless and forlorn in a great city, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bedtime—for the moon and stars see more of evil in a single hour than the sun in his whole day's circuit. The poet's visions of evening are all compact of tender and soothing images. It brings the wanderer to his home, the child to his mother's arms, the ox to his stall, and the weary laborer

to his rest. But to the gentle-hearted youth who is thrown upon the rocks of a pitiless city, and stands "homeless amid a thousand homes," the approach of evening brings with it an aching sense of loneliness and desolation which comes down upon the spirit like darkness upon the earth. In this mood his best impulses become a snare to him, and he is led astray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic, and warm-hearted. If there be a young man thus circumstanced within the sound of my voice, let me say to him that books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is the home of the homeless. A taste for reading will always carry you into the best possible company, and enable you to converse with men who will instruct you by their wisdom and charm you by their wit; who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times. Evil spirits, in the Middle Ages, were exorcized and driven away by bell, book, and candle; you will want but two of these agents—the book and the candle.—*Address before the Mercantile Library Association*, 1850.

HILLHOUSE, JAMES ABRAHAM, an American poet, born at New Haven, Conn., in 1789; died there in 1841. He graduated at Yale in 1808, and in 1812 delivered a poem, *The Judgment, a Vision*, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of the college. He engaged successfully in mercantile business in New York. In 1819 he visited England, where he published *Percy's Masque*, a drama. In 1822 he took up his residence at his country seat near New Haven. His drama, *Hadad*, was published in 1825, and in 1839 appeared a collection of his writings under the title, *Dramas, Discourses, and other Poems*. The most important of his works is *Hadad*, the scene of which is laid in Jerusalem in the time of King David. Hadad is a Syrian Prince who has fallen in love with Tamar, daughter of David and sister of Absalom, who insists upon his renouncing idolatry and becoming a worshipper of Jehovah.

TAMAR AND HADAD.

Tam. (*solus*).—How aromatic evening grows! The flowers
And spicy shrubs exhale like onycha;
Spikenard and henna emulate its sweets.
Blessed hour! which he who fashioned it so fair,
So softly glowing, so contemplative,
Hath set, and sanctified to look on man.
And lo! the smoke of evening sacrifice
Ascends from out the tabernacle.—Heaven
Accept the expiation, and forgive
This day's offenses. Ha! the wonted strain,
Precursor of his coming! Whence came this?
It seems to flow from some unearthly land.

[*Enter Hadad.*]

Had.—Does beauteous Tamar view in this clear fount
Herself or heaven?

Tam.—Now, Hadad, tell me whence
These sad, mysterious sounds?
Had.—What sounds, dear princess?
Tam.—Surely, thou knowest; and now I almost think
Some spiritual creature waits on thee.
Had.—I heard no sounds but such as evening sends
Up from the city to these quiet shades—
A blended murmur, sweetly harmonizing
With flowing fountains, feathered minstrelsy,
And voices from the hills.
Tam.—The sounds I mean
Floated like mournful music round my head
From unseen fingers.
Had.—When?
Tam.—Now, as thou camest.
Had.—'Tis but thy fancy, wrought
To ecstacy; or else thy grandsire's harp
Resounding from his tower at eventide.
I've lingered to enjoy its solemn tones
Till the broad moon that rose o'er Olivet
Stood listening in the zenith; yea, have deemed
Viols and heavenly voices answer him.
Tam.—But these—
Had.—Were we in Syria, I might say
The Naiad of the fount, or some sweet Nymph,
The goddess of these shades rejoiced in thee,
And gave thee salutations; but I fear
Judah would call me infidel to Moses.
Tam.—How like my fancy! When these strains precede
Thy steps, as oft they do, I love to think
Some gentle being who delights in us
Is hovering near, and warns me of thy coming;
But they are dirge-like.
Had.—Youthful fantasy
Attuned by sadness, makes them seem so, lady;
So evening's charming voices, welcomed ever
As signs of rest and peace;—the watchman's call,
The closing gates, the Levite's mellow trump,
Announcing the returning moon, the pipe

Of swains, the bleat, the bark, the housing bell,
Send melancholy to a drooping soul.

Tam.—But how delicious are the pensive dreams
That steal upon the fancy at their call!

Had.—Delicious to behold the world at rest!
Meek labor wipes his brow, and intermits
The curse, to clasp the younglings of his cot;
Herdsmen and shepherds fold their flocks—and, hark!
What merry strains they send from Olivet!
The jar of life is still; the city speaks
In gentle murmurs; voices chime with lutes,
Waked in the streets and gardens: loving pairs
Eye the red west, in one another's arms;
And nature, breathing dew and fragrance, yields
A glimpse of happiness, which He, who formed
Earth and the stars had power to make eternal.

Tam.—Ah, Hadad, meanest thou to reproach the Friend
Who gave so much, because he gave not all?

Had.—Perfect benevolence, methinks, had willed
Unceasing happiness, and peace, and joy;
Filled the whole universe of human hearts
With pleasure, like a flowing spring of life.

Tam.—Our Prophet teaches so till man rebelled.

Had.—Mighty rebellion! Had he leaguered heaven
With beings powerful, numberless, and dreadful,
Strong as the enginery that rocks the world
When all its pillars tremble; mixed the fires
Of onset with annihilating bolts
Defensive volleyed from the throne; this, this
Had been rebellion worthy of the name,
Worthy of punishment. But what did man?
Tasted an apple! and the fragile scene,
Eden, and innocence, and human bliss,
The nectar-flowing streams, life-giving fruits,
Celestial shades, and amaranthine flowers,
Vanish; and sorrow, toil, and pain, and death,
Cleave to him by an everlasting curse.

Tam.—Ah! talk not thus.
Had.—Is this benevolence?
Nay, loveliest, these things sometimes trouble me;
For I was tutored in a brighter faith.
Our Syrians deem each lucid fount, and stream,
Forest, and mountain, glade and bosky dell,
Peopled with kind divinities, the friends
Of man—a spiritual race, allied
To him by many sympathies, who seek
His happiness, inspire him with gay thoughts,
Cool with their waves, and fan him with their airs.
O'er them the Spirit of the Universe,
Or soul of Nature, circumfuses all
With mild, benevolent, and sunlike radiance;
Pervading, warming, vivifying earth,
As spirit does the body, till green herbs,
And beauteous flowers, and branchy cedars rise;
And shooting stellar influence through her caves,
Whence minerals and gems imbibe their lustre.
Tam.—Dreams, Hadad, empty dreams.
Had.—These deities
They invocate with cheerful, gentle rites,
Hang garlands on their altars, heap their shrines
With nature's bounties—fruits and fragrant flowers.
Not like yon gory mount that ever reeks.
Tam.—Cast not reproach upon the holy altar.
Had. — Nay, sweet. — Having enjoyed all pleasures here,
That Nature prompts — but chiefly blissful love—
At death the happy Syrian maiden deems
Her immaterial flies into the fields,
Or circumambient clouds, or crystal brooks,
And dwells, a Deity, with those she worshipped,
Till Time or Fate return her in its course
To quaff once more the cup of human joy.
Tam.—But thou believest not this?
Had.—I almost wish
Thou didst; for I have feared, my gentle Tamar,

Thy spirit is too tender for a law
Announced in terror, coupled with the threats
Of an inflexible and dreadful Being.

Tam.—Witness, ye heavens! Eternal Father witness!
Blest God of Jacob! Maker! Friend! Preserver!
That with my heart, my undivided soul,
I love, adore, and praise thy glorious Name,
Confess thee Lord of all, believe thy laws
Wise, just, and merciful, as they are true.
O Hadad! Hadad! you misconstrue much
The sadness that usurps me. 'Tis for thee
I grieve—for hopes that fade—for your lost soul,
And my lost happiness.

Had.—Oh, say not so
Beloved princess. Why distrust my faith?

Tam.—Thou knowest, alas! my weakness; but remember,
I never, never will be thine, although
The feast, the blessing, and the song were past,
Though Absalom and David called me bride,
Till sure thou ownest, with truth and love sincere,
The Lord Jehovah.

HADAD'S DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY OF ZION.

'Tis so:—the hoary harper sings aright;
How beautiful is Zion! Like a queen
Armed with a helm, in virgin loveliness,
Her heaving bosom in a bossy cuirass,
She sits aloft, begirt with battlements
And bulwarks swelling from the rock, to guard
The sacred courts, pavilions, palaces,
Soft gleaming through the verdure of the woods,
Which tuft her summit, and, like raven tresses,
Wave their dark beauty round the tower of David.
Resplendent with a thousand golden bucklers,
The embrasures of alabaster shine;
Hailed by the pilgrims of the desert, bound
To Judah's mart with orient merchandise,

But not for thou art fair and turret-crowned,
Wet with the choicest dew of heaven, and blest
With golden fruits, and gales of frankincense,
Dwell I beneath thine ample curtains. Here,
Where saints and prophets teach, where the stern law
Still speaks in thunder, where chief angels watch,
And where the Glory hovers, here I war.

HIRST, HENRY BECK, an American poet, born in 1813; died in 1874. In 1843 he was admitted to the bar. His first poems appeared in *Graham's Magazine*. He is the author of three volumes of poetry: *The Coming of the Mammoth; the Funeral of Time, and other Poems* (1845), *Endymion, a Tale of Greece* (1848), and *The Penance of Roland, a Romance of the Peine Forte et Dure, and other Poems* (1849)

THE COMING OF DIAN.

Through a deep dell with mossy hemlocks girded—
A dell by many a sylvan Dryad prest—
Which Latmos' lofty crest
Flung half in shadow—where the red deer herded—
While mellow murmurs shook the forests gray—
Endymion took his way.

Like clustering sunlight fell his yellow tresses,
With purple fillet, scarce confining, bound,
Winding their flow around
A snowy throat that thrilled to their caresses,
And trembling on a breast as lucid white
As sea-foam in the night.

His girdle held his pipes—those pipes that clearly
Through Carian meadows mocked the nightingale
When Hesper lit the vale:
And now the youth was faint, though stepping cheerly,
Supported by his shepherd's crook, he strode
Toward his remote abode.

Mount Latmos lay before him. Gently gleaming,
A roseate halo from the twilight dim
Hung round its crown. To him

The rough ascent was light; for, far off, beaming,
Orion rose—and Sirius, like a shield,
Shone on the azure field. . . .

And from the south—the yellow south, all glowing
With blandest beauty—came a gentle breeze,
Murmuring o'er sleeping seas,
Which, bearing dewy damps, and lightly flowing
Athwart his brow, cooled his hot brain, and stole
Like nectar to his soul.

Endymion blessed the wind; his bosom swelling
As his parched lips drank in the luscious draught,
His eyes, even while he quaffed,
Brightening; his stagnant blood again upwelling
From his warm heart; and freshened, as with sleep,
He trod the rocky steep.

At last he gained the top, and, crowned with splendor,
The moon, arising from the Latmian sea,
Stepped o'er the heavenly lea,
Flinging her misty glances, meek and tender
As a young virgin's o'er his marble brow
That glistened with their glow. . . .

Endymion watched her rise, his bosom burning
With princely thoughts, for though a shepherd's son,
He felt that Fame is won
By high aspirings; and a lofty yearning,
From the bright blossoming of his boyish days,
Made his deeds those of praise.

Like hers, his track was tranquil; he had gathered

By slow degrees the glorious, golden lore,
Hallowing his native shore;
And when at silent eve his flock was tethered,
He read the stars, and drank, as from a stream,
Great knowledge from their gleam.

And so he grew a dreamer—one who, panting
For shadowy objects, languished like a bird
That, striving to be heard
Above its fellows, fails, the struggle haunting
Its memory ever, forever the strife pursuing
To its own dark undoing.

And still the moon arose, and now the water
Gleamed like a golden galaxy, star on star;
And down, deep down, afar
In the lazulian lake, Latona's daughter
Imaged, reclined, breathing forth light, that rose
Like mist at evening close.—*Endymion.*

THE ROBIN.

The woods are almost bare; the mossy trees
Moan as their mottled leaves are hurried by,
Like sand before the Simoon, over the leas,
Yellowing in Autumn's eye.

And very cold the bleak November wind
Shrills from the black Nor'-West, as fitfully blow
The gusts, like fancies through a maniac mind
Eddying to and fro.

Borne, like those leaves, with piercing cries on high
The Robins come, their wild autumnal wail
From where they pass, dotting the angry sky,
Sounding above the gale.

Down, scattered by the blast, along the glen,
Over the browning plains, the flocks alight,
Crowding the gum in highland or in fen,
Tired with their southern flight.

Away, away, flocking they pass, with snow
And hail and sleet behind them, where the South.

Shakes its green locks, and delicate odors flow
As from some fairy mouth.

Silently pass the wintry hours; no song,
No note, save a shrill querulous cry
When the boy sportsman, cat-like, creeps along,
The fence, and then—they fly,

Companioned by the cautious lark, from field
To field they journey, till the winter wanes,
When to some wondrous instinct each one yields,
And seek, our northern plains.

March and its storms: no matter how the gale
May whistle round them, on, through snow, and sleet,
And driving hale, they pass, nor ever quail
With tireless wings and feet.

Perched here and there on some tall tree, as breaks
The misty dawn, loud, clarionet-like, rings
Their matin hymn, while Nature also wakes
From her long sleep, and sings.

Gradually the flocks grow less, for, two by two,
The Robins pass away,—each with his mate;
And from the orchard, moist with April dew,
We hear their pretty prate.

And from the apple's snowy blossoms come
Gushes of song, while round and round them crowd
The busy, buzzing bees, and, over them, hum
The humming-birds aloud.

The sparrow from the fence; the oriole
From the now budding sycamore; the wren
From the old hat; the blue-bird from his hole
Hard by the haunts of men;

The red-start from the wood-side; from the meadow,
The black-check, and the martin in the air;
The mournful wood-thrush from the forest shadow
With all of fair and rare.

Among those blosoms of the atmosphere—
  The birds—our only sylphids—with one voice,
From mountain side and meadow, far and near,
    Like them, at spring rejoice.

May, and in happy pairs the Robins sit
  Hatching their young,—the female glancing down
From her brown nest. No one will trouble it,
    Lest heaven itself should frown

On the rude act; far from the smouldering embers
  On memory's hearth flashes the fire of thought,
And each one by its flickering light remembers
    How flocks of Robins brought

In the old time, leaves; and sang the while they covered
  The innocent babes forsaken. So they rear
Their fledglings undisturbed. Often has hovered
    While I have stood anear

A Robin's nest, o'er me that simple story,
  Gently and dove-like, and I passed away
Proudly, and feeling it as much a glory
    As 't was in Cæsar's day

To win a triumph, to have left that nest
  Untouched; and many and many a school-boy time,
When my sure gun was to my shoulder prest,
    The thought of that old rhyme

Came o'er me, and I let the Robin go.—
  At last the young are out, and to the woods
All have departed: Summer's sultry glow
    Finds them beside the floods.

Then Autumn comes, and fearful of its rage
  They flit again. So runs the Robin's life;
Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter sees its page
    Unstained with care or strife.

HITCHCOCK, EDWARD, an American geologist and author, born in 1793; died in 1864. He intended to enter Harvard College, but illness and impaired vision prevented. In 1815 he became principal of the Academy at Deerfield, Mass., his native place. Three years later he entered the Yale Theological Seminary, and in 1821 became pastor of a Congregational church at Conway, Mass. In 1825 he was appointed Professor of Chemistry and Natural History at Amherst College, of which, twenty years later, he became President and Professor of Natural Theology and Geology. In 1854 he resigned the presidency but he retained the professorship during life. While at Conway he made a survey of the western counties of Massachusetts, and in 1830 was appointed State Geologist. Between this year and 1844 he completed the survey of the entire State. In 1836 he was appointed Geologist of New York, and in 1857 of Vermont. He soon resigned the former position, but he retained his position in Vermont until 1861, publishing several annual reports, and a *Report on the Geology of Vermont, Descriptive, Theoretical, Economical, and Scenographical* (1861.) He was a member of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, and a commissioner in 1850 to examine the agricultural schools of Europe. Among his works are a *Report on the Geology, Mineralogy, Botany, and Zoology of Massachusetts* (1833), *Re-Examination of the Economical Geology of Massachusetts* (1838), *Elementary Geology* (1840), *Religious Lectures on Peculiar Phenomena of the Four Seasons* (1850), *Religion of Geology and its*

connected Sciences (1851), *The Power of Christian Benevolence illustrated in the Life and Labors of Mary Lyon* (1852), *Religious Truth illustrated from Science* (1857), *Ichnology of New England* (1858), and *Reminiscences of Amherst College* (1863.)

THE PERMANENCE OF SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES

The mind delights in the prospect of again turning its attention to those branches of knowledge which have engrossed and interested it on earth, and of doing this under circumstances far more favorable to their investigation. And such an anticipation he may reasonably indulge who devotes himself on earth to any branch of knowledge not dependent on arrangements and organizations peculiar to this world. He may be confident that he is investigating those principles which will form a part of the science of heaven. Should he ever reach that pure world, he knows that the clogs which now weigh down his mind will drop off, and the clouds that obscure his vision will clear away, and that a brighter sun will pour its radiance upon his path. He is filling his mind with principles that are immortal. He is engaged in pursuits to which glorified and angelic minds are devoting their lofty powers. Other branches of knowledge, highly esteemed among men, shall pass away with the destruction of this world. The baseless hypotheses of science, falsely so called, whether moral, intellectual, or physical, and the airy phantoms of a light and fictitious literature shall all pass into the limbo of forgetfulness. But the principles of true science, constituting as they do the pillars of the universe, shall bear up that universe forever.

How many questions of deep interest, respecting his favorite science, must the philosopher in this world leave unanswered, how many points unsettled! But when he stands upon the vantage-ground of another world, all

these points shall be seen in the bright transparencies of heaven. In this world, the votaries of science may be compared with the aborigines who dwell around some of the principal sources of the River Amazon. They have been able, perhaps, to trace one or two, or it may be a dozen of its tributaries, from their commencement in some mountain spring, and to follow them onwards as they enlarge by uniting, so as to bear along the the frail canoes, in which, perhaps, they pass a few hundred miles towards the ocean. On the right and on the left, a multitude of other tributaries swell the stream which carries them onward, until it seems to them a mighty river. But they are ignorant of the hundred other tributaries which drain the vast eastern slope of the Andes, and sweep over the wide plains, till their united waters have formed the majestic Amazon. Of that river in its full glory, and especially of the immense ocean that lies beyond, the natives have no conception; unless, perhaps, some individual more daring than the rest, has floated onward till his astonished eye could scarcely discern the shore on either hand, and before him he saw the illimitable Atlantic, whitened by the mariner's sail and the crested waves; and he may have gone back to tell his unbelieving countrymen the marvelous story. Just so is it with men of science. They are able to trace with clearness a few rills of truth from the fountain head, and to follow them onward till they unite in a great principle, which at first men fancy is the chief law of the universe. But as they venture still farther onward, they find new tributary truths coming in on either side, to form a principle or law still more broad and comprehensive. Yet it is only a few gifted and adventurous minds that are able, from some advanced mountain-top, to catch a glimpse of the entire stream of truth, formed by the harmonious union of all principles, and flowing on majestically into the boundless

ocean of all knowledge, the Infinite Mind. But when the Christian philosopher shall be permitted to resume the study of science in a future world, with powers of investigation enlarged and clarified, and all obstacles removed, he will be able to trace onward the various ramifications of truth, till they unite into higher and higher principles, and become one in that centre of centres, the Divine Mind. That is the Ocean from which all truth originally sprang, and to which it ultimately returns. To trace out the shores of that shoreless sea, to measure its measureless extent, and to fathom its unfathomable depths, will be the noble and joyous work of eternal ages. And yet eternal ages may pass by, and see the work only begun.—*The Religion of Geology.*

THE WHITE HILLS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Let us now turn our steps to that huge pile of mountains called the White Hills of New Hampshire. We will approach them through the valley of the Saco River, and at the distance of thirty miles they will be seen looming up in the horizon, with the clouds reposing beneath their naked heads. As the observer approaches them, the sides of the valley will gradually close in upon him, and rise higher and higher, until he will find their naked granitic summits almost jutting over his path to the height of several thousand feet, seeming to form the very battlements of heaven. Now and then will he see the cataract leaping hundreds of feet down their sides, and the naked path of some recent landslip, which carried death and desolation in its track. From this deep and wild chasm he will at length emerge, and climb the vast ridge, until he has seen the forest trees dwindle, and at length disappear; and standing upon the naked summit, immensity seems stretched out before him. But he has not yet reached the highest point; and far in the distance, and far above him,

Mount Washington seems to repose in awful majesty against the heavens. Turning his course thither, he follows the narrow and naked ridge over one peak after another, first rising upon Mount Pleasant, then Mount Franklin, and then Mount Monroe, each lifting him higher, and making the sea of mountains around him more wide and billowy, and the yawning gulfs on either side more profound and awful, so that every moment his interest deepens, and reaches not its climax till he stands upon Mount Washington, when the vast panorama is completed, and the world seems spread out at his feet. Yet it does not seem to be a peopled world, for no mighty city lies beneath him. Indeed, were it there, he would pass it almost unnoticed. For why should he regard so small an object as a city, when the world is before him — a world of mountains, bearing the impress of God's own hand, standing in solitary grandeur, just as he piled them up in primeval ages, and stretching away on every side as far as the eye can reach? On that pinnacle of the northern regions no sound of man or beast breaks in upon the awful stillness which reigns there, and which seems to bring the soul into near communion with the Deity. It is, indeed, the impressive Sabbath of nature; and the soul feels a delightful awe, which can never be forgotten. Gladly would it linger there for hours, and converse with the mighty and the holy thoughts which come crowding into it; and it is only when the man looks at the rapidly declining sun that he is roused from his reverie and commences his descending march.—*The Religion of Geology.*

HITCHCOCK, ROSWELL DWIGHT, an American clergyman and educator, born at East Machias, Maine, in 1817; died in 1887. He was educated at Amherst and at Andover Theological Seminary, and in 1845 became pastor of a Congregational church in Exeter, N. H. While connected with this church, he studied for a year in the German Universities of Halle and Berlin. In 1852 he was made Professor of Natural and Revealed Religion at Bowdoin College, and in 1855 of Church History in the Union Theological Seminary of New York city. Of this Seminary he became President in 1880. He was made President of the American Palestine Association, in 1871, and in 1880, Vice-President of the American Geographical Society. He is the author of a *Life of Edward Robinson* (1863), *Complete Analysis of the Bible* (1869), and *Socialism* (1879.) In conjunction with Drs. Schaff and Eddy he compiled *Hymns and Songs for Social and Sabbath Worship* (1875), and with Drs. Eddy and Mudge, *Carmina Sacra* (1885.) With Dr. Francis Brown he translated and edited *The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles* (1884.) He was also one of the editors of *Johnson's Cyclopædia.*

COMMUNISM.

I have said that Communism is in the air. What is Communism? There is no mystery about it. It is simply the absorption of the individual in the community, the citizen in the State. The individual as such has no rights; the community has absorbed them all. What the community ordains, must be done, or endured. Not relations only, but employments, everything must be determined by the State. Not only must everybody work, but

everybody must do just the kind and just the amount of work the community shall set him to do. In short, the State undertakes to do everything, or almost everything, which individuals and corporations now do. The State owns all the lands and all the houses. All the railways, factories, and banks, and all the vessels. There is no more any private property or private business. No one shall even braid for himself a palm-leaf hat, or cobble his own shoes. If it be answered, that no one will wish to do any such thing for himself, having no occasion to do it, it follows that the present motives to industry and economy will have ceased to operate. The inability to better one's condition will have extinguished the desire to do it. The right to do it will be no longer debatable. All freedom has perished. The citizen is nothing, the State is all; and, in a Republic, that all may be barely a majority of one, and that one carried drunk to the polls. One drunken voter may thus be master of us all. It is a monstrous doctrine. But we have got something more to do than howl it down. It is a philosophy, and has got to be argued down.

First of all, we should make it clear to ourselves, and so be prepared to make it plain to others, that the State is for the citizen, not the citizen for the State; society for the individual, not the individual for society. The greatest of teachers has said, that even God's Sabbath was made for man; not merely to serve him as he is, but to make him still more of a man. Institutions are mortal; men immortal. The historical, temporal judgment is of institutions and organisms. The final judgment is of individuals, each one of us all giving account of *himself* to God. Personality is august. Consciously responsible to moral law, we must have perfect freedom, in order to be up to the responsibility. And so the humblest of us has rights, which all the rest of us, banded to-

gether, may not dare to touch. I have a right to my life; and society, without my consent, shall not take it away, till it has been forfeited by crime. I have a right to my liberty; and society shall not enslave me. I have a right to my property, whether earned or inherited; and society shall not use it against my wishes, without appraisal, and indemnity. The final end of society is not itself but the individual. What will Germany be good for, when a plain, godly peasant like Hans Luther of Eisleben is no longer possible? What shall we be good for, when Paine's *Age of Reason* has supplanted Butler's *Analogy?* Society of course, has its sphere, its prerogatives, its authority. It may command me to assist the policeman in arresting a murderer. It may send me into battle. Society is under bonds to defend us all, in defending itself; and I am a party to the contract. Society may build its roads and bridges; but when it crosses my meadow, or hurts my business, it must settle with me for the damage. Not to do it is Communism. Society may abate nuisances; but it may not undertake the organization of labor or exchange. It may not tell me what I shall do for a living. That society would only ruin our industries in adopting and trying to manage them, is almost demonstrable. Practical business men who on succeeding in business, pronounce it a very foolish scheme, which has always miserably failed. But this is the lesser argument against it. It would be usurpation and outrage. These rights that I have named, rights of person and of property, are not inalienable only, but awfully sacred; and somehow or other, sometime or other, the infringement of them is avenged. . . .

But rights imply duties; and duties rights. Society, in absorbing the individual, becomes responsible for his support; while the individual, in being absorbed, becomes entitled to support. This was the doctrine of Proudhon's

famous Essay. Nature, he said, is bountiful. She has made ample provision for us all, if each could only get his part. Birth into the world entitles one to a living in it. This sounds both humane and logical. And it is logical. The right of society to absorb implies the duty to support; while the duty of the individual to be absorbed, implies the right to be supported. But premise and conclusion are equally false. Society has no right to absorb the individual, and consequently is under no obligation to support him, so long as he is able to support himself; while the individual has no business to be absorbed, and no right to be supported. Experience has taught us to beware of the man who says that society owes him a living. The farmer has learned not to leave his cellar door open, when such theorists are about. Society has entered into no contract to support anybody who is able to support himself, any more than Providence has entered into such a contract. Providence certainly is a party to no such contract; or there was a flagrant breach of contract in the Chinese famine lately; and there have been a great many such breaches of contract, first and last. I read in an old book, which some Communists have called Agrarian, that the God of the Hebrews used to hear the young ravens when they cried; but I do not read that no young raven ever starved.—*Socialism.*

HOBART, John Henry, an American clergyman and author, born in 1775; died in 1830. He was educated at Princeton. In 1798 he was admitted to Holy Orders, in 1800 became an assistant clergyman of Trinity Church, New York, and was soon afterwards elected rector of that church. In 1811 he was chosen Assistant Bishop of New York. His diocesan labors were arduous and constant, his health was soon broken, and he was obliged to seek rest. After two years in Europe, he returned to his work, which he continued until his death. Among his publications are: *An Apology for Apostolic Order* (1807), *The Christian's Manual* and *An Essay on the State of the Departed* (1814), and two volumes of *Sermons on Redemption.* He also republished *D'Oyley and Mant's Family Bible* (1818–20.) A Memoir and a volume of his Sermons entitled, *Posthumous Works of the late Right Reverend John Henry Hobart*, were published by his son in 1832.

THE CONSOLING POWER OF THE SCRIPTURES.

There is not a page of the sacred writings which is not rich in the expressions of God's goodness and mercy; the most tender and interesting comparisons, the most splendid and lively imagery, are used to set forth his infinite compassion and love. Consider his gracious and comforting declarations to the patriarchs; hear his affecting expostulations with his people Israel; listen to the flowing and sublime strains in which the Psalmist celebrates the mercy and loving-kindness of the Lord; attend to the exhibitions of his infinite grace and compassion which the apostles make the animating theme of their exhortations; and you will not hesitate to acknowledge that the sacred writings are calculated to inspire a strong and unfailing hope in that Almighty Being who is "a

strength and refuge, a very present help in time of trouble," and who "makes all things work together for good to those who love him." Even of his judgments it is the gracious purpose to bring us to repentance, and the rod of his anger is guided by the arm of mercy.

The example of holy men recorded in Scripture, who have experienced his merciful blessing and protection, powerfully tends to strengthen our hope and to administer to our consolation. Was Noah saved from the destruction which overwhelmed an ungodly world? Was Abraham guided and protected while he sojourned in a strange country? Were the machinations by which the envious brethren of Joseph sought his destruction defeated, and made the means of his advancement and prosperity? Was the whole life of the King of Israel a series of deliverances and mercies? Was the suffering Job, when the hand of God was upon him, inspired with a faith and hope that no sophistry nor taunts could shake, and blessed in his latter end more than in his beginning? God is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; their example, therefore, and the example of all the holy saints recorded in Scripture, serve to support us under the ills of life, to strengthen our faith and patience, to animate our hope in God; he is still the strength of his people. These "things were written for our learning, that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope. In the Scriptures of truth, then, we thus find God revealed as our Almighty Guardian and Father; and our hope is strengthened by the most affecting promises and animating examples. If the sacred writings advanced no further, the pious reader of them might still find consolation and hope. But it is their principal aim to delineate and unfold the spiritual and everlasting salvation of the Lord Jesus Christ; and in this respect especially they raise the exercise of hope to its highest fervor and enjoyment.—*Posthumous Works.*

HOBBES, THOMAS, an English philosopher, born in 1588; died in 1679. His father was a clergyman, by whom he was sent at the age of fifteen to Magdalen College, Oxford, where for five years he devoted himself to the study of logic and the Aristotelian philosophy. He became private tutor to several young noblemen, with whom, at various times, he travelled on the Continent. In 1640, on the approach of the civil war, he went to Paris, where he resided for ten years. In 1642 he was appointed mathematical tutor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Charles II., who then resided at Paris. The later years of his life were passed at the seat of the Earl of Devonshire, who had formerly been his pupil. Hobbes wrote largely in both English and Latin. His principal works are: *Elementa Philosophica de Cive* (1642), *Human Nature* and *De Corpore Politico* (1650), *Leviathan, or the Matter, Form and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Political* (1651), *A Letter on Liberty and Necessity* (1654), *Decameron Physiologicum* (1678), *Autobiography*, in Latin verse, translated by himself into English verse (1679), *Behemoth, or the History of the Civil Wars in England*, published soon after his death. A complete edition of the *Works* of Hobbes, in 16 vols., edited by Sir William Molesworth, appeared in 1839–1845.

CONCEPTIONS OF THE DEITY.

Forasmuch as God Almighty is incomprehensible, it followeth that we can have no conception or image of the Deity; and, consequently, all his attributes signify our inability and defect of power to conceive anything concerning his nature, and not any conception of

the same, except only this, That there is a God. For the effects, we acknowledge, naturally do include a power of their producing, before they were produced; and that power presupposeth something existent that hath such power: and the thing so existing with power to produce, if it were not eternal, must needs have been produced by somewhat before it, and that, again, by something else before that, till we come to an eternal—that is to say, the first—Power of all Powers, and first Cause of all Causes: and this it is which all men conceive by the name of God, implying eternity, incomprehensibility, and omnipotency. And this all that will consider may know that God is, though not *what* he is: even a man that is born blind, though it be not possible for him to have any imagination what kind of thing fire is, yet he cannot but know that something there is that men call fire, because it warmeth him.

THE NECESSITY OF THE WILL.

The question is not, whether a man be a free agent, that is to say, whether he can write or forbear; speak or be silent, according to his will; but whether the will to write, and the will to forbear, come upon him according to his will, or according to anything else in his own power. I acknowledge this liberty, that I can *do* if I *will;* but to say, I can *will* if I *will*, I take to be an absurd speech.

It is true, very few have learned from tutors, that a man is not free to will; nor do they find it much in books. That they find in books, that which the poets chant in the theatres, and the shepherds on the mountains, that which the pastors teach in the churches, and the doctors in the universities, and that which the common people in the markets and all mankind in the whole world do assent unto, is the same that I assent unto—namely, that a man hath freedom to do if he will; but whether

he hath freedom to will, is a question which it seems neither the bishop nor they ever thought on. A wooden top that is lashed by the boys, and runs about, sometimes to one wall, sometimes to another, sometimes spinning, sometimes hitting men on the shins, if it were sensible of its own motion, would think it proceeded from its own will, unless it felt what lashed it. And is a man any wiser when he runs to one place for a benefice, to another for a bargain, and troubles the world with writing errors and requiring answers, because he thinks he does it without other cause than his own will, and seeth not what are the lashings that cause that will ?

ON PRECISION IN LANGUAGE.

Seeing that truth consisteth in the right ordering of names in our affirmations, a man that seeketh precise truth hath need to remember what every name he useth stands for, and to place it accordingly, or else he will find himself entangled in words as a bird in lime-twigs —the more he struggles, the more belimed. And therefore in geometry, which is the only science that it hath pleased God hitherto to bestow on mankind, men begin at settling the significations of their words; which settling of significations they call definitions, and place them in the beginning of their reckoning.

By this it appears how necessary it is for any man that aspires to true knowledge to examine the definitions of former authors; and either to correct them where they are negligently set down, or to make them himself. For the errors of definitions multiply themselves according as the reckoning proceeds, and lead men into absurdities, which at last they see, but cannot avoid without reckoning anew from the beginning, in which lies the foundation of their errors. From whence it happens that they which trust to books do as they that cast up many little sums into a

greater, without considering whether those little sums were rightly cast up or not; and at last, finding the error visible, and not mistrusting their first grounds, know not which way to clear themselves, but spend time in fluttering over their books, as birds that, entering by the chimney, flutter at the false light of a glass window, for want of wit to consider which way they came in. So that in the right definition of names lies the first use of speech, which is the acquisition of science, and in wrong or no definitions lies the first abuse; from which proceed all false and senseless tenets, which make those men that take their instruction from the authority of books, and not from their own meditation, to be as much below the condition of ignorant men as men endued with true science are above it. For between true science and erroneous doctrines, ignorance is in the middle. Natural sense and imagination are not subject to absurdity. Nature itself cannot err; and as men abound in copiousness of language, so they become more wise or more mad than ordinary. Nor is it possible without letters for any man to become either excellently wise, or, unless his memory be hurt by disease or ill constitution of organs, excellently foolish. For words are wise men's counters—they do but reckon by them—but they are the money of fools, that value them by the authority of an Aristotle, a Cicero, or a Thomas, or any other doctor whatsoever, if but a man.

HODGE, ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, the son of Dr. Charles Hodge, an American clergyman and author, born in 1823; died in 1886. He was educated in the College and in the Theological Seminary at Princeton. He then spent three years in India as a missionary. From 1851 to 1864 he had charge of churches in Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania. He then became Professor of Didactic Theology in the Western Theological Seminary of Allegheny, Pa. At the same time he was pastor of a Presbyterian church. In 1877 he became Associate Professor of Theology at Princeton, and on his father's death succeeded him in his professorship. His works are: *Outlines of Theology* (1860), *The Atonement* (1868), *A Commentary on the Confession of Faith* (1869), *The Life of Charles Hodge* (1880), *Manual of Forms* (1883), and *Popular Lectures on Theological Theories* (1887.)

A SWEET OLD AGE.

The controversies were all past. The old warrior hung his arms upon the wall, as he rested under the clear skies of universal peace. He still followed and took interest in the conflict of opinion. But his own part was done.

His heart was filled with hope and joy, as his face was made to shine by Him who was "the health of his countenance, and his God." He had no disappointments, no vain regrets; the past with all its contents he offered through Christ to God. He had no fears for the future, for there is no fear in love; perfect love had cast out all fear. He had no jealousies; he retained the uneasy sense of no old wounds nor injuries. He loved all in the sense of benevolence, and in the higher sense he loved all the brethren, admiring and sympathizing in their graces, and sympathizing in their conflicts and

their joys. And all parties, as far as he was known, came to love him. The *odium theologicum*, with which he had been credited; both as subject and occasion, met with a strange transfiguration. The storms of the day made the peace and beauty of the setting sun more rich and wonderful. Supreme devotion to truth was once again proven to be a genuine form of supreme love to God and man.

There is always something essentially pathetic even in the brightest and balmiest late autumnal day. To the eye of faith it is the season which prepares after the interval of a short sleep in winter, for a new and more glorious spring. But to the eye of sense, it is, nevertheless, the end of the year. So it was with the autumn of this life. Though he was generally well, he was weak, and often very weary. Though he was beautiful, it was the wasting beauty of the fading leaf. And this was in perfect accord with the spirit of his own mind. Though he reclined with unwavering confidence upon a supernatural hope, his spirit and life were eminently natural. Though he had no fear, yet he had no desire to die. He looked beyond the world rather than rose entirely above it. His interest in all human things was genuine and strong, and his cheerfulness was never failing, yet often tinged with a pathetic wistfulness, arising from an habitual sense of the imminence of his own departure. He delighted more and more in reminiscences of past events and persons. The friends of his early years were all gone, but their memory was very precious. The improvements which, during these last years, were so extensively made in the buildings of the College and Seminary, interested him exceedingly, and he was glad that he was privileged to see them before the final closing of his eyes on all earthly scenes. —*Life of Charles Hodge.*

HODGE, CHARLES, an American theologian, born in 1797; died in 1878. He was educated at Princeton, in both the College and the Theological Seminary, and in 1822 became Professor of Oriental and Biblical literature in the Seminary. Four years later he went to Europe and studied in Paris, Halle and Berlin until 1828. He then returned to his professional duties at Princeton, where, in 1840, he became Professor of Didactic and Exegetical Theology, and in 1852, of Polemical Theology. He was the founder, in 1825, of the *Biblical Repertory*, afterwards the *Biblical Repertory and Princeton Review*, and remained its editor until 1871, when it was reissued as the *Presbyterian Quarterly and Princeton Review*. He published a *Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans* (1835), an enlarged edition of the same in 1866, *Constitutional History of the Presbyterian Church in the United States* (1840–1), *The Way of Life* (1842), *Commentary on Ephesians* (1856), *Commentary on I. Corinthians* (1857), *Essays and Reviews* (1857), *Commentary on II. Corinthians* (1860), *What is Darwinism?* (1874), and *Systematic Theology* (1871–2.) Some of his contributions to the *Princeton Review* were reprinted in the *Princeton Theological Essays* (1846-7.)

HOW THE LAW IS REVEALED.

The law is revealed in the constitution of our nature, and more fully and clearly in the written Word of God. That there is a binding revelation of the law, independently of any supernatural external revelation, is expressly taught in the Bible. Paul says of the heathen that they are a law unto themselves. They have the law written on their hearts. This is proved he tells us, because they do, by nature, *i. e.*, in

virtue of the constitution of their nature, the things of the law. The same moral acts which the written law prescribes, the conduct of the heathen shows that they know to be obligatory. Hence their conscience approves or disapproves, as they obey or disobey this inwardly revealed law.

What is thus taught in the Scripture is confirmed by conscience and experience. Every man is conscious of a knowledge of right and wrong, and of a sense of obligation, which are independent of all external revelation. He may be unable to determine whence that knowledge comes. He knows, however, that it has been in him coeval with the dawn of reason, and has enlarged and strengthened just as his reason unfolded. His consciousness tells him that the rule is within, and would be there though no positive or external revelation of duty existed. In other words, we do not refer the sense of moral obligation to an externally revealed law as its source, but to the constitution of our nature. This is not the experience of any class of men exclusively, but the common experience of the race. Wherever there are men there is the sense of moral obligation, and a knowledge of right and wrong.

It is frequently objected to this doctrine that men differ widely in their moral judgments. What men of one age or century regard as virtue, men of other ages or centuries denounce as crimes. But this very diversity proves the existence of the moral sense. Men could not differ in judgments about beauty, if the æsthetic element did not belong to their nature. Neither could they differ in questions of morality unless the sense of right and wrong were innate and universal. The diversity in question is not greater than in regard to rational truths. That men differ in their judgments as to what is true, is no proof that reason is not a natural and essential element of their constitution. As there are certain truths of the reason which

are intuitive and perceived by all men, so there are moral truths so simple that they are universally recognized. As beyond these narrow limits there is diversity of knowledge, so there must be diversity of judgment. But this is not inconsistent with the Scriptural doctrine that even the most degraded heathen are a law unto themselves, and show the work of the law written on their hearts. As the revelation which God has made of his eternal power and Godhead in his works is true and trustworthy, and sufficient to render ignorance or denial of his existence inexcusable, while it does not supersede the necessity of a clearer revelation in his Word; so there is an imperfect revelation of the law made in the very constitution of our nature, by which those who have no other revelation are to be judged, but which does not render unnecessary the clearer teachings of the Scriptures.—*Systematic Theology.*

SPECULATION AND KNOWLEDGE.

One of the most difficult points of knowledge is to know how much may be known; to decide where the limits are to be placed to the speculations of the inquisitive mind of man. Neither philosophers nor theologians have, in any age, observed these limits, and the consequence has been, that philosophy and theology instead of being a systematic arrangement of the phenomena of the material and spiritual world, so far as they come within the range of our observation, or of the facts revealed in the word of God, are to so great an extent the useless and contradictory speculations of men on things beyond the reach of our feeble powers. These speculations, as it regards divine things, are so mixed and inwoven with the facts and principles contained in the sacred scriptures, that it is no easy task to determine, in every instance, what is revelation and what is human philosophy. Yet, with respect to almost every doctrine of the Christian faith, this is a task which every sincere inquirer after truth is

called upon to perform. The modes of conceiving these doctrines, in different minds and in different ages, are so various, that it is evident at first view, that much is to be referred to the spirit of each particular age, and to the state of mind of every individual. The history of theology affords so much evidence of the truth of this remark, that it probably will not be called in question. It must not be supposed, however, that everything, either in philosophy or theology is uncertain; that the one and the other is an ever-changing mass of unstable speculations. There are in each fixed principles and facts, which, although frequently derived by men whose minds have so little *sense of truth*, that evidence does not produce conviction, have maintained and will maintain their hold on the minds and hearts of men. With regard to theology, the uniformity with which the great cardinal doctrines of our faith have been embraced, is not less remarkable than the diversity which has prevailed in the mode of conceiving and explaining them.—*Princeton Theological Essays.*

HOFFMAN, CHARLES FENNO, an American author, born at New York in 1806; died in 1884. He entered Columbia College, but left without graduating; was admitted to the bar in 1827, but soon devoted himself to literature and journalism. He was the first editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and subsequently of other periodicals. In 1846 he became editor of the *Literary World;* but three years later a mental disorder incapacitated him for intellectual labor, and the last thirty years of his life were passed in seclusion. At the age of eleven an accident rendered necessary the amputation of a leg; but notwithstanding the artificial limb, he was a proficient in field sports. In 1833 he made a horseback tour in the Northwest, an account of which was published under the title of *A Winter in the West.* In 1837 he published *Wild Scenes in Forest and Prairie;* and in 1846, *Greyslaer, a Romance of the Hudson.* He put forth at various times volumes of *Poems*, a complete collection of which, edited by his nephew, was brought out in 1874.

A MORNING HYMN.

"Let there be Light!" The Eternal spoke;
  And from the abyss where darkness rode,
The earliest dawn of nature broke,
  And light around creation flowed.
The glad earth smiled to see the day,
  The first-born day came blushing in;
The young day smiled to shed its ray
  Upon a world untouched by sin.

"Let there be Light!" O'er heavens and earth,
  The God who first the day-beam poured,
Uttered again his fiat forth,
  And shed the Gospel's light abroad
And, like the dawn, its cheering rays

On rich and poor were meant to fall;
Inspiring their Redeemer's praise,
In lowly cot and lordly hall.

Then come, when in the orient first
Flushes the signal light for prayer;
Come with the earliest beams that burst
From God's bright throne of glory there.
Come kneel to Him who through the night
Hath watched above thy sleeping soul,
To Him whose mercies, like his light,
Are shed abroad from pole to pole.

MONTEREY.

We were not many—we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day:
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if then he could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot, it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on—still on—our column kept
Through walls of flame its withering way;
Where fell the dead, the living stepped,
Still charging on the guns that swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And, braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play;
Where orange-boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed

He'd rather share their warrior rest,
Than not have been at Monterey?

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT

Sparkling and bright in liquid light
Does the wine our goblets gleam in,
With a hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would choose to dream in.
Then fill to-night, with hearts as light
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the breaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

Oh! if mirth might arrest the flight
Of time through life's dominions,
We here a while would now beguile
The graybeard of his pinions,
So drink to-night, with hearts as light
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

But since delight can't tempt the wight,
Nor fond regret delay him,
Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
Nor sober Friendship stay him,
We'll drink to-night, with hearts as light
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim.
And break on the lips while meeting.

HOFFMANN, AUGUST HEINRICH, (called VON FALLERSLEBEN, from his birthplace), a German poet and philologist, born in 1798; died in 1874. He was educated at Göttingen and at Bonn, and was destined for theology; but, under the influence of Grimm, became an enthusiastic student of Old German literature. On completing his university course, he travelled in Germany and Holland, collecting from the peasantry the remains of old ballads preserved among them. In 1830 he was appointed Professor of the German Language and Literature in the University of Breslau. Besides performing his professional duties he published several philological works, a volume of ballad poetry of the middle ages, and some poems of his own. The appearance in 1840–41 of his *Unpolitical Songs*, a collection having more to do with politics than their title indicated, led to his dismissal from the University. For several years he wandered in Germany, Switzerland and Italy, everywhere studying the language and literature of the country he was in. In 1845 he established himself in Mecklenburg, and three years later was recalled to Berlin by the King, and was granted a pension from the Crown. In 1854 he went to Weimar, and was one of the editors of the *Year-Book*. The last thirteen years of his life he was librarian to the Duke of Ratisbon. His principal philological and historical works are *Horace Belgicæ* (1830–52), *Fundgruben für Geschichte deutsche Sprache und Literatur* (1830–37), *Geschichte des deutschen Kirchenliedes bis auf Luther* (1832), *Reineke Vos* (1834), *Monumenta Elnonensia*, containing the *Ludwigslied*,

discovered by Hoffmann in the library of Valenciennes (1837), *Die deutsche Philologie in Grundriss* (1836), *Gesellschaftslieder des 16ten und 17ten Jahrhunderts* (1844), *Spenden zur deutschen Literaturgeschichte* (1845), and *Beiträge zur Geschichte der deutschen Poesie* (1854). Among his poetical works are *Allemanische Lieder* (1826), *Gedichte* (1834), *Unpolitische Lieder* (40–41), *Funfzig Kinderlieder* and *Deutsche Lieder aus der Schweiz* (1843), *Vierzig Kinderlieder* (1847), *Liebeslieder* (1850), *Heimathklänge* (1850), *Rheinleben* (1851), and *Lieder aus Weimar* (1856.)

SONG OF AN EXILE.

Again my longing footsteps turned
To that lov'd spot whence I did roam;
To those who lov'd me I returned,
And hailed with joy my father's home.

Familiar songs, sweet music's strain,
Thrilled through my breast with holy joy.
My native home I saw again,
The realm of the once sportive boy.

'Neath blooming trees I hoped to find
The peaceful days that once I knew,
Recall my childhood's dreams to mind,
And like a child rejoice anew.

Bent o'er my staff, I longed to cease
My weary pilgrimage so sad,
Till in the garden-ground of peace
My mother's grave in green was clad.

But no! the spring I may not see
Again in my paternal home;
I am an exile, and must flee,
Alone in the wide world to roam.

Transl. of BASKERVILLE.

THE LANSQUENET'S SONG AT THE FAIR.

Each with most rapture, his own doth behold;
This one his maiden, and that one his gold.

Others may strive for possessions and gold,
Hearts that are honest walk upright and bold.

Were I a beggar, thou rich and of birth,
Doth not love make us both equal on earth?

Want also maketh me equal to you,
Death will take one day the emperor too.

Wherefore so mournful? Dost deem it amiss,
That thou didst lately present me a kiss?

Keep it I will not, 'twould bring me no gain;
Back will I give it, there, take it again!

Transl. of BASKERVILLE.

I ASK OF THEE.

I ask of thee what time can ne'er destroy.
The beauty mirrored in the heart;
I ask of thee, no vain, no worldly joy,
Angelic childhood's counterpart.

These are the greatest treasures of the heart,
The brightest jewels life can wear.
I cannot have thee if the world's thou art;
To me thou diest living there.—

Transl. of BASKERVILLE.

GERMAN NATIONAL WEALTH.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
We're off unto America!
What shall we take to our new land?
All sorts of things from every hand!
Confederation protocols;
Heaps of tax and budget rolls;
A whole ship-load of skins, to fill
With proclamations just at will.
Or when we to the New World come,
The German will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
We're off unto America!
What shall we take to our new land?
All sorts of things from every hand!
A brave supply of corporal's canes;
Of living suits a hundred wains;
Cockades, gay caps to fill a house, and

Armorial buttons a hundred thousand.
  Or when we to the New World come,
  The Germans will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
We're off unto America!
What shall we take to our new land?
All sorts of things from every hand!
Chamberlains' keys; a pile of sacks;
Books of full-blood—descents in packs;
Dog-chains and sword-chains by the ton;
Of order-ribbons bales twenty-one.
  Or when to the New World we come,
  The German will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
We're off unto America!
What shall we take to our new land?
All sorts of things from every hand!
Skull-caps, periwigs, old-world airs;
Crutches, privileges, easy-chairs;
Councillor's titles, private lists,
Nine hundred and ninety thousand chests.
  Or when to the New World we come,
  The German will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
We're off unto America!
What shall we take to our new land?
All sorts of things from every hand!
Receipts for tax, toll, christening, wedding, and
  funeral;
Passports and wonder-books great and small;
Plenty of rules for censors' inspections,
And just three million police-directions.
  Or when to the New World we come,
  The German will not feel at home.

Transl. of BASKERVILLE.

HOFFMANN, ERNST THEODOR WILHELM, a German author, born in 1776; died in 1822. His father was a man of talent, but irregular in his habits; his mother was an invalid. The marriage was unhappy, and in 1782 the parents separated, the elder Hoffmann going to Isterberg as a judge, and his wife returning to her mother's house with their son. The aged grandmother was virtually an invalid, and seldom left her room. A bachelor uncle endeavored to train the boy in his own habits of accuracy and precision. Young Hoffmann was first sent to the German Reformed School of Königsberg, where he neglected his lessons, but applied himself to music and drawing. From school he entered the University of Königsberg, studied law, graduated in 1795, and while waiting for practice, gave lessons in music and painting. He also wrote two novels, *Cornaro*, and *Der Geheimnissvoll*, for which he was unable to find a publisher. In 1796 he went to Glogau as assistant to an uncle, a lawyer. He now studied law assiduously, passed his second examination in 1798, and became Referendary in the Supreme Court at Berlin. Having passed his final examination qualifying him for the office of judge in the highest courts of Prussia, he was recommended as Councillor in the Supreme Court of Posen. Here he led a dissipated life. At length he executed a number of caricatures, satirizing the society of Posen. These were distributed at a masquerade ball, by a friend disguised as an Italian hawker of pictures. As Hoffman's cleverness at caricature was well known, his authorship of the drawings was

immediately guessed, and the indignation against him was so strong, that his appointment as Councillor to the Court of Posen was exchanged for one at Plock, on the Vistula. Thither he went with his young Polish wife, and there he remained for two years, devoting his leisure to the study of music and Italian poetry. In 1804 he was transferred to Warsaw, where he became conductor of the orchestra. After the fall of Warsaw he sent his wife and children to Posen. After his recovery from a severe illness he went to Berlin to obtain some employment. He obtained the post of musical director at the theatre of Bamberg; the theatre became bankrupt, and he was reduced to occasional employment as a musical composer. He now turned to authorship, and published in the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, a series afterwards collected in 1814, under the title of *Fantasiestücke in Callots Manier.* He composed a *Miserere* for the Grand Duke of Wurzburg, and the music for Kotzebue's opera, *Das Gespenst.* He taught music and drawing, painted portraits and theatrical scenes. In 1814 he returned to Berlin, where he was appointed to a clerkship in the department of the Minister of Justice, and two years later, Councillor of the Supreme Court of Berlin. In 1821 he was made a member of the Senate of Higher Appeal in the same court.

With an assured position and a good income, he was henceforth released from anxiety. *Die Elixire des Teufels* (1816), was followed by *Nachtstücke* (1817), a collection of tales. In 1819 appeared *Die Seltsame Lieden eines Theaterdirektor*, illustrating the history of the German stage,

and *Klein Zaches gennant Zinnober*, a fantastic tale. Among his later works are: *Der Arturshof*, *Der Fermata*, *Doge und Dogeresse*, *Meister Martin der Keifner und seine Gesellen*, *Das Fraulein von Scudéri*, and *Signor Formica*. The best of his longer works, *Lebensansichten des Katers Murr*, appeared in 1821–22. It was not completed. In addition to his literary work, he composed the music to Fouqué's opera of *Undine*.

THE PYRAMID DOCTOR.

Celebrated people commonly have many ill things said of them, whether well-founded or not. And no exception was made in the case of that admirable painter Salvator Rosa, whose living pictures cannot fail to impart a keen and characteristic delight to those who look upon them. At the time that Salvator's fame was ringing through Naples, Rome, and Tuscany—nay, through all Italy—and painters who were desirous of gaining applause were striving to imitate his peculiar and unique style, his envious and malicious rivals were laboring to spread abroad all sorts of evil reports intended to sully with ugly black stains the glorious splendor of his artistic fame. They affirmed that he had at a former period of his life belonged to a company of banditti, and that it was to his experiences during this lawless time that he owed all the wild, fierce, fantastically attired figures which he introduced into his pictures, just as the gloomy fearful wilderness of his landscape—the *selve selvagge* (savage woods)—to use Dante's expression, were faithful representations of the haunts where they lay hidden.

What was worse still, they openly charged him with having been concerned in the atrocious and bloody revolt which had been set on foot by the notorious Masaniello in Naples.

They even described the share he had taken in it, down to the minutest details. I do not believe that Salvator had any share in Masaniello's bloody deeds; on the contrary, I think it was the horrors of that fearful time which drove him from Naples to Rome, where he arrived a poor, poverty-stricken fugitive, just at the time that Masaniello fell.

Not over well dressed, and with a scanty purse containing not more than a few bright sequins in his pocket, he crept through the gate just after nightfall. Somehow or other—he didn't exactly know how—he wandered as far as the Piazza Navona. In better times he had once lived there in a large house near the Pamfili Palace. With an ill-tempered growl, he gazed up at the large plate-glass windows glistening and glimmering in the moonlight. "Hm!" he exclaimed, "it'll cost me dozens of yards of colored canvas before I can open my studio up there again." But all at once he felt as if paralyzed in every limb, and at the same moment more weak and feeble than he had ever felt in his life before. "But shall I," he murmured between his teeth as he sank down upon the stone steps leading up to the house-door, "shall I really be able to finish canvas enough in the way the fools want it done? Hm! I have a notion that that will be the end of it!"

A cold, cutting night wind blew down the street. Salvator recognized the necessity of seeking a shelter. Rising with difficulty, he staggered on into the Corso, and then turned into the Via Bergognona. At length he stopped before a little house with only a couple of windows, inhabited by a poor widow and her two daughters. This woman had taken him in for little pay the first time he came to Rome, an unknown stranger noticed of nobody: and so he hoped again to find a lodging with her, such as would be best suited to the sad condition in which he then was.

He knocked confidently at the door, and several times called out his name aloud. At last he heard the old woman slowly and reluctantly wakening up out of her sleep. She shuffled to the window in her slippers, and began to rain down a shower of abuse upon the knave who was come to worry her in this way in the middle of the night; her house was not a wine-shop, etc. Then there ensued a good deal of cross-questioning before she recognized her former lodger's voice; but on Salvator's complaining that he had fled from Naples and was unable to find a shelter in Rome, the old dame cried, "By all the blessed saints of Heaven! Is that you, Signor Salvator? Well now, your little room up above, that looks on to the court, is still standing empty, and the old fig-tree has pushed its branches right through the window and into the room, so that you can sit and work like as if you was in a beautiful cool arbor. Ay, and how pleased my girls will be that you have come back again, Signor Salvator. But d'ye know, my Margarita's grown a big girl and fine-looking? You won't give her any more rides on your knee now. And—your little pussy, just fancy, three months ago she choked herself with a fish-bone. Ah well, we all shall come to the grave at last. But, d'ye know, my fat neighbor, whom you so often laughed at and so often painted in such funny ways—d'ye know, she *did* marry that young fellow, Signor Luigi, after all. Ah, well! marriages and magistrates are made in heaven, they say."

"But," cried Salvator, interrupting the old woman, "but, Signora Caterina, I entreat you by the blessed saints, do, pray, let me in, and then tell me all about your fig-tree and your daughters, your cat and your fat neighbor—I am perishing of weariness and cold."

"Bless me, how impatient we are," rejoined the old woman; "*Chi va piano va sano, chi va presto more lesto*, I tell you. But you are

tired, you are cold; where are the keys? quick with the keys!"

But the old woman still had to wake up her daughters and kindle a fire but oh! she was such a long time about it—such a long, long time. At last she opened the door and let poor Salvator in; but scarcely had he crossed the threshold than overcome by fatigue and illness, he dropped on the floor as if dead. Happily the widow's son, who generally lived at Tivoli, chanced to be at his mother's that night. He was at once turned out of his bed to make room for the sick guest, which he willingly submitted to.

The old woman was very fond of Salvator, putting him, as far as his artistic powers went, above all the painters in the world; and in everything that he did she also took the greatest pleasure. She was therefore quite beside herself to see him in this lamentable condition, and wanted to run off to the neighboring monastery to fetch her father confessor, that he might come and fight against the adverse power of the disease with consecrated candles or some powerful amulet or other. On the other hand, her son thought it would be almost better to see about getting an experienced physician at once, and off he ran to the Spanish Square, where he knew the distinguished Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni dwelt. No sooner did the doctor learn that the painter Salvator Rosa lay ill in the Via Bergognona than he at once declared himself ready to call early and see the patient.

Salvator lay unconscious, struck down by a most severe attack of fever. The old dame had hung up two or three pictures of saints above his bed, and was praying fervently. The girls, though bathed in tears, exerted themselves from time to time to get the sick man to swallow a few drops of the cooling lemonade which they had made, whilst their brother, who had taken his place at the head of the bed, wiped the cold

sweat from his brow. And so morning found them, when, with a loud creak, the door opened, and the distinguished Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni entered the room.

If Salvator had not been so seriously ill that the two girls' hearts were melted in grief, they would, I think—for they were in general frolicsome and saucy—have enjoyed a hearty laugh at the Doctor's extraordinary appearance instead of retiring shyly, as they did, into the corner, greatly alarmed.

It will indeed be worth while to describe the outward appearance of the little man who presented himself at Dame Caterina's in the Via Bergogna in the gray of the morning. In spite of all his excellent capabilities for growth. Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni had not been able to advance beyond the respectable stature of four feet. Moreover, in the days of his youth, he had been distinguished for his elegant figure, so that, before his head, always indeed somewhat ill-shaped, and his big cheeks, and his stately double chin had put on too much fat, before his nose had grown bulky and spread, owing to over much indulgence in Spanish snuff, and before his little belly had assumed the shape of a wine-tub from too much fattening on macaroni, the priestly cut of garment which he at that time had affected had suited him down to the ground. He was then in truth a pretty little man, and accordingly the Roman ladies had styled him their *caro puppazetto* (sweet little pet). That, however, was now a thing of the past. A German painter, seeing Doctor Splendiano walking across the Spanish Square, said—and he was perhaps not far wrong—that it looked as if some strapping fellow of six feet or so had walked away from his own head which had fallen on the shoulders of a little marionette clown, who now had to carry it about as his own. This curious little figure walked about in patchwork—an immense quantity of pieces of Venetian damask of a large

flower-pattern that had been cut up in making a dressing-gown ; high up round his waist he had buckled a broad leather belt, from which an excessively long rapier hung ; whilst his snow-white wig was surmounted by a high conical cap, not unlike the obelisk in St. Peter's Square. Since the said wig, like a piece of texture all tumbled and tangled spread out thick and wide all over his back, it might very well be taken for the cocoon out of which the fine silkworm had crept.

The worthy Splendiano Accoramboni stared through his big, bright spectacles, with his eyes wide open, first at his patient, then at Dame Caterina. Calling her aside, he croaked with bated breath. "There lies our talented painter Salvator Rosa, and he's lost if my skill doesn't save him, Dame Caterina. Pray tell me when he came to lodge with you? Did he bring many beautiful large pictures with him?"

"Ah! my dear Doctor," replied Dame Caterina, "the poor fellow only came last night. And as for pictures—why, I don't know nothing about them ; but there's a big box below, and Salvator beggéd me to take very good care of it, before he became senseless like what he now is. I daresay there's a fine picture packed in it, as he painted in Naples."

What Dame Caterina said was, however, a falsehood ; but we shall soon see that she had good reasons for imposing upon the Doctor in this way.

"Good! Very good!" said the Doctor, simpering and stroking his beard ; then, with as much solemnity as his long rapier, which kept catching in all the chairs and tables he came near, would allow, he approached the sick man and felt his pulse, snorting and wheezing, so that it had a most curious effect in the midst of the reverential silence which had fallen upon all the rest. Then he ran over in Greek and Latin the names of a hundred and twenty

diseases that Salvator had not, then almost as many which he might have had, and concluded by saying that on the spur of the moment he didn't recollect the name of his disease, but that he would within a short time find a suitable one for it, and along therewith, the proper remedies as well. Then he took his departure with the same solemnity with which he had entered, leaving them all full of trouble and anxiety.

At the bottom of the steps the Doctor requested to see Salvator's box. Dame Caterina showed him one—in which were two or three of her deceased husband's cloaks now laid aside, and some old worn-out shoes. The Doctor smilingly tapped the box on this side and on that, and remarked in a tone of satisfaction. "We shall see! we shall see!"

Some hours later he returned with a very beautiful name for his patient's disease, and brought with him some big bottles of an evil-smelling potion, which he directed to be given to the patient constantly. This was a work of no little trouble, for Salvator showed the greatest aversion for—utter loathing of—the stuff, which looked, and smelt, and tasted, as if it had been concocted from Acheron itself.

Whether it was that the disease, since it had now received a name, and in consequence really signified something, had only just begun to put forth its virulence, or whether it was that Splendiano's potion made too much of a disturbance inside the patient—it is at any rate certain that the poor painter grew weaker and weaker from day to day, from hour to hour. And notwithstanding Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni's assurance that, after the vital process had reached a state of perfect equilibrium, he would give it a new start, like the pendulum of a clock, they were all very doubtful as to Salvator's recovery, and thought that the Doctor had perhaps already given the pendulum such a violent start that the mechanism was quite impaired.

Now it happened one day that when Salvator seemed scarcely able to move a finger he was suddenly seized with the paroxysm of fever; in a momentary accession of fictitious strength he leapt out of bed, seized the full medicine-bottles, and hurled them fiercely out of the window. Just at this moment Doctor Splendiano Accorambani was entering the house, when two or three bottles came bang upon his head, smashing all to pieces, whilst the brown liquid ran in streams all down his wig and face and ruff. Hastily rushing into the house, he screamed like a madman.

"Signor Salvator has gone out of his mind, he's become insane; no skill can save him now, he'll be dead in ten minutes. Give me the picture. Dame Caterina, give me the picture—it's mine, the scanty reward of all my trouble. Give me the picture, I say."

But when dame Caterina opened the box, and Doctor Splendiano saw nothing but the old cloaks and torn shoes, his eyes spun round in his head like a pair of fire-wheels; he gnashed his teeth; he stamped; he consigned poor Salvator, the widow, and all the family to the devil; then he rushed out of the house like an arrow from a bow, or as if he had been shot from a cannon.

After the violence of the paroxysm had spent itself, Salvator again relapsed into a death-like condition. Dame Caterina was fully persuaded that his end was really come, and away she sped as fast as she could to the monastery, to fetch Father Boniface, that he might come and administer the sacrament to the dying man. Father Boniface came and looked at the sick man; he said he was well acquainted with the peculiar signs which approaching death is wont to stamp upon the human countenance, but that for the present there were no indications of them on the face of the insensible Salvator. Something might still be done, and he would procure help at once, only Doctor Splendiano

Accoramboni, with his Greek names and infernal medicines, was not to be allowed to cross the threshold again. The good Father set out at once, and we shall see later that he kept his word about sending the promised help.

Salvator recovered consciousness again; he fancied he was lying in a beautiful flower-scented arbor, for green boughs and leaves were interlacing above his head. He felt a salutary warmth glowing in his veins, but it seemed to him as if, somehow, his left arm was bound fast.

"Where am I?" he asked in a faint voice. Then a handsome young man, who had stood at his bedside, but whom he had not noticed until just now, threw himself upon his knees, and grasping Salvator's right hand, kissed it and bathed it with tears, as he cried again and again. "Oh! my dear sir! my noble master! now it's all right; you are saved, you'll get better."

"But do tell me"—began Salvator, when the young man begged him not to exert himself, for he was too weak to talk; he would tell him all that had happened.

"You see, my esteemed and excellent sir," began the young man, "you see you were very ill when you came from Naples, but your condition was not, I warrant, by any means so dangerous but that a few simple remedies would soon have set you, with your strong constitution, on your legs again, had you not through Carlos's well-intentioned blunder in running off for the nearest physician fallen into the hands of the redoubtable Pyramid Doctor, who was making all preparations for bringing you to your grave.

"What do you say?" exclaimed Salvator, laughing heartily, notwithstanding the feeble state he was in. "What do you say?—the Pyramid Doctor? Ay, ay, although I was very ill, I saw that the little knave in damask patchwork, who condemned me to drink his horrid,

loathsome devil's brew, wore on his head the obelisk from St. Peter's Square—and so that's why you call him the Pyramid Doctor ? "

" Why, good heavens ! " said the young man, likewise laughing, " Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni must have come to see you in his ominous conical nightcap; and, do you know, you may see it flashing every morning from his window in the Spanish Square like a portentous meteor. But it's not by any means owing to this cap that he's called the Pyramid Doctor; for that there's quite another reason. Doctor Splendiano is a great lover of pictures, and possesses in truth quite a choice collection, which he has gained by a practice of a peculiar nature. With eager cunning he lies in wait for painters and their illnesses. More especially he loves to get foreign artists into his toils; let them but eat an ounce or two of macaroni too much, or drink a glass *more Syracuse*, than is altogether good for them, he will afflict them with first one and then another disease, designating it by a formidable name, and proceeding at once to cure them of it. He generally bargains for a picture as the price of his attendance; and as it is only specially obstinate constitutions which are able to stand his powerful remedies, it generally happens that he gets his picture out of the chattels left by the poor foreigner, who meanwhile has been carried to the Pyramid of Cestius, and buried there. It need hardly be said that Signor Splendiano always picks out the best of the pictures the painter has finished, and also does not forget to bid the men to take several others along with it. The cemetery near the Pyramid of Cestius is Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni's corn-field, which he diligently cultivates, and for that reason he is called the Pyramid Doctor. Dame Caterina had taken great pains, of course with the best intentions, to make the Doctor believe that you had brought a fine picture with you; you may imagine therefore with what eagerness

he concocted his potions for you. It was a fortunate thing that in the paroxysm of fever you threw the Doctor's bottle at his head; it was also a fortunate thing that he left you in anger, and no less fortunate was it that Dame Caterina, who believed you were in the agonies of death, fetched Father Boniface to come and administer to you the sacrament. Father Boniface understands something of the art of healing; he formed a correct diagnosis of your condition and fetched me. I hastened here, opened a vein in your left arm, and you were saved. Then we brought you up into this cool airy room that you formerly occupied. Look, there's the easel which you left behind you; yonder are a few sketches which Dame Caterina has treasured up as if they were relics. The virulence of your disease is subdued; simple remedies, such as Father Boniface can prepare, are all you want, except good nursing, to bring back your strength again. And now permit me once more to kiss this hand—this creative hand that charms from Nature her deepest secrets and clothes them in living form. Permit poor Antonio Scacciati to pour out all the gratitude and immeasurable joy of his heart that Heaven has granted him to save the life of our great and noble painter, Salvator Rosa."— *Signor Formica*, in *The Serapion Brethren.*

HOFLAND, BARBARA (WREAKS), an English author, born in 1770; died in 1844. She married, in 1796, a Mr. Hoole, who died two years afterwards. To support herself and her child, she opened a school, and began literary work. In 1805 she published a volume of poems. Her work was successful, and she continued it after her marriage with the painter, Thomas Christopher Hofland, in 1808. She was the author of about seventy works, many of which had a wide circulation. Among them are *The Daughter-in-Law*, *Emily*, *The Son of a Genius*, *Beatrice*, *Says She to her Neighbor*, *What? The Unloved One*, *The Czarina*, *The Merchant's Widow*, *Ellen, the Teacher*, *Adelaide*, *Humility*, *Fortitude*, *Decision*, *Integrity*, *The Clergyman's Widow*, *Daniel Dennison*, *Self Denial*, *Tales of the Priory*, and *Tales of the Manor*.

LABORS OF LOVE.

Left in a great messure to his own management Ludovico now worked incessantly and when he had finished a little parcel of pictures, took them out into the neighboring villages of this populous district for sale; a circumstance of great utility to him as the exercise he was thus obliged to take was of the greatest use to his health.

Among other objects of Ludovico's compassion was an old woman who sold matches, mopthrums, and little paper bags for the maids to put feathers in. He inquired of this poor woman what she gave for the last; to which she answered by complaining that she had only two left, and could get no more.

Ludovico, after examining one, bought it of her: as he did so, these words passed his mind, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I *have* give I unto thee;" his eyes filled with tears as he looked at the withered face and

gray locks of the poor old woman; and as it ever was his custom to run away when his feelings were awakened, he scampered out of sight before the old woman had time to perceive that he had given her threepence for her twopenny bag.

"Now the blessing of God go with thee, my bonny bairn," said the old woman; for she was convinced by the look of the boy that it was done intentionally.

"No need to bless he for an odd penny," said a woman who was standing by: "why, Goody, that's the boy as sells the pictures all about: he's bought your bag on purpose for a pattern, and by next market-day he'll be selling a whole mess of 'em; ye'll see that."

"Well, well, we mun all live," said the poor dame.

On the next market-day Ludovico was seen as usual silently standing in Briggate with his pictures; and something folded in a newspaper under his arm: he had now been regularly working for several months, and his sale was of course not so rapid as at first, especially as he had raised his prices. Just as he had finished bargaining with a cobbler who wished for a painting to ornament his stall, he cast his eye upon the old woman with her match-basket; and springing gladly forward, he opened his little parcel and produced nine neat paper bags, very prettily made, which he silently put into her hand.

"An what mun I gie thee for these, my lad? they be jist what I wanted."

"Nothing, nothing at all, you are welcome," said Ludovico, as he spoke trying to escape the poor woman's surprise and thanks, by edging his way backward into the crowd. At this moment a loud altercation was taking place between two corn-factors, one of whom, in an angry voice, was repeating the words—

"'Tis false, I tell you, false altogether; I paid you for the second load along with the other, as my receipt will show."

"I shall believe the receipt when I see it, but not till then; for the twenty-eight pounds stands in my book uncrossed; whereas the fifty pounds is jist as it ought to be made, received all in order."

"More *shame* for *you*, not settling your books; but I'll *convince* you; I'll *prove* to you," said the first, in a very angry tone, taking out his pocket-book, and turning over the leaves with great agitation. At this very moment poor Ludovico had the ill luck to jostle the angry man in his retreat, who, in the moment of vexation, gave him such a violent blow that many of the papers in his pocket-book fell out: the book was full of bills, for he was going to make a large payment, and the consciousness of his folly instantly calmed his anger he gathered his papers up as well as he could, looking in vain for the receipt, which he declared he possessed, and proposed stepping into the hotel to examine more minutely the contents of the disarranged pocket-book; saying at the same time, "I believe I have lost nothing; but that is more by good luck than good looking after."

This was more than Ludovico could say, for he had not only got a hard blow, but his pictures were all thrown down on the dirty stones, which were wet from a recent shower, and the labors of a week were lost in a moment. The poor woman would have wiped them for him, but Ludovico, knowing all was lost, hastily clapped them together, and was departing, when he perceived something of paper sticking to his foot, which he had no doubt had come from the angry man's pocket-book; an idea which was instantly confirmed by perceiving that it was a Luds bank-note for five guineas.

Ludovico had that morning counted his store, which with the stock he hoped to dispose of that day amounted to something more than three pounds. He looked wistfully at the bill—

"Five pounds five, and three pounds seven," said he inwardly "make eight pounds ten. Oh, that this were mine!"

"*Thine*, honey! it is thine to be sure, and much good may thee have of it," said the old woman.

"Nay, Goody, it is the gentleman's that struck me."

"More brute he! but I doesn't think it be his'n, for he said he had got *all* that belonged to him, and many a man as rich as he has gone over these stones to-day. Take it, child, take it; 'tis a God-send to thee for helping a poor old woman."

This was indeed persuasive logic, and for a moment Ludovico yielded to it, but the next convinced him that he ought at least to inquire for the gentleman who had owned the pocket-book, persuading himself that as he seemed a rich man, even if he had lost the bill, he might perhaps give it him; he therefore hastened after him to the hotel, but having no name or description to give of the gentleman sufficiently clear, he could gain no attention, and was at length turned out by the waiter. As he was making his way to the prison in order at last to make his mother acquainted with the whole affair, he saw the very person he wanted riding past him in full gallop; Ludovico called out to him to stop, but the gentleman, remembering him only by the blow he had given him, did *not* stop; he threw a shilling on the pavement to the boy, and pursued his course as fast as a good horse could carry him.

Several people who witnessed this transaction asked Ludovico why he wanted the person to stop; to which he replied by eagerly asking his name: they were all ignorant, and united in saying they did not think he was a person who regularly frequented their market, as they had never seen him before.—*The Son of a Genius.*

HOGG, JAMES, a Scottish poet and prose-writer, known as "The Ettrick Shepherd," born in 1772; died in 1835. He sprang from a family of shepherds, and his youth and early manhood were passed in the same occupation. He never received any school education, but by the time he had reached the age of twenty-four he had acquired some repute as a local poet. From the age of eighteen to twenty-seven he was in the employ of a Scottish laird, who allowed him free access to his considerable library, and he thus managed to repair the defects of his early education. In 1801 he went to Edinburgh, in order to sell a few sheep, and he then put forth a small volume of poems under the title of *Scottish Pastorals, Poems, and Songs.* A little later Sir Walter Scott, who was collecting materials for his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Borders*, became acquainted with Hogg, who furnished him with a number of ballads; and in 1803 put forth another volume of poems, *The Mountain Bard.* After several unsuccessful attempts at farming, Hogg, in 1810, went to Edinburgh to try a literary career. He contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and figures largely as an interlocutor in Wilson's *Noctes Ambrosianæ.* In 1813 he published *The Queen's Wake*, his most popular poem. In 1831 he went to London to superintend the publication of a collection of his works, which extended to eleven small volumes, which were in 1869 put forth in two volumes. A pension of £100 was awarded to his wife from the Literary Fund, which she enjoyed for more than thirty years. His "Bonny Kilmeny," a fairy story, which forms a part of *The Queen's Wake*,

stands high among works of its class, and some of his ballads and songs possess decided merit. His prose works are of very unequal merit, none of them ranking very high. Among them are *Jacobite Relics*, *The Three Perils of Man*, *The Three Perils of Woman The Altrive Tales*, and *Anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott.*

BONNY KILMENY.

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it was na to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring—
The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
And the nut that hung from the hazle-tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek the green-wood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame.

When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedesman had prayed, and the dead-
bell rung,
Late, late in a gloamin', when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain—
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane—
When the ingle lowed with an eyrie leme—
Late, late in the gloamin' Kilmeny came hame!

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and den—
By lin, by ford, and green-wood tree;
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where got you that joup o' the lily sheen?
That bonny snood of the birk sae green?
And those roses, the fairest that ever were seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace;
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her e'e
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew;
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been;
A land of love and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night;
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam:
The land of vision it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happed wi' the flowerets gay;
But the air was soft, and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep;
She kenned nae mair, nor opened her e'e,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrye.
She wakened on a couch of the silk sae slim,
All striped with the bars of the rainbow's rim;
And lovely beings around were rife,
Who erst had travelled mortal life;
And aye they smiled and 'gan to speir:
"What spirit has brought this mortal here?
Oh, bonny Kilmeny! free frae stain,
If ever you seek the world again—
That world of sin, of sorrow, and fear—
Oh, tell of the joys that are waiting here;
And tell of the joys you shall shortly see;
Of the times that are now, and the times that shall be." . . .

When a month and a day had come and gane,

Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene;
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
But oh! the words that fell from her mouth
Were words of wonder and words of truth!
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kenned na whether she was living or
dead.
It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain;
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And returned to the Land of Thought again.

A BOY'S SONG.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazle-bank is sweetest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little maidens from their play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

WHEN MAGGY GANGS AWAY.

Oh, what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

Oh, what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away;
There's no a heart in a' the glen
That disna dread the day;
Oh, what will a' the lads do.
When Maggy gangs away?

Young Jock has ta'en the hill for't—
A waeful wight is he;
Poor Harry's ta'en the bed for't
An' laid him down to dee;
An' Sandy's gane unto the kirk,
An' learnin' fast to pray;
And oh, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

The young laird o' the Lang-Shaw
Has drunk her health in wine;
The priest has said—in confidence—
The lassie was divine;
And that is mair in maiden's praise
Than ony priest should say;
But oh, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

The wailing in our green glen
That day will quaver high;
'Twill draw the red-breast frae the wood
The laverock frae the sky;
The fairies frae their beds o' dew
Will rise an' join the lay;
An' hey! what a day will be
When Maggy gangs away!

THE SKY-LARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blessed is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?

Thy lay is in heaven thy love is on earth.
O'er fell and mountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing away:
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blessed is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

HOLBACH, PAUL HENRI THYRY (or DIETRICH D') a French philosophical writer, born in 1723; died in 1789. He was born at Heidelsheim, Baden, but in early life was taken to his father to Paris, where he afterwards resided. He spent much of the large fortune inherited from his father in entertaining the free-thinkers of his day, for whom his house became a rendezvous. He was a professed enemy to Christianity, and an avowed materialist. His first publications were translations of German scientific works. In 1759 he edited the works of Boulanger, under whose name he published, in 1767 *Le Christianisme dévoilé, ou Examen des Principes et des Effets de la Religion révélée*, and *L'Esprit du Clergé, ou le Christianisme primitif vengé des Entreprises et des Excès de nos Prêtres modernes.* The latter work was sentenced to be burned by the public executioner. In 1770, under the name of "Mirabaud," he published *Le Système de la Nature, ou des Lois du Monde physique et moral*, a work, the morality of which shocked Voltaire, and caused Goethe to declare that he recoiled from it in abhorrence. Both Voltaire and Frederick the Great wrote in answer to it. Other works of Holbach are *Le Bon Sens, ou Idées naturelles opposees aux Idées surnaturelles* (1772), *Le System social, ou les Principes naturels de la Morale et de la Politique* (1773), and *La Morale universelle, ou les Devoirs de l'Homme fondés sur la Nature* (1776.)

SERIOUS RESULTS FROM TRIVIAL CAUSES.

If man was to judge of causes by their effects, there would be no small causes in the universe.

In a nature where everything is connected; where everything acts and reacts, moves and changes, composes and decomposes, forms and destroys, there is not an atom which does not play an important and necessary part; there is not an imperceptible particle, however minute, which, placed in convenient circumstances, does not operate the most prodigious effects. If man was in a capacity to follow the eternal chain, to pursue the concatenated links that connect with their causes all the effects he witnesses, without losing sight of any one of its rings, if he could unravel the ends of those insensible threads that give impulse to the thoughts, decision to the will, direction to the passions of those men who are called mighty according to their actions; he would find that they are true atoms which nature employs to move the moral world; that it is the unexpected but necessary junction of these indiscernible particles of matter, it is their aggregation, their combination, their proportion, their fermentation, which, modifying the individual by degrees, in despite of himself, and frequently without his own knowledge, make him think, will, and act in a determinate and necessary mode. If the will and the actions of this individual have an influence over a great number of other men, here is the moral world in a state of great combustion. Too much acrimony in the bile of a fanatic, blood too much inflamed in the heart of a conqueror, a painful indigestion in the stomach of a monarch, a whim that passes in the mind of a woman, are sometimes causes sufficient to bring on war, to send millions of men to the slaughter, to root out an entire people, to overthrow walls, to reduce cities into ashes, to plunge nations into slavery, to put a whole people into mourning, to breed famine in a land, to engender pestilence, to propagate calamity, to extend misery, to spread desolation far and wide upon the surface of our globe, through a long series of ages.—*System of Nature.*

HOLBERG, LUDWIG VON, a Scandinavian dramatist, born in 1684; died in 1754. He was educated at the College of Bergen, and at the University of Copenhagen, where he received his degree in 1704. He then applied himself to the study of modern languages, supporting himself by teaching. In 1706 he travelled in Holland. A severe illness compelled him to return to Norway, and he established himself at Christianssand as a teacher of languages. Having saved a little money, he went to Oxford and spent several months in study, gaining his livelihood by giving lessons on the violin and the flute. On his return to Copenhagen he began to lecture at the University, but his lectures were not well attended, and in 1709 he accompanied a young man of fortune on his travels in Holland. Again in Copenhagen he resumed teaching, and wrote, but did not print, his first work, a *Universal History*. The king, Frederick IV., presented him with the Rosenkrantz grant of 100 rix-dollars for four years. He then visited, chiefly on foot, most of the countries of Europe, and returned to Denmark in 1716. Two years afterwards he published an *Introduction to Natural and Popular Law*, and was appointed Professor of Metaphysics in the University of Copenhagen. In 1820 he was given the more lucrative chair of Eloquence. Under the pseudonym of "Hans Mikkelsen," he had published in 1719 the serio-comic epic of *Peder Paars*, a satire on contemporary manners.

With the opening of the Danish theatre in 1721, Holberg determined to create a taste for Danish comedy. Until this time

all plays acted in Denmark were written in either French or German. The first of his original pieces performed was *Den Politiske Kandstöber* (*The Political Tinsmith*) which had an extraordinary success. Before the close of 1722, he produced four more successful plays, *Den Vögelsindede*, *Jean de France*, *Jeppe of the Mountain*, and *Gert the Westphalian*. Among his comedies, written in 1723, are *Barselstuen*, *Jakob von Thyboe*, *Den Bundeslöse*, *Don Ranudo*, and *Melampe*. His most famous comedy of 1724 was *Henrik and Pernille*. He continued his dramatic labors until 1728. In 1731 he collected his comedies. His later works were historical, philosophical, and statistical. Among them are a *Description of Denmark and Norway* (1729), *Description of Bergen* (1737), *Universal Church History* (1738), *Stories of Heroes and Heroines* (1739–45), *History of the Jews* (1742), *Moral Reflections* (1744), *Moral Fables* (1751), and five volumes of *Epistles*. His only poem published in these years was *The Subterranean Voyage of Nicholas Klim* (1741), published first in Latin, and afterwards translated into Danish. To Holberg Danish literature owes its existence. His genius created it. Before his time it was said that "a man wrote Latin to his friends, talked French to the ladies, called his dogs in German, and used Danish only to swear at his servants."

The selection given is from *The Political Tinsmith*. This man thinks that the government is badly administered, and that he can set it right. He and his friends hold political meetings, while his business goes

to rack and ruin. He is in danger of arrest, when some one proposes to cure him by letting him try his hand at government. The members of the Council tell him that he has been chosen Burgomaster of Hamburg; their wives call on his. All sorts of applicants for justice appear; sailors with bludgeons threaten him; two opposed counsel appeal to him, and convince him that both are right. Driven to the verge of lunacy, he begs his apprentice to take the Burgomastership off his hands, and permit him to be only Herman the Tinsmith.

FROM THE POLITICAL TINSMITH.

[GESKE, wife of HERMAN, the tinsmith, HENRICH, the apprentice.]

Geske.—Henrich!

Henrich.—Ay!

Ges.—Heinrich, from this time you must not speak in that way; don't you know what has happened to us?

Hen.—No; I never heard.

Ges.—My husband is become Burgomaster.

Hen.—Of where?

Ges.—Of where?—why of Hamburg!

Hen.—The deuce, is he! That was indeed the devil of a tinsmith!

Herman.—Heinrich, speak with more discretion; you must know that you are now the lackey of a great man.

Hen.—Lackey! am I raised so high?

Her.—You may rise yet higher. You may in time be the servant of a gentleman of property. Only be silent. You may some day have to drive, lackey, until I can get a servant. He can wear my brown coat, dear heart! till we can get his livery ready.

Ges.—But I am afraid it will be too long for him.

Her.—Yes, to be sure it will be too long;

but one must help oneself at a pinch as one can.

Hen.—It will reach down to my heels! I shall look like a Jewish High Priest.

Her.—Listen, Henrich!

Hen.—Yes, master.

Her.—Fellow, don't give me such titles any more! When I call you, you must answer, Sir! and when anybody comes to inquire for me, you must say, "Mr. Burgomaster von Bremenfeld is at home!"

Hen.—Must I say so, sir, whether you are at home or not?

Her.—What nonsense! When I am not at home you must say, "Mr. Burgomaster von Bremenfeld is not at home;" and when I don't wish to be at home, you must say, "Mr. Burgomaster does not give audience to-day." [*To Geske.*] Listen, dear heart! you must directly have coffee ready, that you may have something to entertain the aldermen's ladies when they come; for our reputation will hereafter depend upon people being able to say, "The Burgomaster von Bremenfeld gave good dinners and his ladies good coffee." I am very much afraid, dear heart, that you will make some mistake until you are accustomed to the high position to which you are advanced. Now let Henrich run out and fetch in a tea-tray and some cups, and let the girl run and get sixpennyworths of coffee, we can buy more afterwards. This must be a rule to you, dear heart! that you don't talk much until you have learned how properly to discourse. You must not be too humble, but stand upon what is befitting you, and labor, above everything, to put the old tinman-life out of your head, and imagine that you have been the Burgomaster's lady for many years. In the morning there must always be a tea-table ready prepared for callers, and in the afternoon coffee, and with the coffee, cards. There is a certain game at cards called "Allumber," which I would give

a hundred rix-dollars, that you and our daughter, Miss Angelica, understood. You must therefore pay great attention when you see anybody playing it, that you may learn it. In the morning you should lie in bed till nine or half-past, because it is only the common people who in summer get up with the sun; yet on Sundays you may get up rather earlier, as on that day I shall drive for my health's sake. You must have a handsome snuff-box, which you may have lying on the table beside you when you play at cards. And when anybody drinks your health, you must not say, thank you, but *très humble serviteur.* And when you yawn, you need not hold up your hand before your mouth, for that is not customary with fine folks. And when you are in company, you need not be too particular, but set prudery somewhat aside.

But listen, I had forgot something; you should also have a lap-dog, of which you must be as fond as of your own daughter, for that too is genteel. Our neighbor Arianke has a pretty little dog which she will lend you till we can get one of our own. You must give your dog a French name, which I will hunt out for you, when I have a little time to spare. It must always lie in your lap, and you must kiss it at least half a score times, when company is by.

Ges.—Nay, my good husband! that I cannot possibly do! for one never knows in what dirt a dog has lain. One should get one's mouth full of filth and fleas.

Her.—What nonsense! If you will be a lady you must have the whims of a lady. Besides, a dog can also furnish you with something to talk about; for when you have nothing else to say, you can relate the peculiarities and good qualities of your dog. Do only as I tell you, dear heart! I understand the genteel world better than you do. Take me only as your model, and you shall see that there will

not be a single fragment of the old tinsmith left about me. I shall not do as a certain butcher did who, when he became alderman, after he had written on one side of a sheet of paper, and wanted to turn over, stuck his pen in his mouth as he had been used to do with his butcher's knife. Now go in and give your directions. I have something to say to Henrich alone.—*Transl. of* WM. HOWITT.

HOLCROFT, THOMAS, an English dramatist and novelist, born at London in 1745; died in 1809. His father was a shoemaker and keeper of a livery-stable; and the son was his assistant. In time he became trainer of a race-horse at Newmarket, was subsequently a schoolmaster, and finally went upon the stage. At the time of the French Revolution he fell under the suspicions of Government, and in company with Horne Tooke, Thelwall, and others, was indicted for high treason. Some of the persons indicted were formally acquitted; others, among whom was Holcroft, were discharged without a trial. He wrote some thirty plays, the best-known of which is *The Road to Ruin;* four novels, the best of which is *Hugh Trevor*, in which he depicted the vices and distresses which he conceived to be generated by the existing institutions of society; and a volume of autobiograhical *Memoirs*, which were edited by William Hazlitt, and posthumously published in 1816. The following song is from *Hugh Trevor:*

GAFFER GRAY.

Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer Gray?
And why does thy nose look so blue?
"'Tis the weather that's cold,
'Tis I'm grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new,
Well-a-day!"

Then line thy worn doublet with ale,
Gaffer Gray;
And warm thy old heart with a glass.
"Nay, but credit I've none,
And my money's all gone;
Then say how may that come to pass?
Well-a-day!"

Hie away to the house on the brow,
 Gaffer Gray,
And knock at the jolly priest's door.
 "The priest often preaches,
 Against worldly riches,
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
 Well-a-day!"

The lawyer lives under the hill,
 Gaffer Gray;
Warmly fenced both in back and in front.
 "He will fasten his locks,
 And will threaten the stocks,
Should he ever more find me in want,
 Well-a-day!"

The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
 Gaffer Gray:
And the season will welcome you there.
 "His fat beeves and his beer
 And his merry new year,
Are all for the flush and the fair,
 Well-a-day!"

My keg is but low, I confess,
 Gaffer Gray;
What then? While it lasts, man, we'll live.
 "The poor man alone,
 When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give,
 Well-a-day!"

HOLLAND, JOSIAH GILBERT, an American journalist and author, born at Belchertown, Mass., in 1819; died at New York in 1881. He studied medicine, was engaged in practice for three years, then went to Springfield, Mass., where for a short time he edited a literary periodical. He then went to Vicksburg, Miss., where he was for a year Superintendent of Public Schools. Returning to Springfield he became in 1849 an associate editor of the *Republican* newspaper, and soon afterwards one of the proprietors. In 1866 he sold his interest in the *Republican*, and, after travelling in Europe, became in 1870 the editor and part proprietor of *Scribner's Magazine*, which was then established, and of which he remained the editor until his death. He was also a very popular lyceum lecturer. His principal works are: *History of Western Massachusetts* (1855), *The Bay Path*, a novel (1857), the *Timothy Titcomb Letters* (1858), *Bitter Sweet*, a poetical tale (1858), *Gold Foil* (1859), *Miss Gilbert's Career*, a novel (1860), *Lessons in Life* (1861), *Letters to the Joneses* (1863), *Plain Talk on Familiar Subjects* (1865), *Life of Abraham Lincoln* (1866), *Kathrina*, a narrative poem (1867), *The Marble Prophecy and other Poems* (1872), *Arthur Bonnicastle*, a novel (1873), *Garnered Sheaves*, a collection of poems (1873), and *The Mistress of the Manse*, a novel, (1874.)

THE HUMAN LOCOMOTIVE AND ITS TRACK.

Go with me, if you please, to the next station-house, and look off upon that line of railroad. It is straight as an arrow, out run the iron lines, glittering in the sun—out as far as we can see—until, converging almost to a single

thread, they pierce the sky. What were those rails laid for? It is a road, is it? Try your cart or your coach there: the axle-trees are too narrow, and you go bumping along upon the sleepers. Try a wheelbarrow: you cannot keep it on the rail. Now go with me to the locomotive-shop. What is this? We are told it is a locomotive. What is a locomotive? Why, it is a carriage moved by steam. But it is very heavy; the wheels would sink into a common road up to the axle; that locomotive can never run on a common-road, and the man is a fool who built it; strange that men will waste time and money that way! But stop a moment; Why, wouldn't those wheels just fit those rails? We measure them, and then we go to the track and measure its gauge. That solves the difficulty: those rails were intended for the locomotive, and the locomotive for the rails. They are good for nothing apart. The locomotive is not even safe anywhere else. If it should get off after it is once on, it would run into rocks and stumps, and bury itself in sands or swamps beyond recovery.

Young man, you are a locomotive; you are a thing that goes by a power inside of you; you are made to go. In fact, considered as a machine, you are very far superior to a locomotive. The maker of the locomotive is a man; your maker is man's Maker. You are as different from a horse or an ox or a camel, as a locomotive is different from a wheelbarrow or a cart or a coach. Now, do you suppose that the Being who made you—manufactured your machine, and put into it the motive power—did not make a special road for you to run upon? My idea of religion is that it is a railroad for a human locomotive; and that just so sure as it undertakes to run upon a road adapted only to animal power it will bury its wheels in the sand, dash itself among rocks, and come to inevitable wreck.

If you don't believe this, try the other thing.

Here are forty roads. Suppose you choose one of them, and see where you come out. Here is the dram-shop road; try it; follow it, and see how long it will be before you come to a stump and a smash-up. Here is the road to sensual pleasure: you are just as sure to bury your wheels in the dirt as you try it; your machine is too heavy for that track altogether. Here is the winding uncertain path of frivolity: there are morasses on each side of it; and, with the headway you are under, you will be sure, sooner or later, to pitch into one of them. Here is the road of philosophy; but it runs through a country from which the light of heaven is shut out; and while you may be able to keep your machine right side up, it will only be by feeling your way along in a clumsy, comfortless kind of style, and with no certainty of ever arriving at the heavenly station-house. Here is the road of skepticism: that is covered with fog, and a fence runs across it within ten rods. Don't you see that your machine was never intended to run on those roads? Don't you know that it never was; and don't you know that the only track under heaven upon which you can run safely is the religious track? Don't you know that just as long as you keep your wheels on that track, wreck is impossible? Don't you know that is the only track on which wreck is not certain? I know it, if you don't; and I tell you that on that track, which God has laid down expressly for your soul to run upon, your soul will find free play for all its wheels, and an unobstructed and happy progress. It is straight and narrow, but it is safe and solid, and furnishes the only direct route to the Heavenly City. Now, God made your soul, and made religion for it, you are a fool if you refuse to place yourself on the track. You cannot prosper anywhere else, and your machine will not run anywhere else.—*The Titcomb Letters.*

COUNSEL FOR GIRLS.

There is no better relief to study than the regular performance of special duties in the house. To feel that one is really doing something every day, that the house is tidier for one's efforts, and the comfort of the family enhanced, is the sweet warrant of content and cheerfulness. There is something about this habit of daily work—this regular performance of duty—which tends to regulate the passions, to give calmness and vigor to the mind, to impart a healthy tone to the body, and to diminish the desire for life in the street and for resort to gossiping companions.

Were I as rich as Crœsus, my girls should have something to do regularly, just as soon as they should be old enough to do anything. They should, in the first place, make their own bed and, take care of their own room. They should dress each other. They should sweep a portion of the house. They should learn above all things, to help themselves, and thus to be independent of all circumstances. A woman helpless from any other cause than sickness is essentially a nuisance. There is nothing womanly and ladylike in helplessness. My policy would be, as girls grow up, to assign them special duties, first in one part of the house, then in another until they should become acquainted with all housewifely offices. And I should have an object in this beyond the simple acquisition of a knowledge of housewifery. It should be for the acquisition of habits of physical industry; of habits that conduce to the health of body and mind; of habits that give them an insight into the nature of labor, and inspire within them a genuine sympathy with those whose lot it is to labor.

All young mind is uneasy if it be good for anything. There is not the genuine human stuff in a girl who is habitually and by nature placid and inactive. The body and the mind

must both be in motion. If this tendency to activity be left to run loose undirected into channels of usefulness—a spoiled child is the result. A girl growing up into womanhood is, when unemployed, habitually uneasy. The mind aches and chafes, because it wants action for a motive. Now a mind in this condition is not benefited by the command to stay at home, or the withdrawal from companions. It must be set to work. This vital energy that is struggling to find relief in demonstration should be so directed that habits may be formed: habits of industry that obviate the wish for change and unnecessary play, and form a regular drain upon it. Otherwise the mind becomes dissipated, the will irresolute, and confinement irksome. Girls will never be happy except in the company of their playmates, unless home becomes to them a scene of regular duty and personal usefulness.

There is another obvious advantage to be derived from the habit of engaging daily upon special household duties. The imagination of girls is apt to be active to an unhealthy degree when no corrective is employed. False views of life are engendered, and labor is regarded as menial. Ease comes to be looked upon as a supremely desirable thing; so that when the real, inevitable cares of life come, there is no preparation for them, and weak complainings or ill-natured discontent are the result.

And here I am naturally introduced to another subject. Young women, the glory of your life is to do something, and to be something. You very possibly may have formed the idea that ease and personal enjoyment are the ends of your life. This is a terrible mistake. Development, in the broadest sense, and in the highest direction, is the end of your life. You may possibly find ease with it, and a great deal of precious personal enjoyment:

or your life may be one long experience of self denial. If you wish to be something more than the pet and plaything of a man; if you would rise above the position of a pretty toy or the ornamental fixture of an establishment, you have got a work to do. You have got a position to maintain in society; you have got the poor and sick to visit; you may possibly have a family to rear and train; you have got to take a load of care upon your shoulders, and bear it through life. You have got a character to sustain, and I hope that you will have the heart of a husband to cheer and strengthen. Ease is not for you. Selfish enjoyment is not for you. The world is to be made better by you. You have got to suffer and to work; and if there be a spark of the true fire in you, your hearts will respond to these words.—*The Titcomb Letters.*

GRADATION.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust
When the morning calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary and, ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the reach of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angel, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way;
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper waits on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

WANTED.

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the love of office cannot kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty, and in private thinking:—
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps!

HOLLAND (Henry Richard Fox), Baron, an English statesman, born in 1773; died in 1840. He acceded to the title of Baron Holland when about a year old, upon the death of his father, the first Baron. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, where he graduated in 1792. For his training for public life he was mainly indebted to his uncle, Charles James Fox. In 1793, Lord Holland travelled in Spain and Italy. Here, before he had reached his majority, he entered into an adulterous intimacy with Elizabeth Vassall, the daughter and heiress of a wealthy West Indian, and the wife of Sir Godfrey Webster. Sir Godfrey brought suit against Lord Holland, from whom he recovered £6,000 damages, and obtained a divorce from his wife, who was in 1797 married to Lord Holland, who at the same time, by royal license, took her maiden name of Vassall, in place of his own patronymic of Fox. His legitimate children, however, discarded the name of Vassall, resuming their proper patronymic of Fox. In 1798 Lord Holland made his first speech in the House of Lords, and was henceforth, to the close of his life, a frequent participator in its discussions, always on the Whig side. At various times he held important positions under the Government, among which was the strictly nominal one of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, which, however, gave him a vote in the Cabinet Council. This he held from 1830 until his death. After his marriage with the divorced wife of Sir Godfrey Webster, he took up his residence at Holland House, which was for nearly half a century a kind of rendezvous for men who had

acquired note in Art, Literature, or Science, and for politicians of the Whig party. These men, however, never took their wives, sisters, or daughters there. Indeed, no Englishwoman who had any regard for her social position ever entered the portals of Holland House, though nothing even approaching indecorum ever marred the elegant hospitality of the mansion. The only drawback seems to have been the strange manners of Lady Holland, which not unfrequently amounted to absolute rudeness toward her guests, who were, however, quite content to put up with it in consideration of the good cheer and the good company which they were sure to find there.

Lord Holland was a quite voluminous author. Between 1802 and 1805 he made a long visit to Spain, one of the results of which was *Some Account of the Life and Writing of Lope Felix de Vega Carpio* (1806), which, with additions, appeared in 1817, under the title of *Lives of Lope de Vega, and G. de Castro.* In 1807, he put forth *Three Comedies from the Spanish;* and in 1808, an edition, with a long Preface, of Charles James Fox's, *History of the Early Part of the Reign of James II.* Several works written by him, were published after his death by his son. Among these are *Memoirs of the Whig Party* (1854.) Another publication, *The Opinions of Lord Holland, as recorded in the Journals of the House of Lords from* 1797 *to* 1840, appeared not long after his death. This, strictly speaking, is to be regarded as a work of Lord Holland, since the main part of it consists of his own speeches delivered in the House of Lords. But by far the most no-

table of Lord Holland's books is his *Foreign Reminiscences.* This appears to have been written at intervals during the later years of his life, but was not printed until 1850, when it appeared as "edited by his son, Henry Edward, Lord Holland," with a dedication to "Jerome Bonaparte, Marshal of France, the only surviving brother of the Emperor Napoleon." This Henry Edward, third Lord Holland (born in 1802, died in 1859) was from 1839 to 1842 British Minister to Tuscany. He died childless and with him the title became extinct, the estates falling to his sister, who was married to Thomas, Lord Lilford. The *Foreign Reminiscences* of Lord Holland relate mainly to foreigners whom he met between the years 1791 and 1815. He gives numerous anecdotes which he had only from hearsay; but in respect to these and other things he avers: "I can only vouch for the anecdotes I record, by assuring my readers that I believe them: I repeat them as they were received and understood by me, from what appeared to be sufficient authority; and I delineate the characters either as the result of my own impressions, or of the opinions conveyed to me by those who were most capable of drawing them correctly."

LAFAYETTE.

I dined frequently with General Lafayette in 1791. He kept a sort of open table for officers of the National Guard, and other persons zealous and forward in the cause of the Revolution. I was pleased with the unaffected dignity and simplicity of his manners, and flattered by the openness with which he spoke to me of his own views of the situation of the country. He was loud in condemning the brutality of Petion, whose cold and offensive

replies to the questions of the royal prisoners on the journey back from Varennes were very currently reported; and he was in his professions, and I believe in his heart, much more confident of the sincerity of the King than common prudence should have allowed him to be, or than was justified either by the character of Louis himself, or by the truth as disclosed by subsequent events.

Lafayette was, however, then as always, a pure, disinterested man, full of private affection and public virtue, and not devoid of such talents as firmness of purpose, sense of honor, and earnestness of zeal will, on great occasions, supply. He was indeed accessible to flattery, somewhat too credulous, and apt to mistake the forms, or—if I may so phrase it—the pedantry of liberty for the substance. These strictures, however, on his blemishes are less applicable to the period to which I am now referring than to most others of his public life; for with all his love of popularity, he was then knowingly sacrificing it for the purpose of rescuing a Court from contumely and injury; and, though a republican in principle, was active in preserving the name, and perhaps too much of the authority, of a King in the new Constitution. He either tickled my youthful vanity, or gained my affections so much during my residence in Paris, that I caught his feelings, and became for the time enthusiastically persuaded of the King's attachment to the new Constitution.

LOUIS XVI.

Louis XVI. was neither a bad nor a foolish man, and he certainly was not a cruel one. But sincerity is no attribute of princes educated in the expectation of power, and exposed to the dangers of civil disturbance. As Louis did not inherit, so neither did he acquire, that virtue by discipline or reflection. He meant the good of the people whom he deemed himself destined to govern, but he thought to promote that good more certainly by preserving

than by surrendering any part of that authority which his ancestors possessed. Vanity, a weed indigenous in the soil, and much favored by an elevated state on which flattery is continually showered, confirmed that notion in his mind, and disinclined him to any real confidence in his ostensible ministers and advisers. It made him fondly imagine that he could never become the tool of secret machinations, or the instrument of persons in his judgment so greatly inferior in intellect and acquirements as those who surrounded him.

M. de Calonne told me that when he had ascertained that the Queen and her coterie were hostile to the plans he had prepared, he waited on the King, respectfully and delicately lamented the Queen's reported disapprobation of his project, earnestly conjuring his Majesty, if not resolved to go through with the plan, and to silence all opposition or cavil at it in the Court to allow him to suppress it in time; but if, on the other hand, his Majesty was determined to persevere, suggesting the propriety of impressing on the Queen his earnest desire and wishes that nothing should escape her lips which could sanction a doubt of the excellence of the measures themselves, and still less of the determination of the Court to adopt and enforce them. Louis at first scouted the notion of the Queen (*une femme*, as he called her), forming or hazarding any opinion about it. But when M. de Calonne assured him that she spoke of the project in terms of disparagement and censure, the King rang the bell, sent for her Majesty to the apartment, and after sternly and even coarsely rebuking her for meddling with matters, *auxquelles les femmes n'ont vien à faire*, he, to the dismay of M. de Calonne, took her by the shoulders, and fairly turned her out of the room like a naughty child. "*Me voilà perdu*," said M. de Calonne to himself, and he was accordingly dismissed, and his scheme abandoned in the course of a few days.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

As I was not presented at Court. I never saw the Queen but at the play-house. She was then in affliction, and her countenance was, no doubt, disfigured by long suffering and resentment. I should not, however, suppose that the habitual expression of it, even in a happier season, had ever been very agreeable. Her beauty, however extolled, consisted, I suspect, exclusively in a fair skin, a straight person, and a stately air, which her admirers termed dignity, and her enemies pride and disdain. Her total want of judgment and temper no doubt contributed to the disasters of the royal family; but there was no member of it to whom the public was uniformly so harsh and unjust, and her trial and death were among the most revolting parts of the whole catastrophe. She was indeed insensible when brought to the scaffold; but the previous persecution which she underwent was base, unmanly, cruel, and ungenerous to the last degree.

TALLEYRAND.

It was on this visit to Paris in 1791 that I first formed acquaintance with M. Talleyrand. I have seen him in most of the vicissitudes of fortune; from his conversation I have derived much of the little knowledge I possess of the leading characters of France before and during the Revolution. He was then still a bishop. He had, I believe, been originally forced into Holy Orders, on account of his lameness, by his family, who on that account treated him with an indifference and unkindness shameful and shocking. . . . It is generally thought that he negotiated his return to France through Madame de Staël. He was on intimate terms with her, but had abandoned her society for that of Madame Grand before the peace of 1802, when I saw him again in Paris. *"Il faut avoir aimé Madame de Staël pour connoître tout le bonheur d'aimer une bête,"* was a saying of his

much quoted at Paris at that time in explanation of his passion for Madame Grand, who certainly did not win him or any one else by the fascination of her wit or conversation.

It became necessary on the conclusion of the *Concordat*, that he should either revert to the habits and character of a prelate, or receive a dispensation from all the duties and obligation of the Order. He chose the latter; but Bonaparte, who affected at that time to restore great decorum in his Consular Court, somewhat maliciously insisted either on the dismissal of Madame Grand or his public nuptials with that lady. The questionable nature of her divorce from Mr. Grand created some obstacle to such a union. It was curious to see Sir Elijah Impey, the Judge who had granted her husband damages in India for her infidelity, caressed at her little court at Neuilly. His testimony was deemed essential, and he was not indisposed to withhold it, because—notwithstanding his denial of riches in the House of Commons—he was at that very time urging a claim on the French Government to indemnify him for his losses in their funds. Sir Philip Francis, her paramour, then in Paris also, did not fail to draw the attention of Englishmen to the circumstance, though he was not admitted at Neuilly to complete the curious group with his judicial enemy and his quondam mistress.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Persons who have dined with him at taverns and coffee-houses when it was convenient to him not to pay his reckoning, have assured me that, though the youngest and poorest, he always obtained, without exacting it, a sort of deference, or even submission, from the rest of the company. Though never parsimonious, he was at that period of his life extremely attentive to the details of expense, the price of provisions and of other necessary articles, and, in short, to every branch of domestic economy.

The knowledge thus early acquired in such matters was useful to him in a more exalted station. He cultivated and even made a great parade of his information in subsequent periods of his career, and thus sometimes detected and frequently prevented embezzlement in the administration of public accounts.

Nothing could exceed the order and regularity with which his household, both as Consul and Emperor, was conducted. The great things he accomplished, and the savings he made, without even the imputation of avarice or meanness, with the sum comparatively inconsiderable of 15,000,000 of francs a year, are marvelous, and expose his successors—and indeed all European princes—to the reproach of negligence or incapacity. In this branch of his government he owed much to Duroc. It is said that they often visited the markets (*les halles*) of Paris, dressed in plain clothes, and early in the morning. When any great accounts were to be submitted to the Emperor, Duroc would apprise him in secret of some of the minutest details. By an adroit allusion to them, or a careless remark on the points upon which he had received such recent and accurate information, Napoleon contrived to impress his audience that the master's eye was everywhere.

For instance, when the Tuilleries were furnished, the upholsterer's charges, though not very exorbitant, were suspected by the Emperor to be higher than the usual profit of that trade would have warranted. He suddenly asked some Minister who was with him how much the egg at the end of the bell-rope should cost. "*J'ignore,*" was the answer. "*Eh bien! nous verrons,*" said he; and then cut off the ivory handle, called for a valet, and bidding him dress himself in plain and ordinary clothes, and neither divulge his immediate commission or general employment to any living soul, directed him to inquire the price of such

articles at several shops in Paris, and to order a dozen as for himself. They were one-third less dear than those furnished to the palace. The Emperor, inferring that the same advantage had been taken in the other articles, struck a third off the whole charge, and directed the tradesman to be informed that this was done at his express command, because he had himself, *on inspection*, discovered the charges to be by one-third too exorbitant.

When afterwards, in the height of his glory, he visited Caen with the Empress Maria Louisa and a train of crowned heads and princes, his old friend M. Mechin, the Prefect, aware of his taste for detail, waited upon him with five statistical details of the expenditure, revenue, prices, produces, and commerce of the Department. "*C'est bon,*" said he, when he received them on the evening of his arrival; "*vous et moi nous ferons bien de l'esprit sur tout cela demain au Conseil.*" Accordingly he astonished all the leading proprietors of the Department, at the meeting next day, by his minute knowledge of the prices of good and bad cider, and of the produce and other circumstances of the various districts of the Department. Other princes have shown an equal fondness for minute details with Napoleon; but here is the difference. The use they made of their knowledge was to torment their inferiors and weary their company: the purpose to which Napoleon applied it was to confine the objects and interests of the community. . . . .

His powers of application and memory seemed almost preternatural. There was scarcely a man in France—and none in employment—with whose private history, character, and qualifications, he was not acquainted. He had, when Emperor, notes and tables, which he called "The Moral Statistics of the Empire." He revised and corrected them by ministerial reports, private conversa-

tion, and correspondence. He received all letters himself, and—what seems incredible—he read and recollected all that he received. He slept little, and was never idle one instant when awake. When he had an hour for diversion, he not unfrequently employed it in looking over a book of logarithms, which he acknowledged, with some surprise, was at all seasons of his life a recreation to him. So retentive was his memory of numbers, that sums over which he had once glanced his eye were in his mind ever after. He recollected the respective produce of all taxes through every year of his administration, and could at any time repeat them even to centimes.

Thus his detection of errors in accounts appeared marvelous, and he often indulged in the pardonable artifice of displaying these faculties in a way to create a persuasion that his vigilance was almost supernatural. In running over an account of expenditure, he perceived the ration of a battalion charged on a certain day at Besançon. "*Mais le bataillon n' etait pas la*," said he; "*il y a erreur.*" The Minister, recollecting that the Emperor had been at the time out of France, and confiding in the regularity of his subordinate agents, persisted that the battalion must have been at Besançon. Napoleon insisted on further inquiry. It turned out to be a fraud and not a mistake. The speculating accountant was dismissed; and the scrutinizing spirit of the Emperor circulated with the anecdote through every branch of the public service, in a way to deter every clerk from committing the slightest error, from fear of immediate detection.

His knowledge in other matters was often as accurate, and nearly as surprising. Not only were the Swiss deputies in 1801 astonished at his familiar acquaintance with the history, laws, and usages of their country, which seemed the result of a life of research,

but even the envoys of the insignificant Republic of San Marino, who waited upon him at Bologna, were astonished at finding that he knew the families and feuds of that small community, and discoursed on the respective views, conditions, and interests of parties and individuals, as if he had been educated in the petty squabbles and local politics of that diminutive society. I remember that a simple native of that place told me, in 1814, that the phenomenon was accounted for by the Saint of the town appearing over-night, in order to assist his deliberations.

Some anecdotes related to me by the distinguished officer who conveyed him in the *Undaunted* to Elba in 1814, prove the extent, variety, and accuracy of the knowledge of Napoleon. On his first arrival on the coast, in company with Sir Neil Campbell, an Austrian and a Russian commissioner, Captain Usher waited upon him, and was invited to dinner. He conversed much on naval affairs, and explained the plan he had once conceived of forming a vast fleet of 150 ships-of-the-line. Usher said that with the immense means he then commanded, he saw no impossibility in building and manning any number of ships, but his difficulty would have consisted in forming thorough seamen, as distinguished from what we call smooth-water sailors. Napoleon replied that he had provided for that also; he had organized exercises for them afloat, not only in harbors but in smaller vessels near the coast, by which they might have been trained to go through, even in rough weather, the arduous manœuvres of seamanship; and he mentioned among them the keeping of a ship clear of her anchors in a heavy sea. The Austrian, who suspected Napoleon of talking in general upon subjects he imperfectly understood, acknowledged his own ignorance, and asked him the meaning of the term, the nature of the difficulty, and the method of sur-

mounting it. On this the Emperor took up two forks, and explained the problem in seamanship, which is not an easy one, in so short, scientific and practical a way that Captain Usher assured me he knew none but professional men—and very few of them—who could off-hand have given so perspicuous, seamanlike, and satisfactory a solution of the question.

On the same voyage, when the propriety of putting into a certain harbor of Corsica was under discussion, and the want of a pilot urged as an objection, Napoleon described the depth of water, shoals, currents, bearings, and anchorage, with a minuteness which seemed as if he had himself acted in that capacity, and which, on reference to the charts, was found scrupulously accurate. When his cavalry and baggage arrived at Porto Ferrajo, the commander of the transports said that he had been on the point of putting into a certain creek near Genoa; upon hearing which Napoleon exclaimed, "It is well you did not; it is the worst place in the Mediterranean; you would not have got to sea again for a month or six weeks." He then proceeded to allege reasons for the difficulty, which were quite sufficient, if the peculiarities of the little bay were such as he described. But Captain Usher, having never heard of them during his service in the Mediterranean, suspected that the Emperor was mistaken, or had confounded some report he had heard from mariners in his youth. When, however, he mentioned the circumstance, many years afterwards, to Captain Dundas, that officer confirmed the report of Napoleon in all its particulars, and expressed astonishment at its correctness. "For," said he, "I thought it a discovery of my own, having ascertained all you have just told me about that creek by observation and experience." . . . .

Napoleon, when Consul and Emperor, seldom

wrote, but dictated much. It was difficult to follow him, and he often objected to any revision of what he had dictated. When a word had escaped his amanuensis, and he was asked what it was, he would answer somewhat pettishly, "*Je ne répéterai pas le mot. Réfléchisse, rappelez vous du mot que j'ai dicté, et écrivez-le, car pour moi je ne le répéterai pas.*" In matters of importance he would look over and correct what had been written from his dictation, and would afterwards repeat word for word the sentences he had composed and revised. His style was clear. "*Soyez clair, tout le reste viendra,*" was a maxim of his. In matters of business he very justly ridiculed and defied that absurd canon of French criticism which forbids the recurrence of a word twice in the same sentence, or even page. He had several volumes of his correspondence copied out and bound in folio. There is some mystery attending the fate of these books. From them, however, the *Lettres inédites* were published.

HOLMES, Oliver Wendell, an American author, born at Cambridge, Mass., in 1809. He was educated at Phillips Academy, Andover, and at Harvard University, where he graduated in 1829. He then began the study of law, which he abandoned at the end of a year for medicine. After several years of study in Boston and in Paris, he received his degree of M.D. in 1836. In this year he published his first volume of *Poems*. While a student he had contributed to the *Collegian*, published at Harvard. About 1838 it was proposed by the Government to break up the old battle-ship *Constitution* no longer sea-worthy. The indignation of Holmes found vent in his poem "Old Ironsides," the popular name of the vessel. This lyric, appealing to the patriotism of the whole country, gave its author a reputation, sustained by other poems in his first volume. In 1836 and 1837 he gained three out of the four medals for the "Boylston Prize Dissertations." These essays were published together in 1838, in which year Dr. Holmes was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College. At the end of two years, he resigned this position, and began medical practice in Boston. In 1847 he became Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Harvard Medical School, where he remained until 1882. He was one of the earliest contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly*, for which he wrote *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, published in book form in 1859, *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table* (1860), and *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table* (1872.) His poems, besides those already mentioned, were

some years since collected under the title, *The Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes.* An additional volume *Before the Curfew and other Poems*, was published in 1888. Two novels *Elsie Venner*, a *Romance of Destiny* (1861), and *The Guardian Angel* (1868), illustrating his theory of heredity as a factor in human destiny, give many faithful and some exaggerated sketches of New England types of character. A later novel, *A Mortal Antipathy* (1885), is a psychological study, in which is told the story of a young man's cure of an antipathy against all womankind, born of an accident in infancy

Dr. Holmes's other literary works are *Soundings from the Atlantic*, a collection of essays (1864), *Mechanism in Thought and Morals* (1871), *Memoirs of John Lothrop Motley* (1879), *Pages from an Old Volume of Life* (1883), *Ralph Waldo Emerson* (1884,) *One Hundred Days in Europe* (1887.) Among his medical works are *Delusions* (1842), *Currents and Counter Currents in Medical Science* (1861), and *Border Lines in some Provinces of Medical Science* (1862.)

OLD IRONSIDES.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
  Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
  That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rang the battle-shout,
  And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
  Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
  Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
  And waves were white below,

No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms—
The lightning and the gale!

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!

From thy dead lips a clearer note is borne
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave the low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

THE VOICELESS.

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is proud to win them;
Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them.
Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,
Whose song has told their heart's sad story:
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening night-dews weep
On nameless sorrow's church-yard pillow.
O hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lip and fading tresses
Till Death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow-dropped from misery's crushing presses!
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven.

BILL AND JOE.

Come, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by,
The shining days when life was new.

And all was bright with morning dew,
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill, and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
To-day, old friend, remember still,
That I am Joe, and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With H. O. N. and LL. D.
In big brave letters, fair to see ;—
Your fist, old fellow! off they go!—
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe,
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again;
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say
"See those old buffers, bent and gray—
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means"—
And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe!—

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes—
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up to Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years and who can show
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,

Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go—
How vain it seems, this empty show!
Till all at once his pulses thrill;—
'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill."

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears;
In some sweet lull of harp and song
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below
When this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.

THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

O for one hour of youthful joy!
  Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy,
  Than reign, a gray-beard king.

Off with the spoils of wrinkled age!
  Away with learning's crown!
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
  And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream
  From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy ruling dream
  Of life all love and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer,
  And, calmly smiling, said,
"If I but touch thy silvered hair
  Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track,
  To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
  To find the wished-for day?"

"Ah, truest soul of womankind!

Without thee what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind:
I'll take—my—precious—wife!"

The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew,
The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too!

"And is there nothing yet unsaid,
Before the change appears?
Remember all their gifts have fled
With the dissolving years."

"Why yes;" for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
"I could not bear to leave them all—
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys."

The smiling angel dropped his pen,—
"Why this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!"

And so I laughed—my laughter woke
The household with its noise—
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

NEARING THE SNOW-LINE.

Slow toiling upward from the misty vale,
I leave the bright enamelled zones below;
No more for me their beauteous bloom shall glow,
Their lingering sweetness load the morning gale;
Few are the slender flowerets, scentless, pale,
That on their ice-clad streams all trembling blow
Along the margin of unmelting snow;
Yet with unsaddened voice thy verge I hail,
White realm of peace above the flowering line;
Welcome thy frozen domes, thy rocky spires!
O'er thee undimmed the moon-girt planets shine,
On thy majestic altars fade the fires

That filled the air with smoke of vain desires,
And all the unclouded blue of heaven is thine!

THE TWO STREAMS.

Behold the rocky wall
That down its sloping sides
Pours the swift rain-drops, blending, as they fall,
In rushing river-tides!

Yon stream, whose sources run
Turned by a pebble's edge,
Is Athabasca, rolling toward the sun
Through the cleft mountain-ledge.

The slender rill had strayed,
But for the slanting stone,
To evening's ocean, with the tangled braid
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So from the heights of Will
Life's parting stream descends,
And, as a moment turns its slender rill,
Each widening torrent bends—

From the same cradle's side,
From the same mother's knee—
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the Peaceful Sea!

THE ANGEL-THIEF.

Time is a thief who leaves his tools behind him;
He comes by night, he vanishes at dawn;
We track his footsteps but we never find him:
Strong locks are broken, massive bolts are drawn,

And all around are left the bars and borers,
The splitting wedges and the prying keys,
Such aids as serve the soft-shod vault explorers
To crack, wrench open, rifle as they please.

Ah, these are tools which Heaven in mercy lends us!
When gathering rust has clenched our shackles fast,

Time is the angel-thief that Nature sends us
To break the cramping fetters of our past.

Mourn as we may for treasures he has taken,
Poor as we feel of hoarded wealth bereft,
More precious are those implements forsaken,
Found in the wreck his ruthless hands have left.

Some lever that a casket's hinge has broken
Pries off a bolt, and lo! our souls are free;
Each year some Open Sesamé is spoken,
And every decade drops its master-key.

So as from year to year we count our treasures,
Our loss seems less, and larger look our gains;
Time's wrongs repaid in more than even measure,—
We lose our jewels, but we break our chains.

Before the Curfew.

THREE TIMES TWO.

Remember that talking is one of the fine arts,—the noblest, the most important, and the most difficult,—and that its fluent harmonies may be spoiled by the intrusion of a single false note. Therefore conversation which is suggestive rather than argumentative, which lets out the most of each talker's results of thought, is commonly the pleasantest and the most profitable. It is not easy, at the best, for two persons talking together to make the most of each other's thoughts, there are so many of them.

[The company looked as if they wanted an explanation.]

When John and Thomas, for instance, are talking together, it is natural enough that among the six there should be more or less confusion and misapprehension.

[Our landlady turned pale;—no doubt she thought there was a screw loose in my intellects—and that involved the probable loss of a

boarder. A severe-looking person, who wears a Spanish cloak and a sad cheek, fluted by the passions of the melodrama, whom I understand to be the professional ruffian of the neighboring theatre, alluded, with a certain lifting of the brow, drawing down of the corners of the mouth, and somewhat rasping *voce di petto*, to Falstaff's nine men in buckram. Everybody looked up. I believe the old gentleman opposite was afraid I should seize the carving-knife; at any rate, he slid it to one side, as it were carelessly.]

I think, I said, I can make it plain to Benjamin Franklin here, that there are at least six personalities distinctly to be recognized as taking part in that dialogue between John and Thomas.

Three Johns.
1. The real John; known only to his Maker.
2. John's ideal John; never the real one, and often very unlike him.
3. Thomas's ideal John; never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either.

Three Thomases.
1. The real Thomas.
2. Thomas's ideal Thomas.
3. John's ideal Thomas.

Only one of the three Johns is taxed; only one can be weighed on a platform-balance; but the other two are just as important in the conversation. Let us suppose the real John to be old, dull, and ill-looking. But as the Higher Powers have not conferred on men the gift of seeing themselves in the true light, John very possibly conceives himself to be youthful, witty, and fascinating, and talks from that point of view of this ideal. Thomas, again, believes him to be an artful rogue, we will say; therefore he *is*, so far as Thomas's attitude in the conversation is concerned, an

artful rogue, though really simple and stupid. The same conditions apply to the three Thomases. It follows, that, until a man can be found who knows himself as his Maker knows him, or who sees himself as others see him, there must be at least six persons engaged in every dialogue between two. Of these, the least important, philosophically speaking, is the one that we have called the real person. No wonder two disputants often get angry, when there are six of them talking and listening all at the same time.

A very unphilosophical application of the above remarks was made by a young fellow, answering to the name of John, who sits near me at table. A certain basket of peaches, a rare vegetable, little known to boarding-houses, was on its way to me *viâ* this unlettered Johannes. He appropriated the three that remained in the basket, remarking that there was just one apiece for him. I convinced him that his practical inference was hasty and illogical, but in the meantime he had eaten the peaches.—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.*

THE AGE OF GRIEF.

The rapidity with which ideas grow old in our memories is in a direct ratio to the squares of their importance. Their apparent age runs up miraculously, like the value of diamonds, as they increase in magnitude. A great calamity, for instance, is as old as the trilobites an hour after it has happened. It stains backward through all the leaves we have turned over in the book of life, before its blot of tears or of blood is dry on the page we are turning. For this we seem to have lived; it was foreshadowed in dreams that we leaped out of in the cold sweat of terror; in the "dissolving views" of dark day-visions; all omens pointed to it; all paths led to it. After the tossing half-forgetfulness of the first sleep that follows such an event, it comes upon us afresh, as a

surprise, at waking; in a few moments it is old again—old as eternity.—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.*

NATURE LEAKING IN.

I don't know anything sweeter than this leaking in of Nature through all the cracks in the walls and floors of cities. You heap up a million tons of hewn rocks on a square mile or two of earth which was green once. The trees look down from the hill-sides and ask each other, as they stand on tiptoe—"What are these people about?" And the small herbs at their feet look up and whisper back—"We will gô and see." So the small herbs pack themselves up in the least possible bundles, and wait until the wind steals to them at night and whispers—"Come with me." Then they go softly with it into the great city—one to a cleft in the pavement, one to a spout on the roof, one to a seam in the marbles over a rich gentleman's bones, and one to the grave without a stone where nothing but a man is buried—and there they grow, looking down on the generations of men from mouldy roofs, looking up from between the less-trodden pavements, looking out through iron cemetery-railings. Listen to them, when there is only a light breath stirring, and you will hear them saying to each other—"Wait awhile!" The words run along the telegraph of those narrow green lines that border the roads leading from the city, until they reach the slope of the hills, and the trees repeat in low murmurs to each other—"Wait awhile!" By-and-by the flow of life in the streets ebbs, and the old leafy inhabitants—the smaller tribes always in front—saunter in, one by one, very careless seemingly, but very tenacious, until they swarm so that the great stones gape from each other with the crowding of their roots, and the feldspar begins to be picked out of the granite to find them food. At last the trees take up their solemn line of

march, and never rest until they have encamped in the market-place. Wait long enough and you will find an old doting oak hugging a huge worn block in its yellow underground arms; that was the corner-stone of the State-House. Oh, so patient she is, this imperturbable Nature!—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*

GENIUS AND CHARACTER.

Genius has an infinitely deeper reverence for character than character can have for genius. To be sure, genius gets the world's praise, because its work is a tangible product, to be bought, or had for nothing. It bribes the common voice to praise it by presents of speeches, poems, statues, pictures, or whatever it can please with. Character evolves its best products for home consumption; but, mind you, it takes a deal more to feed a family for thirty years that to make a holiday feast for our neighbors once or twice in our lives. You talk of the fire of genius. Many a blessed woman, who dies unsung and unremembered, has given out more of the real vital heat that keeps the life in human souls, without a spark flitting through her humble chimney to tell the world about it, than would set a dozen theories smoking, or a hundred odes simmering, in the brains of so many men of genius. It is in *latent caloric*, if I may borrow a philosophical expression, that many of the noblest hearts give out the life that warms them. Cornelia's lips grow white, and her pulse hardly warms her thin fingers,—but she has melted all the ice out of the hearts of those young Gracchi; and her lost heat is in the blood of her youthful heroes. We are always valuing the soul's temperature by the thermometer of public deed or word. Yet the great sun himself, when he pours his noonday beams upon some vast hyaline boulder, rent from the eternal ice-quarries, and floating toward the tropics, never

warms it a fraction above the thirty-two degrees of Fahrenheit that marked the moment when the first drop trickled down its side.

How we all like the spirting up of a fountain, seemingly against the law that makes water everywhere slide, roll, leap, tumble headlong, to get as low as the earth will let it! That is genius. But what is this transient upward movement, which gives us the glitter and the rainbow, to that unsleeping, all-present force of gravity, the same yesterday to-day, and forever (if the universe be eternal)—the great outspread hand of God himself, forcing all things down into their places, and keeping them there? Such, in smaller proportion, is the force of character to the fitful movements of genius, as they are or have been linked to each other in many a household, where one name was historic, and the other—let me say the nobler—unknown, save by some faint reflected ray, borrowed from its lustrous companion.

Oftentimes, as I have lain swinging on the water, in the swell of the Chelsea ferryboats, in that long, sharp-pointed, black cradle in which I love to let the great mother rock me, I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide, as if drawn by some invisible tow-line, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails hung unfilled, her streamers were drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel; still she moved on, stately, in serene triumph, as if with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great hulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toiling steam-tug, with heart of fire and arms of iron, that was hugging it close and dragging it bravely on; and I knew, that, if the little steam-tug untwined her arms and left the tall ship, it would wallow and roll about, and drift hither and thither, and go off with the refluent tide, no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one *genius*,

high-decked, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay-pennoned, that, but for the bare toiling arms, and brave, warm, beating heart of the faithful little wife, that nestled close in his shadow, and clung to him, so that no wind or wave could part them, and dragged him on against all the tide of circumstance, would soon have gone down on the stream, and been heard of no more. No, I am too much a lover of genius, I sometimes think. And yet, when a strong brain is weighed with a true heart, it seems to me like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold.—*The Professor at the Breakfast-Table.*

NATURE'S PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

No human being can rest for any time in a state of equilibrium, where the desire to live and that to depart just balance each other. If one has a house, which he has lived and always means to live in, he pleases himself with the thought of all the conveniences it offers him, and thinks little of its wants and imperfections. But once having made up his mind to move to a better, every incommodity starts out upon him, until the very ground-plan of it seems to have changed in his mind, and his thoughts and affections, each one of them packing up its little bundle of circumstances, have quitted their several chambers, and nooks and migrated to the new home, long before its apartments are ready to receive their bodily tenant. It is so with the body. Most persons have died before they expire—died to all earthly longings, so that the last breath is only, as it were, the locking of the door of the already deserted mansion. The fact of the tranquillity with which the great majority of dying persons await this locking of those gates of life through which its airy angels have been going and coming, from the moment of the first cry, is familiar to those who have been often called upon to witness the last period of life. Almost always there is a preparation

made by Nature for unearthing a soul, just as on a smaller scale there is for the removal of a milk-tooth. The roots which hold human life to earth are absorbed before it is lifted from its place. Some of the dying are weary and want rest, the idea of which is almost inseparable in the universal mind from death. Some are in pain, and want to be rid of it, even though the anodyne be dropped, as in the legend, from the sword of the Death-Angel. Some are stupid, mercifully narcotized that they may go to sleep without long tossing about. And some are strong in faith and hope, so, that, as they draw near the next world, they would fain hurry toward it, as the caravan moves faster over the sands when the foremost travellers send word along the file that water is in sight. Though each little party that follows in a foot-track of its own will have it that the water to which others think they are hastening is a mirage, not the less has it been true in all ages and for human beings of every creed which recognized a future, that those who have fallen worn out by their march through the Desert have dreamed at least of a River of Life, and thought they heard its murmurs as they lay dying.—*The Professor at the Breakfast-Table.*

BYLES GRIDLEY'S BOOK.

Though he had mourned for no lost love, at least so far as was known, though he had never suffered the pang of parting with a child, though he seemed isolated from those joys and griefs which come with the ties of family, he too had his private urn filled with the ashes of extinguished hopes. He was the father of a dead book.

Why "Thoughts on the Universe, by Byles Gridley, A.M.," had not met with an eager welcome and a permanent demand from the discriminating public, it would take us too long to inquire in detail. Indeed, he himself was never able to account satisfactorily for the

state of things which his bookseller's account made evident to him. He had read and re-read his work; and the more familiar he became with it, the less was he able to understand the singular want of popular appreciation of what he could not help recognizing as its excellences. He had a special copy of his work, printed on large paper and sumptuously bound. He loved to read in this, as people read over the letters of friends who have long been dead; and it might have awakened a feeling of something far removed from the ludicrous, if his comments on his own production could have been heard. "That's a thought, now, for you!—See Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay's Essay *printed six years after this book.*" "A felicitous image! —and so everybody would have said if only Mr. Thomas Carlyle had hit upon it." "If this is not genuine pathos, where will you find it, I should like to know? And nobody to open the book where it stands written but one poor old man—in this generation at least—in this generation." It may be doubted whether he would ever have loved his book with such jealous fondness if it had gone through a dozen editions, and everybody was quoting it to his face. But now it lived only for him; and to him it was wife and child, parent, friend, all in one, as Hector was all in all to his spouse. He never tired of it, and in his more sanguine moods he looked forward to the time when the world would acknowledge its merits, and his genius would find: full recognition. Perhaps he was right. More than one book which seemed dead and was dead for contemporary readers has had a resurrection when the rivals who triumphed over it lived only in the tombstone memory of antiquaries.—*The Guardian Angel.*

HOLST, HERMANN EDUARD VON, a German author, born at Fallen, Livonia, Russia, in 1841. He was educated in the Universities of Dorpat and Heidelberg. In 1866 he settled in St. Petersburg, but on account of a pamphlet on an attempt to assassinate the Emperor, published while he was travelling abroad, was forbidden to return to Russia. In 1869 he went to America, where he remained until he was appointed Professor of History in Strasburg University, in 1872. Two years later he was given the chair of Modern History at Freiburg. He afterwards revisited the United States, and delivered a course of lectures at the Johns Hopkins University. He is the author of *Verfassung und Demokratie der vereinigten Staaten von Amerika* (1873–78), translated under the title of *The Constitutional and Political History of the United States*, 1750–1833, a *Life of John C. Calhoun* (1882), and *The Constitutional Law of the United States of America* (1887.) While in America he was one of the editors of the *Deutsch-Amerikanisches-Conversations-Lexikon.*

ORIGIN OF THE UNION.

Turgot and Choiseul had very early recognized that the separation of the colonies from the mother country was only a question of time; and this irrespective of the principles which might guide the colonial policy of England. The narrow and ungenerous conduct which Parliament observed towards the colonies in every respect, brought about the decisive crisis long before the natural course of things and the diversity of interests growing out of this had made the breach an inevitable necessity.

To this circumstance it is to be ascribed that the colonists were satisfied that an amicable

solution would be found to the questions debated between them and the mother country, long after England had given the most unambiguous proof that she would not, on any consideration, yield the principle in issue. A few zealots like John Adams harbored, during the English-French colonial war, a transitory wish that the guardianship of England should cease forever. But shortly after the conclusion of peace, there was not one to be found who would not have "rejoiced in the name of Great Britain."

It was long before the ill-will, which the systematic disregard by Parliament of the rights of the colonists had excited, triumphed over this feeling. Even in August and September, 1775, that is, half a year after the battle of Lexington, so strong was the Anglo-Saxon spirit of conservatism and loyalty among the colonists, that the few extremists who dared to speak of a violent disruption of all bonds entailed chastisement upon themselves, and were universally censured. But the eyes of the colonists had been for some time so far opened that they hoped to make an impression on Parliament and the King only by the most energetic measures. They considered the situation serious enough to warrant and demand that they should be prepared for any contingency. Both of these things could evidently be accomplished in the right way, and with the requisite energy, only on condition that they should act with their united strength.

The difficulties in the way of this, however, were not insignificant. The thirteen colonies had been founded in very different times and under very different circumstances. Their whole course of development, their political institutions, their religious views and social relations, were so divergent, the one from the other, that it was easy to find more points of difference between them than of similarity and comparison. Besides, commercial intercourse between the distant colonies, in consequence of

the great extent of their territory, the scantiness of the population, and the poor means of transportation at the time, was so slight that the similarity of thought and feeling which can be the result only of a constant and thriving trade was wanting.

The solidarity of interests, and what was of greater importance at the time, the clear perception that a solidarity of interests existed, was therefore based mainly on the geographical situation of the colonies. Separated by the ocean, not only from the mother country, but from the rest of the civilized world, and placed upon a continent of yet unmeasured bounds, on which nature had lavished every gift, it was impossible that the thought should not come to them, that they were, indeed, called upon to found a "new world." They were not at first wholly conscious of this, but a powerful external shock made it soon apparent how widely and deeply this thought had shot its roots. They could not fail to have confidence in their own strength. Circumstances had long been teaching them to act on the principle, "Help thyself." Besides, experience had shown them, long years before, that—even leaving the repeated attacks on their rights out of the question—the leading-strings by which the mother country sought to guide their steps obstructed rather than helped their development, and this in matters which affected all the colonies alike.

Hence, from the very beginning, they considered the struggle their common cause. And even if the usurpations of Parliament made themselves felt in some parts of the country much more severely than in others, the principle involved interested all to an equal extent.

Massachusetts recommended, in 1774, the coming together of a General Congress, and on September 4, of the same year, "the delegates, nominated by the good people of these colonies," met in Philadelphia.

Thus, long before the colonies thought of separation from the mother country, there was formed a revolutionary body, which virtually exercised sovereign power. How far the authority of this first Congress extended, according to the instructions of the delegates, it is impossible to determine with certainty at this distance of time. But it is probable that the original intention was that it should consult as to the ways and means best calculated to remove the grievances and to guarantee the rights and liberties of the colonies, and should propose to the latter a series of resolutions, furthering these objects. But the force of circumstances at the time compelled it to act and order immediately, and the people, by a consistent following of its orders, approved this transcending of their written instructions. The Congress was therefore not only a revolutionary body from its origin, but its acts assumed a thoroughly revolutionary character. The people, also, by recognizing its authority, placed themselves on a revolutionary footing, and did so not as belonging to the several colonies, but as a moral person; for to the extent that Congress assumed power to itself, and made bold to adopt measures national in their nature, to that extent the colonists declared themselves prepared henceforth to constitute one people, inasmuch as the measures taken by Congress could be translated from words into deeds only with the consent of the people.

This state of affairs essentially continued up to March 1, 1781. Until that time, that is, until the adoption of the articles of confederation by all the States, Congress, continued a revolutionary body, which was recognized by all the colonies as *de jure* and *de facto* the national government, and which as such came in contact with foreign powers and entered into engagements, the binding force of which on the whole people has never been called in question. The individual colonies, on the other hand, consider-

ed themselves, up to the time of the Declaration of Independence, as legally dependent upon England and did not take a single step which could have placed them before the mother country or the world in the light of *de facto* sovereign States. They remained colonies until the representatives of the United States "in the name of the good people of these colonies" solemnly declared "these united colonies" to be "free and independent States." The transformation of the colonies into "States" was, therefore, not the result of the independent action of the individual colonies. It was accomplished through the "representatives of the United States; that is, through the revolutionary Congress, in the name of the whole people. The thirteen colonies did not, as thirteen separate and mutually independent commonwealths, enter into a compact to sever the bonds which connected them with their common mother country, and at the same time to proclaim the act in a common manifesto to the world; but the "one people" of the united colonies dissolved that political connection with the English nation, and proclaimed themselves resolved, henceforth, to constitute the one perfectly independent people of the United States. The Declaration of Independence did not create thirteen sovereign States, but the representatives of the people declared that the former English colonies, under the name which they had assumed of the United States of America, became from the fourth day of July, 1776, a sovereign state and a member of the family of nations recognized by the law of nations; and, further, that the people would support their representatives with their blood and treasure, in their endeavor to make this declaration a universally recognized fact.—*Transl. of* JOHN J. LALOR *and* ALFRED B. MASON.

HOLTY, Ludwig Heinrich Christoph, a German poet, born in 1748; died in 1776. His father, a pastor in Mariensee, taught him Hebrew, Latin, and French. He studied theology at Göttingen, and gave his leisure to the English and Italian poets. In 1772 he joined Bürger, Müller, Voss, and others in founding the "Hainbund," a poetical brotherhood. For two years he supported himself by teaching and translating. His failing health received a shock, it is said, from a disappointment in love. He died of consumption in his twenty-eighth year. His poems were collected and published after his death.

WINTER SONG.

Summer; joys are o'er!
Flowerts bloom no more;
Wintry winds are sweeping:
Through the snow-drifts peeping,
Cheerful evergreen
Rarely now is seen.

Now no plumed throng
Charms the woods with song;
Ice-bound trees are glittering;
Merry snow-birds, twittering,
Fondly strive to cheer
Scenes so cold and drear.

Winter, still I see
Merry charms in thee;
Love thy chilly greeting;
Snow-storms fiercely beating,
And the dear delights
Of the long, long nights.—

Transl. of C. T. Brooks.

SPRING SONG.

The snow melts fast,
May comes at last,

Now shoots each spray
Forth blossoms gay,
The warbling bird
Around is heard.

Come, twine a wreath,
And on the heath
The dance prepare,
Ye maidens fair!
Come, twine a wreath,
Dance on the heath!

Who can foretell
The tolling bell,
When we with May
No more shall play?
Canst thou foretell
The coming knell?

Rejoice, rejoice!
To speak his voice
Who gave us birth
For joy on earth.
God gives us time,
Enjoy its prime.

Transl. of A. BASKERVILLE.

HARVEST SONG.

Sickles sound;
On the ground
Fast the ripe ears fall,
Every maiden's bonnet
Has blue blossoms on it;
Joy is over all.

Sickles ring,
Maidens sing
To the sickle's sound;
Till the moon is beaming,
And the stubble gleaming,
Harvest songs go round.

All are springing,
All are singing,
Every lisping thing.
Man and master meet;

From one dish they eat;
 Each is now a king.

  Hans and Michael
  Whet the sickle,
 Piping merrily,
Now they mow; each maiden
Soon with sheaves is laden,
 Busy as a bee.

  Now the blisses,
  And the kisses!
 Now the wit doth flow
Till the beer is out;
 On, with song and shout,
 Home they go, yo ho!

Transl. of C. T. Brooks

HOME, JOHN, a Scottish dramatic poet, born in 1722; died in 1808. He was educated at the grammar-school of Leith, his native town, and at the University of Edinburgh, where he graduated in 1742. In 1745 he was licensed by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, served in the army against the Pretender, was taken prisoner at Falkirk, and was confined in the castle of Doune, whence he soon escaped. The next year he succeeded Blair, the author of *The Grave*, in the parish of Athelstaneford. His ministerial duties did not interfere with his devotion to dramatic poetry. Having completed the Tragedy of *Agis*, in 1749, he offered it to Garrick, who declined it. Six years later he went again to London with the tragedy of *Douglas*, which Garrick also declined, as totally unsuitable for the stage. It met with an enthusiastic reception in Edinburgh, where it was performed in 1756; but its production by a minister so scandalized the Presbytery, that Home resigned his living, to protect himself from dismissal. In 1758 Lord Bute made him his private secretary, and three years later obtained for him a pension of £300. The *Siege of Aquileia*, produced by Home in 1760, was put upon the stage, with Garrick as the principal character. Three other tragedies, the *Fatal Discovery* (1769), *Alonzo* (1773), and *Alfred* (1778), were represented, but the last was coolly received. In 1763 he had been appointed to the sinecure office of Conservator of Scots Privileges at Campvere, New Zealand. After the failure of *Alfred*, Home wrote no more for the stage. In 1802 he published a *History of the Rebellion of* 1745. He wrote some

smaller poems, among them *The Fate of Cæsar*, *Verses upon Inverary*, and several *Epigrams*.

OLD NORVAL AND YOUNG NORVAL.

[PRISONER—LADY RANDOLPH—ANNA, *her maid*.]

Lady Randolph.—Account for these; thine own they cannot be.
For these, I say: be steadfast to the truth;
Detected falsehood is most certain death.
[*Anna removes the servants and returns.*]

Prisoner.—Alas! I am sore beset; let never man,
For sake of lucre, sin against his soul!
Eternal justice is in this most just!
I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.

Lady R.—O Anna, hear!—Once more I charge thee speak
The truth direct; for these to me foretell
And certify a part of thy narration;
With which, if the remainder tallies not,
An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.

Pris.—Then, thus adjured, I'll speak to you as just
As if you were the minister of heaven,
Sent down to search the secret sins of men.
Some eighteen years ago, I rented land
Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarmo's lord;
But falling to decay, his servants seized
All that I had, and then turned me and mine—
Four helpless infants and their weeping mother—
Out to the mercy of the winter winds.
A little hovel by the river's side
Received us: there hard labor, and the skill
In fishing, which was formerly my sport,
Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly lived,
One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof;
Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the water shrieked.
At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran

To where the circling eddy of a pool,
Beneath the ford, used oft to bring within
My reach whatever floating thing the stream
Had caught. The voice was ceased; the person lost:
But looking sad and earnest on the waters,
By the moon's light I saw, whirled round and round,
A basket; soon I drew it to the bank,
And nestled curious there an infant lay.

Lady R.—Was he alive?

Pris.—He was.

Lady R.—Inhuman that thou art!
How couldst thou kill what waves and tempests spared?

Pris.—I was not so inhuman.

Lady R.—Didst thou not?

Anna.—My noble mistress, you are moved too much:
This man has not the aspect of stern murder;
Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear
Good tidings of your kinsman's long lost child.

Pris.—The needy man who has known better days,
One whom distress has spited at the world,
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon
To do such deeds as make the prosperous men
Lift up their hands, and wonder who could do them?
And such a man was I; a man declined,
Who saw no end of black adversity;
Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not
Have touched that infant with a hand of harm.

Lady R.—Ha! dost thou say so? Then perhaps he lives?

Pris.—Not many days ago he was alive.

Lady R.—O God of heaven! Did he then die so lately?

Pris.—I did not say he died; I hope he lives.
Not many days ago these eyes beheld
Him, flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty.

Lady R.—Where is he now?
Pris.—Alas! I know not where.
Lady R.—O fate! I fear thee still. Thou riddler, speak
Direct and clear, else I will search thy soul.
Anna.—Permit me, ever honored! keen impatience,
Though hard to be restrained, defeats itself.—
Pursue thy story with a faithful tongue,
To the last hour that thou didst keep the child.
Pris.—Fear not my faith, though I must speak my shame.
Within the cradle where the infant lay
Was stowed a mighty store of gold and jewels;
Tempted by which we did resolve to hide,
From all the world, this wonderful event,
And like a peasant breed the noble child,
That none might mark the change of our estate.
We left the country, travelled to the north,
Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth
Our secret wealth. But God's all-seeing eye
Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore;
For one by one all our own children died,
And he, the stranger, sole remained the heir
Of what indeed was his. Fain then would I,
Who with a father's fondness loved the boy,
Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,
With his own secret; but my anxious wife,
Foreboding evil, never would consent.
Meanwhile the stripling grew in years and beauty;
And, as we oft observed, he bore himself
Not as the offspring of our cottage blood,
For nature will break out: mild with the mild,
But with the froward he was fierce as fire,
And night and day he talked of war and arms.
I set myself against his warlike bent;
But all in vain; for when a desperate band
Of robbers from the savage mountains came—
Lady R.—Eternal Providence! What is thy name?
Pris.—My name is Norval; and my name he bears.

Lady R.—'Tis he, 'tis he himself! It is my son!
O sovereign mercy! 'Twas my child I saw!
No wonder, Anna, that my bosom burned.
Anna.—Just are your transports: ne'er was woman's heart
Proved with such fierce extremes. High-fated dame!
But yet remember that you are beheld
By servile eyes; your gestures may be seen,
Impassioned, strange; perhaps your words o'erheard.
Lady R.—Well dost thou counsel, Anna; Heaven bestow
On me that wisdom which my state requires!
Anna.—The moments of deliberation pass,
And soon you must resolve. This useful man
Must be dismissed in safety, ere my lord
Shall with his brave deliverer return.
Pris.—If I, amidst astonishment and fear
Have of your words and gestures rightly judged,
Thou art the daughter of my ancient master;
The child I rescued from the flood is thine.
Lady R.—With thee dissimulation now were vain.
I am indeed the daughter of Sir Malcolm;
The child thou rescuedst from the flood is mine.
Pris.—Blest be the hour that made me a poor man!
My poverty hath saved my master's house.
Lady R.—Thy words surprise me; sure thou dost not feign!
The tear stands in thine eye: such love from thee
Sir Malcolm's house deserve not, if aright
Thou told'st the story of thy own distress.
Pris.—Sir Malcolm of our barons was the flower;
The fastest friend, the best, the kindest master;
But ah! he knew not of my sad estate,
After that battle, where his gallant son,
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old lord

Grew desperate and reckless of the world;
And never, as he erst was wont, went forth
To overlook the conduct of his servants.
By them I was thrust out, and them I blame;
May Heaven so judge me as I judged my
        master,
And God so love me as I love his race!

Lady R.—His race shall yet reward thee.
        On thy faith
Depends the fate of thy loved master's house.
Rememberest thou a little lonely hut,
That like a holy hermitage appears
Among the cliffs of Carron?

Pris.—I remember
The cottage of the cliffs.

Lady R.—'Tis that I mean:
There dwells a man of venerable age,
Who in my father's service spent his youth:
Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,
Till I shall call upon thee to declare
Before the king and nobles what thou now
To me hast told. No more but this, and thou
Shalt live in honor all thy future days;
Thy son so long shalt call thee father still,
And all the land shall bless the man who saved
The son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir.

[*Young Norval is brought in and questioned by Lady Randolph.*]

Norval.—My name is Norval: on the
        Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I longed
To follow in the field some warlike lord:
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon which rose last night, round as my
        shield,
Had not yet filled her horns, when, by her
        light,
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rushed like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds
        fled

For safety and for succor. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hovered about the enemy and marked
The road he took, then hastened to my friends,
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumbered foe.
We fought and conquered. Ere a sword was drawn
An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdained
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
That our good king had summoned his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps—
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I passed these towers,
And Heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

Douglas.

HOMER (*Gr. Hōmērōs*), a Greek poet, the accredited author of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. It has been not unplausibly argued that there was actually no such individual, but that both poems which bear his name were composed at periods widely apart, and by many different persons. Waiving this question, and assuming that these poems were the work of an individual Homer, the period at which he lived is altogether uncertain. Ancient writers place him anywhere between the twelfth and the seventh century before our era. Herodotus supposed him to have lived four hundred years before his time—that is, about 850 B. C. Seven or more Grecian cities claimed the honor of being his birthplace. The account which appears best entitled to credence, is that he was born near Smyrna, on the bank of the river Meles (whence he is often styled *Melesigenes*); that his youth and early manhood were passed on the Island of Chios (the modern Scio); that he traveled from place to place, reciting his poems wherever he could find an audience; and that at some period, probably after he had reached manhood, he became blind. An old scholiast suggests that *Hŏmērŏs* was not his actual name, but was a designation, being merely *hŏ-mē-ŏrōn*, "who does not see." There are extant two lives of Homer, ascribed respectively to Herodotus and Plutarch; but there is no valid reason for believing them genuine.

Besides the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* there are extant other poems which have been attributed to Homer. These are several *Hymns* to various gods, and the *Batrachomyomachia* ("Frog-and-Mice-Fight") a

mock-heroic poem, and the *Margites*, a satire. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* have been translated into English verse, and in various metres, by many persons. The most noticeable of these versions are those of Chapman (1596), Pope (1715), Cowper (1791), Munford (1846), Worsley (1861), Lord Derby (1865), Merivale (1869), and Bryant (1870.) Buckley's literal prose translation has a special value of its own, although a prose version of a poem must always be inadequate.

The *Iliad*, as we now have it, consists of twenty-four Rhapsodies or "Books," containing in all some 16,000 lines. The action of the poem covers a period of about fifty days, near the close of the ten years' siege of Ilium, or Troy, by a Grecian host united under the chief command of Agamemnon, "King of Men." Agamemnon has made a captive of Chryseis, daughter of the priest of Apollo. The Sun-god, enraged at this outrage, comes down in wrath from Olympus, and assails the Grecian camp.

THE WRATHFUL DESCENT OF APOLLO.

Along Olympus's heights he passed, his heart
Bursting with wrath; behind his shoulders hung
His bow and ample quiver; at his back
Rattled the fateful arrows as he moved.
Like the night-cloud he passed, and from afar
He bent against the ships and shed the bolt,
And fierce and deadly twanged the silver bow.
First on the mules and dogs, on man the last,
Was poured the arrowy storm, and through the camp
Constant and numerous blazed the funeral-fires.

Transl. of LORD DERBY.

Calchas, the seer, after much urgency, makes known the cause of the wrath of

Apollo, and announces that it can be turned aside only by the restitution of Chryseis to her father. The Grecian chiefs, foremost among whom is Achilles, demand that Agamemnon shall comply. He sulkily consents to do this; but declares that he will indemnify himself by taking possession of the fair Briseis, who has fallen to the share of Achilles as a part of his booty in a recent marauding expedition. Achilles is roused to fury, and half unsheathes his sword to attack Agamemnon; but Pallas Athené (Minerva) who is throughout the *Iliad* the patroness of Achilles, (as she afterwards is of Ulysses, in the *Odyssey*), stays his hand, invisible to all but Achilles, who swears, on his gold-studded sceptre, a mighty oath that the Grecians shall rue the indignity to which by their assent he had been subjected.

THE OATH OF ACHILLES.

By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again
Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain;
When flushed with slaughter Hector comes to
spread
The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,
Then shalt thou mourn the affront they madness
gave,
Forced to deplore, when impotent to save;
Then rage, in bitterness of soul, to know
That thou hast made the bravest Greek thy foe.

Transl. of Pope.

This "wrath of Peleus's son," is announced in the first line of the *Iliad*, as the theme of the poem, and to it every scene and incident directly or indirectly tends. Achilles withdraws his Myrmidons from the contest, and betakes himself to his tent. Agamemnon—now backed by the whole Grecian council, demands the

surrender of Briseis. Achilles dares not refuse to yield to this pressure. But he hurls this bitter invective against the wrong-doer:

ACHILLES'S INVECTIVE AGAINST AGAMEMNON.

Well dost thou know that 'twas no feud of mine [in arms
With Troy's brave sons, that brought me here
They never did me wrong; they never drove
My cattle or my horses; they never sought
In Phthia's fertile life-sustaining fields
To waste the crops: for wide between us lay
The shadowy mountains and the roaring sea.
With thee, O void of shame! with thee we sailed;
For Menelaus and for thee, ingrate!
Glory and fame on Trojan crests to win.

Transl. of LORD DERBY.

Chryseis is sent back, with rich presents to her island home of Chrysa. Homer's description of the voyage is admirably rendered by Landor, in the English hexameters, used also by Chapman, which to us seems the one of our metres which best reproduce the lines of the original:

THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE OF CHRYSEIS.

Out were the anchors cast, and the ropes made fast to the steerage;
Out did the sailors leap on the foaming beach of the ocean;
Out was the hecatomb led for the skilful marksman Apollo;
Out Chryseis arose from the ship that sped through the waters.

Transl. of LANDOR.

Zeus had gone off on a twelve days' visit to the "blameless Ethiopians." Upon his return a council of the gods is held on Olympus, which gives Homer an opportunity to let us into some secrets of the

domestic life of the Celestials. "Silver-footed Thetis," a special favorite of Zeus, and mother of Achilles, begs the Thunderer to give a temporary advantage to the Trojans, so that the Greeks may learn what they have lost by wronging Achilles. Zeus promises to do so, but Juno must not know anything about it; for she has a spite against the Trojans, and he stands in wholesome dread of the shrewish tongue of his wife; although she knows that when he has once put his foot down she must hold her tongue. But Juno has caught sight of Thetis as she is going out, and surmises what her errand has been. She gives her spouse a piece of her mind, winding up with, "Thou hast been promising honor to Achilles, I trow." Zeus puts her down in a brief speech, which is thus rendered by Mr. Gladstone, who of all translators has here caught the tone of Homer. Indeed we fancy that if he had seriously set himself to the task of translating the *Iliad*, he would have given us a better version than we have.

A TIFF ON OLYMPUS.

Zeus, that rules the clouds of heaven, her addressing then:
"Moon struck! thou art ever *trowing*; never I escape thy ken.
After all it boots thee nothing; leaves thee of my heart the less:
So hast thou the worser bargain. What if I the fact confess?
It was done because I willed it. Hold thy peace—my word obey;
Lest if I come near, and on thee these unconquered hands I lay,
All the gods that hold Olympus nought avail thee here to-day."

Transl. of GLADSTONE.

That is, if she does not hold her tongue, he will box her ears. Peace is at length restored; a feast ensues, with which ends the first Book of the *Iliad.* Next morning the Grecian and Trojan hosts, drawn up in battle array, prepare for a grand field-day on the plain before Troy. But before battle is joined, Paris springs out of the Trojan ranks, and offers to meet in single combat any one of the Grecian heroes. Menelaus, the husband of the faithless Helen, accepts the challenge; but at sight of him Paris slinks back behind the shelter of the Trojan ranks, and is bitterly reproached for his poltroonry by his valiant brother, Hector.

HECTOR'S REPROACH TO PARIS.

Was it for this, or with such heart as now,
 O'er the wide billows with a chosen band
Thou sailedst, and with violated vow
 Didst bring thy fair wife from the Apian strand,
 Torn from the house of men of warlike hand,
And a great sorrow for thy father's head,
 Troy town, and all the people of the land,
By thine inhospitable offense hast bred,
Thus for the enemy's sport, thine own confusion dread?

Lo, now thou cowerest, and wilt not abide
 Fierce Menelaus;— Thou hadst known, I ween,
Soon of what man thou hast the blooming bride!
 Poor had the profit of thy harp then been,
 Vain Aphrodite's gifts, thy hair, thy mien,
He mangling in the dust thy fallen brow.
 But there is no wrong to the Trojans keen,
And they are lambs in spirit; or else hadst thou
Worn, for thine evil work, a cloak of stone ere now.

Transl. of WORSLEY.

Paris replies that it is not his fault that he is so fascinating; but, however, he is not a bit afraid. Let regular lists be pitched in sight of both armies, and he will meet Menelaus in sight of both hosts, and Helen shall be the prize of the victor. Menelaus eagerly accepts the proffer. Helen, radiant in her matchless beauty, leaves her embroidery, and follows King Priam and his counsellors to the city ramparts, where she can overlook the combat, of which she is to be the prize.

HELEN ON THE RAMPART.

They reached the Scæan towers,
Where Priam sat, to see the fight, with all his counsellors:
All grave old men; and soldiers they had been, but for age
Now left the wars; yet counsellors they were exceeding sage.
And as in well-grown woods, on trees, cold spiny grasshoppers
Sit chirping and send voices out, that scarce can pierce our ears
For softness, and their weak faint sounds; so talking on the tower,
These seniors of the people sate; who, when they saw the power
Of beauty, in the queen, ascend—even these cold-spirited peers,
Those wise and almost withered men, found this heat in their years,
That they forced (through whispering) to say: "What man can blame
The Greeks and Trojans to endure for so admired a dame,
So many miseries, and so long? in her sweet countenance shine
Looks like the goddesses.—And yet (though never so divine)
Before we boast, unjustly still, of her enforced prize,

And justly suffer for her sake, with all our progenies,
Labor and ruin, let her go; the profit of our land
Must pass the beauty."—Thus, though these could bear so fit a hand
On their affections, yet, when all their gravest powers were used,
They could not choose but welcome her, and rather they accused
The gods than beauty.

Transl. of CHAPMAN.

Priam asks Helen to name to him the various Grecian heroes, whom she can recognize on the plain below. She describes them one by one; but vainly looks for two whom she had hoped to recognize among her countrymen.

THE GREAT TWIN BROTHERS.

My own twin brethren, and my mother's sons,
Castor and Pollux: Castor, horseman bold,
Pollux, unmatched in pugilistic skill;
In Lacedæmon have they stayed behind?
Or can it be, in ocean-going ships
That they have come indeed, but shame to join
The fight of warriors fearful of the shame
And deep disgrace that on my name attend?

Transl. of LORD DERBY.

Priam is summoned to attend a conference midway between the walls of Troy and the Grecian camp on the seashore. All details are formally agreed upon, and duly ratified by sacrificial rites. This duello shall decide the matter, and there shall be no more fighting. The divine vengeance is invoked against the party which shall violate the armistice. Hector on the one side, and Ulysses upon the other, prepare the lists. Lots are cast to decide which combatant shall have the

"first shot." Paris wins, and his javelin strikes the shield of Menelaus fair in the centre, but the tough bull's-hide is not penetrated. It is now the turn of Menelaus. His heavy javelin goes straight through shield, breast-plate, and linen vest, but fails even to graze the body of Paris. Menelaus, sword in hand, rushes upon his enemy, strikes a downright blow upon his helmet, but the blade is shivered to fragments, and Paris is unharmed. Menelaus rushes upon Paris, seizes him by the horsehair crest, and drags him by main force towards the Grecian lines. But Venus comes to the rescue of her favorite. At her touch the chin-strap gives way, leaving only the empty helmet in the hands of Menelaus. He flings this to the ground, and dashes in chase of Paris, even among the Trojan ranks. Not a man there would turn hand to save Paris, for "they all hated him like black Death." But Menelaus can nowhere light upon Paris; for Venus has wrapt a cloud of mist around him, under cover of which she carries him off, and deposits him unharmed in the chamber of Helen, who gives him a most unkindly reception.

HELEN'S RECEPTION OF PARIS.

Back from the battle? would thou there hadst died
Beneath a warrior's arm whom once I called
My husband! Vainly didst thou boast erewhile
Thine arm, thy dauntless courage, and thy spear,
The warlike Menelaus should subdue!
Go now again, and challenge to the fight
The warlike Menelaus.—Be thou ware!
I warn thee, pause, ere madly thou presume
With fair-haired Menelaus to contend!

Transl. of LORD DERBY.

But Paris's good looks and ready tongue are too much for the anger of Helen, and they soon become lovers again. The Grecians rightfully claim that the victory is theirs, since the Trojan champion has ignominiously fled the lists. But the rulers of Olympus again intervene. Zeus taunts Juno that Venus has been too much for her and Pallas combined. He is clear, however, that the victory belongs to Menelaus; that Helen should be given up to the Grecians, who should go home, and the long quarrel be over. Juno is enraged that Troy should escape the destruction upon which she had set heart. Zeus, for the sake of a quiet life, consents that in this matter Juno shall have her way; but admonishes her that if hereafter any city which she loved should fall under his displeasure, her interposition should not avail to save it. She replies that there are three Grecian cities—Argos, Sparta, and Mycené, which were especially dear to her; but if these should incur his displeasure she would not interpose to save them.

And now the gods—Pallas especially—set about the work of inducing the Trojans to do something which shall be a violation of the truce with the Grecians. At the instigation of Pallas, the Trojan archer Pandarus shoots a treacherous arrow at Menelaus, and inflicts a wound which only the watchful care of Pallas prevents from being fatal. The Trojans have already broken their agreement, and the Grecians resolve to renew the war. Then ensues the first of the battles of which the *Iliad* gives an account. Of this Diomed, the son of Tydeus, is the hero; though gods, as well as men, take part in it upon one

side or the other. Venus, though by no means of a martial character, comes down to look out for Æneas, her son by a mortal lover. Diomed overtakes her while carrying Æneas off, and inflicts a slight wound

VENUS WOUNDED BY DIOMED.

Her, searching through the crowd, at length he found,
And springing forward, with his pointed spear
A wound inflicted on her tender hand.
Piercing th' ambrosial veil, the Graces' work,
The sharp spear grazed her palm below the wrist. [flowed—
Forth from the wound th' immortal current
Pure ichor, life-stream of the blessed gods;
They eat no bread, they drink no ruddy wine,
And bloodless thence and deathless they become. [son;
The goddess shrieked aloud, and dropped her
But in his arms Apollo bore him off
In a thick cloud enveloped, lest some Greek
Might pierce his breast, and rob him of his life,
Loud shouted brave Tydides, as she fled:
"Daughter of Jove, from battle-field retire;
Enough for thee weak women to delude;
If war thou seek'st, the lesson thou shalt learn
Shall cause thee shudder but to hear it named."—
Thus he, but ill at ease, and sorely pained,
The Goddess fled; her Iris, swift as wind,
Caught up, and from the tumult bore away,
Weeping with pain, her fair skin soiled with blood.

Transl. of LORD DERBY.

Diomed, raging through the fight, encounters Glaucus, a young Lycian chief, and struck by his noble bearing, inquires his name and race. Glaucus, with a sad smile, replies:

THE HUMAN RACE LIKE AUTUMN LEAVES.

Brave son of Tydeus, wherefore set thy mind

My race to know? The generations are
  As of the leaves, so also of mankind.
  As the leaves fall, now withering in the
      wind,
And others are put forth, and Spring descends,
  Such on the earth the race of men we find;
Each in his order a set time attends;
One generation rises and another ends—
Transl. of WORSLEY.

The battle goes hardly for the Trojans. Diomed encounters Mars, the god of war, wounds him severely in the flank, and sends him howling back to Olympus, where he gets a severe berating from the paternal Zeus. Hector at last leaves the field and goes into the city in order to send his mother, Hecuba, to the temple of Pallas to beseech the goddess to withdraw the terrible Diomed from the field. He enters the palace, where he finds Paris dallying with Helen instead of taking part in the fight. He sharply upbraids his brother; but Helen makes a speech full of self-abasement, and bewailing the unworthiness of her paramour. Hector answers gently, and goes in search of his wife, Andromache, whom he finds at the Scæan gate, with their infant child and his nurse. This interview, and, as it proved, the last one—between Hector and his wife, is admirably rendered by Pope, although the concluding lines are better reproduced by Lord Derby.

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretched his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy;
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child,

The glitt'ring terrors from his brow unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground;
Then kissed his child, and lifting high in air
Thus to the gods, preferred a father's prayer:
"O thou, whose glory fills th' etherial throne,
And all ye deathless powers! protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,
And say—This chief transcends his father's [fame;
While pleased amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with [joy."
He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restored the pleasing burthen to her arms.
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hushed to repose, and with a smile surveyed.
The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,
She mingled with a smile a tender tear.
The softened chief with kind compassion viewed,
And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued. . . .

Transl. of POPE.

For till my day of destiny is come,
No man may take my life; and when it comes,
Nor brave nor coward can escape that day.
But go thou home, and ply thy household cares,
The loom and distaff, and appoint thy maids
Their several tasks; and leave to men of Troy,
And chief to me, the toils of war.

Transl. of LORD DERBY.

The battle is renewed the next morning, and mighty deeds are done on each side. It is a drawn battle, and both armies agree to a truce in order to collect and bury their dead. The Greeks commence erect-

ing palisades to protect their fleet against any assault by the Trojans. They then spend the night in deep carousals. Next morning Zeus calls a council of the gods on Olympus. He forbids the gods, one and all, to take part in the action of that day, and descends to Mount Ida, which overlooks the plain, in order that he may survey the field, and decide on which side he will intervene. There he holds up the eternal scales in order to weigh the fates of the Grecians and Trojans. The Trojan scale kicks the beam, and the ultimate fall of Troy is fixed. But for this day he will aid the Trojans in order that the Grecians may be made sensible of the wrong which they have done to Achilles. He sends his thunderbolts amid the Grecian ranks, and throws them into confusion and terror. They are driven back within their palisades; but night puts an end to the contest. The triumphant Trojans bivouac upon the field, ready to renew the assault at early dawn. Tennyson has finely translated the passage at the close of the eighth Book, but his version lacks the vigor of the old one of Chapman.

THE TROJAN CAMP AT NIGHT.

The winds transferred into the friendly sky
Their supper's savor; to the which they sat
 delightfully,
And spent all night in open field; fires round
 about them shined
As when about the silver moon, when air is
 free from wind,
And stars shine clear, to whose sweet beams,
 high prospects, and the brow
Of all steep hills and pinnacles, thrust up them-
 selves for show.
And even the lowly valleys joy to glitter in
 their sight,

When the unmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her light,
And all the signs of heaven are seen, that glad the shepherd's heart;
So many fires disclosed their beams, made by the Trojan part
Before the face of Ilion, and her bright turrets show'd.
A thousand courts of guards kept fires, and every guard allow'd
Fifty stout men, by whom their horse eat oats, and hard white corn,
And all did wishfully expect the silver-throned morn.

Transl. of CHAPMAN.

The opening of the ninth Book presents the Grecians utterly disheartened within their palisades. Agamemnon proposes that they should all take ship and sail back to Greece. All the chiefs keep silence, except Diomed, who taunts Agamemnon with cowardice. They may go home, if they will, but he and his comrade, Sthenelas, will stay and fight it out alone if need be. Then the aged Nestor reminds Agamemnon that his insult to Achilles is the cause of their present sad plight; let an embassy be sent to him to offer apology and ample compensation for the wrong which he has suffered. Achilles receives the embassy with all courtesy; but will listen to no proposal for accommodation; and besides, he adds, tauntingly, Agamemnon can have no need of his services; he has fortified his position with ditch and palisade, which, after all, may not keep Hector out; although while he was in the field nothing of the kind was needed.

At early dawn the Trojans renewed the attack. The Grecians, brought to bay, defend themselves stoutly. The account

of this battle occupies eight books of the *Iliad*—one-third of the entire poem. Achilles, standing on the lofty prow of his ship, surveys the fight, as though its issue was a matter in which he had no concern. Sarpedon, a Lycian, reputed to be a son of Zeus, shares with Hector the glory of this day. The Grecians are forced back within their entrenchments. Sarpedon hurls an enormous stone against the wooden gate, which gives way.

THE STORMING OF THE GRECIAN ENTRENCHMENTS.

This way and that the severed portals flew
Before the crashing missile. Dark as night
His lowering brow, great Hector sprang within ;
Bright flashed the brazen armor on his breast,
As through the gates, two javelins in his hand,
He sprang. The gods except, no power might meet
That onset ; blazed his eyes with lurid fire.
Then to the Trojans, turning to the throng,
He called aloud to scale the lofty wall.
They heard, and straight obeyed ; some scaled the wall ;
Some through the strong-built gates continuous poured ;
While in confusion irretrievable
Fled to their ships the panic-stricken Greeks.

Transl. of LORD DERBY.

Neptune, who had been overlooking the fight from the wooded heights of Samothrace, hurries to the relief of his friends, the Grecians. Assuming the form of Calchas, the seer, he inspires them with fresh courage. Hector's course is staid. The Locrian bowmen of Ajax, the son of Oileus, pour their arrow-flights into the Trojan masses. The fight rages more furiously than ever. The foremost Grecian chiefs—Agamemnon, Ulysses, and Diomed —are disabled. The two Ajaxes, and Ido-

medus of Créte, barely maintain the conflict; but the Grecian intrenchments have been forced, and the fight is around the ships. If the Trojans succeed in burning these all is lost. Neptune now heads the Grecians in his own proper form. The tide of battle is turned. Ajax, the son of Telamon, fells Hector to the earth with a huge rock, and he is with difficulty saved from death or capture, and borne senseless to his chariot, while the Trojans are pushed out of the Grecian intrenchments, the enemy in hot pursuit.

Jupiter has been for hours slumbering in the arms of Juno. He awakes just in time to discover what has taken place. He sends Iris with an imperious command to Neptune to quit the fight, under pain of his sternest displeasure. The sea-god sullenly obeys. Apollo is now ordered by Zeus to go to the aid of the Trojans. He restores Hector to his senses and vigor, and, heading the Trojans, leads them on once more against the Grecian ships. The galley of Ajax Telamon is assailed by Hector in person; but Ajax stands on the lofty prow armed with a pike eleven yards long, with which he slays twelve Trojans, who are pressing on, torch in hand, to set fire to the vessels.

Patroclus, the bosom-friend of Achilles, has been sitting in his tent watching over a wounded friend. He hurries to the tent of Achilles, and begs that he may be permitted to lead the Myrmidons to the aid of their hardly-pressed countrymen. Achilles consents, endows Patroclus with his own armor, mounts him in his own chariot, charging him, however, to do nothing more than save the ships, and not to at

tempt to follow the Trojans into the open plain. The Trojans, seeing the well-known armor of Achilles, believe that he is heading the reinforcements advancing against them. They rush distractedly out of the intrenchments, up to the very gates of Troy, pursued by Patroclus, who has forgotten the parting injunction of Achilles. Here he is confronted by Apollo, who warns him back. Patroclus refusing to go, Apollo strikes him down, and despoils him of the armor of Achilles. Patroclus tries to make good his retreat; but the Trojan Euphorbus stabs him in the back, and Hector, coming up, runs his spear through his body. A fierce fight ensues over the body; but his comrades, locking shields, keep off the enemy, and bear the corpse towards the ships. In the meanwhile the charioteer of Patroclus puts whip to his horses, and carries to Achilles the tidings of the death of his friend.

THE GRIEF OF ACHILLES FOR THE DEATH OF PATROCLUS.

Grief darkened all his powers. With both his hands he rent
The black mould from the forced earth, and poured it on his head,
Smear'd all his lovely face; his weeds divinely fashioned,
All filed and mangled; and himself he threw upon the shore; [and tore
Lay as laid out for funeral, then tumbled round,
His gracious curls. His ecstacy he did so far extend,
That all the ladies won by him and his now slaughtered friend,
Afflicted strangely for his plight, came shrieking from the tents,
And fell about him, beat their breasts, their tender lineaments

Dissolved with sorrow. And with them wept
Nestor's warlike son,
Fell by him, holding his fair hands, in fear he
would have done
His person violence; his heart extremely
straitened, burn'd,
Beat, swelled, and sigh'd as it would burst:
so terribly he mourn'd,
That Thetis, sitting in the deeps of her old
father's seas, heard and lamented.

Transl. of CHAPMAN.

Thetis now repairs to Vulcan, and induces him to forge a suit of armor for her son, to replace that of which Patroclus had been despoiled, and which is now worn by Hector. The description of the forging of this armor forms one of the most picturesque scenes of the *Iliad*. Having received the armor, Achilles sets out for the tent of Agammenon, and makes proffers of reconciliation.

ACHILLES TO AGAMEMNON.

Great son of Atreus, what hath been the gain
To thee or me, since heart-consuming strife
Hath fiercely raged between us—for a girl
Who, would to heaven had died by Dian's
shafts
That day when from Lyrnessus's captured town
I bore her off, so had not many a Greek
Bitten the bloody dust by hostile hands
Subdued, while I in anger stood aloof.
Great was the gain to Troy; but Greece, methinks,
Will long retain the memory of our feud.
Yet pass we that; and though our hearts be sore,
Still let us school our angry spirits down.
My wrath I here abjure.

Transl. of LORD DERBY.

Agamemnon frankly admits that he was wrong, but lays the chief blame upon Zeus and Fate, who had misled his understand-

ing. Everything is speedily arranged for giving battle the next morning. Achilles dons his new armor, mounts his chariot, and starts forth at the head of his eager Myrmidons. Zeus has now removed his prohibition, and given all the gods full permission to take part in the battle on whichever side they pleased. Juno, Neptune, Pallas, Mercury, and Vulcan join the Grecians; while Mars, Apollo, Venus, Latona, and Diana take part with the Trojans. Achilles urges his chariot through the Trojan ranks, driving many of the enemy before him into the shallows of the river Scamander. Leaping from his chariot he wades into the river, slaughtering every one who comes in his way, save twelve Trojan youths, whom he holds as prisoners to be offered up on the funeral pyre of Patroclus. For the rest, mercy or respite is granted to no one. Lycaon, a young son of Priam, whom Achilles had before known, begs for his life; he is only a half-brother of Hector, and his brother, Polydorus, has just been slain—surely that was enough to satisfy the vengeance of the Grecians. Achilles replies that before Patroclus was slain he had spared many a Trojan; but henceforth no one should be spared—least of all any son of Priam.

THE DEATH OF LYCAON.

Thou too, my friend, must die—why vainly wail?
Dead is Patroclus too, thy better far;
Me too thou seest—how stalwart, tall, and fair,
Of noble sire and goddess-mother born;
Yet I must yield to Death and stubborn Fate,
Whene'er, at morn or noon or eve, the spear
Or arrow from the bow may reach my life.

Transl. of Lord Derby

The river-god rises in his might, wrathful at seeing his current choked with corpses and stained with blood, and hurls his waters against Achilles, who scarcely escapes from the torrent; but Neptune and Vulcan come to his aid. Vulcan shoots flames that scorch all the banks of the Scamander and the Simoïs, burning up the trees and shrubs, and threatening to dry up the streams themselves. The river-god retires to his banks, leaving Achilles free to follow up his victories. The gods engage each other. Pallas fells Mars with a huge rock; and strikes down Venus, who has come to his aid; strong-armed Juno gives a fierce buffet to Diana, who drops her bow, and flies weeping to Zeus, who is quietly looking on.

The remnant of the routed Trojans have made good their retreat within the city walls, all except Hector who remains outside the Scæan gate, waiting for Achilles to come up. But at the approach of the Grecian he turns and flies, followed hard by Achilles, who chases him thrice around the town in full view of the Trojans who crowd the ramparts. Fleet as Hector is, Achilles is still fleeter. He overtakes Hector, beckoning to his comrades not to interfere in any way; for he alone will wreak vengeance upon the slayer of Patroclus. Zeus is now minded to save Hector; but Pallas reminds him of that supreme Destiny, to whose decrees even the Ruler of Olympus must yield obedience. He lifts aloft the golden balances, and the scale of Hector kicks the beam. Even the King of gods and men cannot now save him. Hector stands at bay; but before blows are struck, he tries to engage

Achilles in a compact that whichever shall fall, his adversary shall restore the dead body of the other to his friends with all due honor. But Achilles fiercely rejects the proposition.

ACHILLES'S REPLY TO HECTOR.

Talk not to me of compacts; as 'tween men
And lions no firm concord can exist,
Nor wolves and lambs in harmony unite,
But ceaseless enmity between them dwells;
So not in friendly terms, nor compact firm.
Can thou and I unite, till one of us
Glut with his blood the mail-clad warrior Mars,
Mind thee all thy fence; behoves thee now
To prove a spearman skilled, and warrior brave,
For thee escape is none; now by my spear
Hath Pallas doomed thy death. My comrade's blood,
Which thou hast shed, shall all be now avenged.

Transl. of LORD DERBY.

Achilles's spear launched at these words, misses its mark; that of Hector glances harmless from the celestial shield. Hector, having no second spear, rushes, sword in hand, upon Achilles, who watching his opportunity, thrusts his sharp spear through the joint in the armor where the breast-plate joins the gorget. The victor brutally assures his dying enemy that his body shall be consigned to the dogs and the vultures. The Grecians now crowd around, and plunge their spears into the all but dead body. Achilles orders the heels of Hector to be pierced, cords to be run through the holes and fastened to his chariot; and so the body is dragged off to the ships, and flung in the dust before the bier upon which the corpse of Patroclus is lying. That night the shade of Patroclus appears to the sleeping Achilles, and presents his last request.

THE ENTREATY OF THE SHADE OF PATROCLUS.

Sleep'st thou, Achilles, mindless of thy friend,
Neglecting not the living but the dead?
Hasten my funeral rites, that I may pass
Through Hades's gloomy gates. Ere those be done,
The spirits and spectres of departed men
Drive me far from them, nor allow to cross
Th' abhorred river; but forlorn and sad
I wander through the wide-spread realms of night.
And give me now thy hand, whereon to weep;
For never more, when laid upon the pyre,
Shall I return from Hades; never more,
Apart from all our comrades, shall we two,
As friends, sweet counsel take. For me stern Death,
The common lot of man, has ope'd his mouth.
Thou too, Achilles, rival of the gods,
Art destined here beneath the walls of Troy
To meet thy doom. Yet one thing I must add
And make, if thou wilt grant it, one request:
Let not my bones be laid apart from thine,
Achilles, but together, as our youth
Was spent together in thy father's house.

Transl. of LORD DERBY.

The preparations for the obsequies of Patroclus are speedily concluded. Agamemnon has already cut down wood for a huge funeral pyre. The corpse is borne in long procession and placed upon it. Each warrior cuts off long locks of his hair, which are laid upon the body as an offering to the gods below. Four chariot-horses and two household dogs are slain upon the pyre. The twelve Trojan captives are slaughtered by Achilles with his own hand, and added to the victims. The fire is lighted and blazes all night, Achilles continually pouring on libations from a golden goblet. In the morning the em-

bers are quenched with wine, and the bones of Patroclus are collected, and placed in a golden urn to await the near day when those of Achilles shall be deposited under the same mound.

The funeral games are now begun, lasting twelve days in all. There is a chariot-race, in which Diomed carries off the prize; a brutal boxing-match, in which one combatant is felled to the ground, and borne off senseless; a wrestling match between Ajax the Greater and Ulysses, which is pronounced a drawn game; a foot-race, in which Ulysses is victor, Pallas tripping up the heels of Ajax the Lesser who was ahead; a fight with spear and shield between Diomed and Ajax Telamon, the prize being the splendid armor which had belonged to Sarpedon, to be awarded to the one who drew the first blood; but the champions grew so furious that they were separated, and the prize is divided between them; and a contest in archery. The games were to have closed by a contest at hurling the heavy spear, at which Agamemnon presented himself as a contestant; but Ulysses would not hear of it, handing the prize to Agamemnon with the courteous words, "O son of Atreus, we know that thou dost surpass us all."

Every morning Achilles mounted his chariot, to which was attached the body of Hector, which was thrice dragged around the mound which had been reared over the ashes of Patroclus; but notwithstanding this rough usage the body—thanks to the care of Venus and Apollo—showed no signs of injury or decomposition. On the night after the close of the funeral rites, the aged Priam, conducted by Mercury,

and attended only by a single herald, crept through the lines of the Grecian sentinels, whom Mercury had cast into a profound sleep, and made his way to the tent of Achilles, and begged for the body of Hector. The hot wrath of Achilles had burned itself out. He received the old man gently, and not only granted his prayer, but ordered that the body should be washed, anointed, and clad in costly raiment. He lifted it with his own hands, and placed it on a couch. Priam passed the night in the tent of the man who had slain so many of his own sons, and slept for the first time since the death of Hector. Achilles completed his kindness by granting a twelve days' truce, so that Troy might bury her dead hero with all rightful honors. The lamentations of Priam and Hecuba are duly recorded; but even more touching than these is the tribute paid by the remorseful Helen.

HELEN'S TRIBUTE TO HECTOR.

Hector, of all my brethren dearest thou!
True, godlike Paris claims me as his wife,
Who bore me hither: would I then had died!
But twenty years have passed since here I came,
And left my native land; yet ne'er from thee
I heard one scornful, one degrading word;
And when from others I have borne reproach—
Thy brothers, sisters, or thy brother's wives,
Or mother (for thy sire was ever kind
Even as a father)—thou hast checked them still
With tender feeling and with gentle words.
For thee I weep, and for myself no less;
For through the breadth of Troy none love me now,
None kindly look on me, but all abhor.

Transl. of LORD DERBY.

With the funeral rites of Hector, the

Iliad—which might more properly have been called the "Achilliad" comes to a proper close. Shortly after the expiration of the truce, Achilles was slain by an arrow shot by Paris; and a little later Ilium was taken through a stratagem, the work of Ulysses, sacked and laid in ashes; its very site being uncertain for well-nigh a hundred generations, until our own days it was identified by Schlieman.

The *Odyssey* purports to be a narrative of the adventures of Odysseus (whose name has been softened by the Latins into "Ulysses") during his ten years' wanderings after the destruction of Troy, until he finally gets back to his native Ithaca. Like the *Iliad* it consists of twenty-four Books. The narrative properly begins in the seventh year after the fall of Troy. The events of the preceding years after that time being related by Ulysses himself at one time or another.

The *Odyssey* opens with a a council of the gods held on Olympus. Pallas reminds Zeus of the hard fate of Ulysses, who has for seven years been detained by the nymph Calypso in her enchanted island. It is decided that Mercury shall proceed to the island to announce to Ulysses that the period of his detention by Calypso is drawing to a close; while Pallas shall go to Ithaca in order to inspire Telemachus, the son of Ulysses, now growing into manhood, with a resolve to rid his mother, Penelope, of a swarm of suitors who have quartered themselves in her palace, demanding that she shall marry one of them in place of her husband, Ulysses, who is presumed to be dead, nothing having been heard of him

for seven years and more; though Penelope cherishes the belief that he still lives, and will in time get back to Ithaca.

PALLAS AT ITHACA.

So ending, underneath her feet she bound
Her faery sandals of ambrosial gold,
Which o'er the waters and the solid ground
Swifter than wind have borne her from of old;
Then on the iron-pointed spear laid hold,
Heavy and tall, wherewith she smites the brood
Of heroes till her anger waxes cold;
Then from Olympus swept in eager mood,
And with the island-people in the court she stood,

Fast by the threshold of the outer gate
Of brave Ulysses; in her hand she bore
The iron-plated spear, heavy and great,
And waiting as a guest-friend at the door,
Of Mentes, Taphian chief, the likeness, wore;
There found the suitors, who beguiled with play
The hours, and sat the palace-gates before
On hides of oxen which themselves did slay:
Haughty of mien they sat, and girt with proud array.

Transl. of WORSLEY.

Here ensue various scenes of insolence on the part of the unruly suitors. At length Telemachus asks the supposed Mentes about the fate of his father. Of this he professes to know nothing; but he believes that Ulysses is still alive; perhaps some of his old comrades—Nestor of Pylos, or Menelaus of Sparta—could furnish some information. It is finally decided that Telemachus should fit out a vessel, and go in search of information about his father. Penelope had put off the suitors by declaring that she could not think of marrying until she had completed the weaving of a splendid web which should

serve as a winding-sheet for Laertes, the aged father of Ulysses, whose end could not be far distant. She and her handmaidens weave diligently all the day, but the web does not grow any longer, for each night they unravel what they had woven during the day.

THE WEAVING OF PENELOPE.

Matchless skill.
To weave that splendid web ; sagacious thought,
And shrewdness such as never fame ascribed
To any beauteous Greek of ancient days—
Tyro, Mycene, or Alcemene loved
Of Jove himself—all whom the accomplished queen
Transcends in knowledge.

Transl. of Cowper.

Telemachus, aided by Pallas, who now appears in the form of Mentor, a wise old man, who had been left as his guardian by Ulysses when he sailed for Troy, sets out on his voyage.

THE VOYAGE OF TELEMACHUS.

Loud and clear
Sang the bluff zephyr o'er the wine-dark mere
Behind them : by Athene's hest he blew.
Telemachus his comrades on did cheer
To set the tackling. With good hearts the crew
Heard him, and all things ranged in goodly order true.
The olive mast, planted with care, they bind
With ropes, the white sails stretch on twisted hide,
And brace the mainsail to the bellying wind.
Loudly the keel rushed through the seething tide.
Soon as the good ship's gear was all applied
They ranged both bowls crowned with dark wine, and poured
To gods who everlastingly abide,

Most to the stern-eyed child of heaven's great lord.
All night the ship clave onward till the Dawn upsoared.

Transl. of WORSLEY.

They soon reached Pylos, the stronghold of the aged Nestor, who received them hospitably. He tells them many tales of his old comrades at the siege of Troy. Among the rest, he narrates the murder of Agamemnon, who had been assassinated by Ægisthus, who during his absence had debauched his wife Clytemnestra, the sister of Helen.

THE MURDER OF AGAMEMNON.

Many the warm tears from his eyelids shed,
When through the mist of his long-hoped delight
He saw the lovely land before him spread.
Him from high watch-tower marked the watchman wight
Set by Ægisthus to watch day and night;
Two talents of pure gold his promised hire.
Twelve months he watched, lest the Avenger light
Unheeded, and remember his old fire;
Then to his lord made haste to show the tidings dire.
Forthwith Ægisthus, shaping a dark snare,
Score of his bravest chose, and ambush set,
And bade rich banquets close at hand prepare.
Then he with horses and with chariots met
The king, and welcomed him with fair words, yet
With fraud at heart, and to the feast him led;
There like a stalled ox, smote him while he fed.

Transl. of WORSLEY.

From Pylos Telemachus, accompanied by a son of Nestor, rode to Sparta, where they arrived on the evening of the second

day; the season being autumn, for, we are incidentally told that "the sun had set upon the yellow harvest-fields." Menelaus had got back to Sparta not many months before, and was living there in great state and contentment with Helen, quite unmindful of her old escapade with Paris. It was high-time at Sparta, for Hermione, his only child by Helen, was about to leave her parents to become the bride of the red-haired Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles, under whom Troy had been taken; and an illegitimate son of Menelaus was about to be married in his father's palace. Helen comes forth to greet the new guest, whom she recognizes at once from his strong likeness to his father Ulysses.

HELEN AT SPARTA.

Forth from her fragrant chamber Helen passed
Like gold-bowed Dian; and Adraste came
The bearer of her throne's majestic frame;
Her carpet's fine-wrought fleece Alcippe bore;
Phylo her basket bright with silver ore,
Gift of the wife of Polybus, who swayed
When Thebes—the Egyptian Thebes—scant wealth displayed:
His wife, Alcandra, from her treasured store,
A golden spindle to fair Helen bore,
And a bright silver basket, on whose round
A rim of burnished gold was closely bound.
Transl. of SOTHEBY.

Before Helen made her appearance, Menelaus had been relating to Telemachus some of the incidents of his long and wide wanderings since the fall of Troy.

THE WANDERINGS OF MENELAUS AND HELEN.

Hardly I came at last, in the eighth year,
Home with my ships from my long wanderings,
Far as to Cyprus in my woe severe,

Phœnicé, Egypt, did the waves me bear;
Sidon and Ethiopia I have seen;
Even to Escambus roamed, and Libya, where
The lambs are full-horned from their birth, I ween,
And in the rolling year the fruitful flocks thrice yean.

Transl. of WORSLEY.

Menelaus had grown very rich during these long wanderings. Herodotus (q. v.) tells a story which had been told to him by the Egyptian priests, and which he believed to be true, which shows that this wealth had been acquired by pillage and robbery. But of this story Homer knows nothing. Two griefs, however, weigh heavily upon the heart of Menelaus: the murder of his brother Agamemnon, and the uncertainty which hangs over the fate of Ulysses.

MENELAUS UPON ULYSSES.

His was the fate to suffer grievous woe,
And mine to mourn without forgetfulness,
While onward and still on the seasons flow,
And he yet absent, and I comfortless.
Whether he live or die we cannot guess.
Him haply old Laertes doth lament,
And sage Penelope, in sore distress.
And to Telemachus the hours are spent
In sadness, whom he left new-born when first he went.

Transl. of WORSLEY.

It is at this moment, when Menelaus is thus unbosoming himself to his as yet unknown guest, that Helen enters the hall, and the personality of Telemachus is disclosed. She perceives their sadness; but she has the means of remedying it for one day. While in Egypt she had learned some of the secrets of that land of ancient

wisdom—among them was that of the concoction of *Nepenthes.*

THE VIRTUES OF NEPENTHES.

Which so cures heartache and the inward stings
That men forget all sorrows wherein they pine.
He who hath tasted of the draught divine
Weeps not that day although his mother die
Or father, or cut off before his eyen
Mother or child beloved fall miserably,
Hewn by the pitiless sword, he sitting silent by,
Transl. of WORSLEY.

While abiding in Egypt some years before, Menelaus had received a mysterious intimation that Ulysses was then alive, but was detained by the nymph Calypso on her enchanted island, from which he was longing to make his escape. Thus much learned, Telemachus, after a month's stay, rides back to Pylos, where his vessel was lying, and embarks upon his return voyage to Ithaca. All this occupies four Books of the *Odyssey.* But in the meantime other events have been transpiring. At the same time that Pallas set out from Olympus for Ithaca, Mercury, at the bidding of Zeus, started for the island of Calypso.

MERCURY ON CALYPSO'S ISLAND.

Thus charged he: nor Argicides denied,
But to his feet his fair-winged shoes he tied,
Ambrosian, golden; that in his command
Put either sea, or the unmeasured land,
With pace as easy as a puft of wind.
Then up his rod went, with which he declined
The eyes of any waker, when he pleased,
And any sleeper, when he wish'd, diseased.
This took, he stoop'd Pieria, and thence
Glid through the air, and Neptune's confluence

Kissed as he flew, and check'd the waves as
light
As any sea-mew in her fishing flight,
Her thick wings sousing in the savory seas ;
Like her, he pass'd a world of wilderness.
But when the far-off isle he touch'd, he went
Up from the blue sea to the continent,
And reach'd the ample cavern of the Queen,
Whom he found within ; without, seldom seen.
A sun-like fire upon the hearth did flame,
The matter precious, and divine the frame ;
Of cedar cleft and incense was the pile,
That breath'd an odor round about the isle.
Herself was seated in an inner room,
Whom sweetly sing he heard, and at her loom,
About a curious web, whose yarn she threw
In with a golden shuttle. A grove grew
In endless spring about her cavern round,
With odorous cypress, pines, and poplars
crown'd, [tours bred,
Where hawks, sea-owls, and long-tongued bit-
And other birds their shady pinions spread ;
All fowls maritimal : none roosted there,
But those labors in the waters were.
Four fountains, one against another, pour'd
Their silver streams ; and meadows all en-
flower'd
With sweet balm-gentle, and blue violets hid,
That deck'd the soft breasts of each fragrant
mead.
Should any one, though he immortal were,
Arrive and see the sacred objects there,
He would admire them, and be overjoy'd ;
And so stood Hermes's ravished powers em-
ploy'd.
But having all admir'd, he enter'd on
The ample cave, nor could be seen unknown
Of great Calypso (for all Deities are
Prompt in each other's knowledge, though so
far
Sever'd in dwellings) ; but he could not see
Ulysses there within : without was he
Set sad ashore, where 'twas his use to view

Th' unquiet sea, sigh'd, wept, and empty drew
His heart of comfort.

Transl. of CHAPMAN.

Calypso knows that the mandate which Mercury bears—that she shall forthwith set Ulysses free—must be obeyed. She indeed grumbles that Zeus should be so whimsical as to thus separate her from her mortal lover, of whom she has come to be very fond. But she is indeed vexed at the pleasure he evinces at the separation; and she addresses him in terms of mild reproach.

CALYPSO TO ULYSSES.

Child of Laertes, would'st thou fain depart
Hence to thine own fatherland? Farewell!
Yet, couldst thou read the sorrow and the smart,
With me and immortality to dwell,
Thou wouldst rejoice, and love my mansion well.
Deeply and long thou yearnest for thy wife;
Yet her in beauty I perchance excel.
Beseems not one who hath but mortal life
With forms of deathless mould to challenge a vain strife.

Transl. of WORSLEY.

ULYSSES TO CALYPSO.

All this I know, and do myself avow.
Well may Penelope in form and brow
And stature seem inferior far to thee,
For she is mortal, and immortal thou.
Yet even thus 'tis very dear to me
My long-desired return and ancient home to see.
But if some god amid the wine-dark flood
With doom pursue me, and my vessel mar,
Then will I bear it as a brave man should.
Not the first time I suffer: wave and war
Deep in my life have graven many a scar.

Transl. of WORSLEY.

There is no boat on Calypso's island, but she aids him to build one, in which he sails off alone. A storm arises, and his boat is wrecked on the island of Scheria, where he falls asleep on a bed of leaves which he has hastily collected. The people of that island are called the Phæacians. Their sovereign is Alcinous, and he has a daughter just growing up to womanhood. On that morning the Princess Nausicaa, accompanied by her handmaidens, had gone down to the beach to wash the household linen, which they do by treading it with their bare feet upon the smooth, hard sand. Their merry laughter awakens Ulysses, who comes forward to accost them, his only clothing being the leafy branch of an olive-bough, which he has just plucked. The scenes which ensue form one of the most charming of idyls.

NAUSICAA AND ULYSSES.

All in flight
The virgins scatter'd, frighted with this sight,
About the prominent windings of the flood.
All but Nausicaa fled; but fast she stood:
Pallas had put a boldness in her breast,
And in her fair limbs tender fear comprest.
And still she stood him, as resolved to know
What man he was; or out of what should grow
His strange repair to them. And here was he
Put to his wisdom: if her virgin knee
He should be bold—but kneeling—to embrace,
Or keep aloof, and try with words of grace,
In humblest suppliance, if he might obtain
Some cover for his nakedness, and gain
Her grace to show and guide him to the town.
The last he best thought to be worth his own.
In weighing both well: to keep still aloof,
And give with soft words his desires their proof
Lest, pressing so near as to touch her knee,

He might incense her maiden modesty.
This fair and filed speech then shew'd this was
he :
"Let me beseech, O Queen, the truth of thee,
Are you of mortal or the deified race ?
If of the gods, that th' ample heavens embrace,
I can resemble you to none above
So near as to the chaste-born birth of Jove,
The beamy Cynthia. Her you full present
In grace of every god-like lineament,
Her goodly magnitude, and all th' address
You promise of her very perfectness.
If sprung of humans that inhabit earth,
Thrice blest are both the authors of your birth ;
Thrice-blest your brothers, that in your deserts
Must, even to rapture, bear delighted hearts,
To see, so like the first trim of a tree,
Your form adorn a dance. But most blest he,
Of all that breathe, that hath the gift t' engage
Your bright neck in the yoke of marriage,
And deck his house with your commanding
merit,
I have not seen a man of so much spirit,
Nor man nor woman I did ever see
At all parts equal to the parts in thee.
T' enjoy your sight, doth admiration seize
My eyes and apprehensive faculties.
"Lately in Delos (with a charge of men
Arrived, that rendered me most wretched then,
Now making me thus naked) I beheld
The burthen of a palm, whose issues swell'd
About Apollo's fane, and that put on
A grace like thee ; for earth had never none
Of all her sylvan issues so adorned.
Into amaze my very soul was turn'd
To give it observation ; as now thee
To view, O virgin, a stupidity
Past admiration strikes me, join'd with fear,
To do a suppliant's due, and press so near
As to embrace thy knees."

Transl. of CHAPMAN.

Nausicaa fully reassured by this accost

of Ulysses, recalls her fugitive attendants, and tells them that "the stranger and poor are the messengers of the gods." Ulysses, having been supplied with food disappears for a brief space. When he again presents himself—thanks to Pallas —he is fittingly clad, his "hyacinthine locks" flowing down upon his stately shoulders. Nausicaa assures him that he will be welcome at her father's palace, to which he follows her at a respectful distance. King Alcinous welcomes the stranger, and soon makes him at home in his magnificent palace, which stands surrounded with lovely orchards and gardens.

THE ORCHARDS AND GARDENS OF ALCINOUS.

There in full prime the orchard-trees grow tall,
Sweet fig, pomegranate, apple-fruited fair,
Pear, and the healthful olive. Each and all
Both summer droughts and chills of winter spare;
All the year round they flourish. Some the air
Of zephyr warms to life, some doth mature,
Apple grows old on apple, pear on pear,
Fig follows fig, vintage doth vintage lure;
Thus the rich revolution doth for aye endure.

Transl. of WORSLEY.

THE PALACE OF ALCINOUS.

For, like the sun's fire or the moon's, a light
Far streaming through the high-roofed house did pass
From the long basement to the topmost height.
There on each side ran walls of flaming brass,
Zoned on the summit with a blue bright mass
Of cornice; and the doors were framed of gold;
Where, underneath, the brazen floor doth glass
Silver pilasters, which with grace uphold
Lintel of silver framed; the ring was burnished gold.

And dogs on each side of the doors there stand,
Silver and gold, the which in ancient day
Hephæstus wrought with cunning brain and hand,
And set for sentinels to hold the way.
Death cannot tame them, nor the years decay.
And from the shining threshold thrones were set,
Skirting the walls in lustrous long array,
On to the far room, where the women met,
With many a rich robe strewn and woven coverlet.

There the Phæacian chieftains eat and drink,
While golden youths on pedestals upbear
Each in his outstretched hand a lighted link,
Which nightly on the royal feast doth flare.
And in the house are fifty handmaids fair;
Some in the mill the yellow corn grind small;
Some ply the looms, and shuttles twirl, which there
Flash like the quivering leaves of aspen tall;
And from the close-spun weft the trickling oil will fall.

Transl. of WORSLEY.

King Alcinous is charmed with Ulysses at first sight, and asks him to remain in Phæacia and become the husband of Nausicaa, whom he does not know that the stranger has ever seen. Ulysses tells him of their meeting in the morning, and praises her highly; but says that his one desire is to make his way back to his wife at home. The king promises to aid him in this; and bids him to a magnificent entertainment to be given the next day in his honor. Among the company is the blind bard Demodocus, in whom some have fancied that Homer pictures himself.

DEMODOCUS, THE BLIND BARD OF PHÆACIA.

Him the Muse loved, and gave him good and ill:—

Ill, that of light she did his eyes deprive;
Good, that sweet minstrelsies divine, at will,
She lent him, and a voice men's ears to thrill.
For him Pontonous's silver-studded chair
Set with the feasters, leaning it with skill
Against the column, and with tender care
Made the blind fingers feel the harp suspended there.

Transl. of WORSLEY.

The repast is followed by games of strength and skill, in which Ulysses outdoes all the other competitors. After the games comes a banquet; and here we have our second and last sight of Nausicaa.

THE ADIEUS OF NAUSICAA AND ULYSSES.

He from the bath cleansed from the dust of toil,
Passed to the drinkers; and Nausicaa there
Stood, moulded by the gods exceeding fair.
She on the roof-tree pillar, leaning, heard
Ulysses; turning, she beheld him near.
Deep in her breast admiring wonder stirred,
And in a low sweet voice she spake this wingèd word:
"Hail, stranger guest! When fatherland and wife
Thou shalt revisit, then remember me,
Since to me first thou owest the price of life."
And to the royal virgin answered he:
"Child of a generous sire, if willed it be
By Thunderer Zeus, who all dominion hath,
That I my home and dear return yet see,
There at thy shrine will I devote my breath,
There worship thee, dear maid, my saviour from dark death.

Transl. of WORSLEY.

Among the lays which Demodocus sings is that of the siege of Troy. Ulysses asks him to tell the story of the Wondrous Horse. He complies, taking up the story

at about the point where the *Iliad* leaves it off; and of all that follows the hero is Ulysses of Ithaca. Ulysses is deeply moved; and the king inquires who he is, and why he is so strangely moved. Ulysses replies: "The story will be a long one, and sad to tell. I am Ulysses, son of Laertes." He then begins to tell what had befallen him since the fall of Troy.

The geography of the *Odyssey* is nearly all purely imaginary. Only two points are capable of identification. The island of Ithaca and the site of Troy. Ithaca lies off the western coast of the mainland of Greece in about lat. 39°; Troy was in Asia Minor, in about lat. 40°. The distance in a straight line is about 350 miles; by sea about 600 miles. To sail from Troy to Ithaca Ulysses had to cross the Archipelago; skirt down the eastern side of the mainland of Greece, round its southern point, and sail about 200 miles up the western coast. While rounding this southern point of Greece a storm drove them westward over unknown seas, until on the tenth day they reached the land of the Lotos-eaters. Leaving this they come to the island inhabited by the Cyclopes, a race of monsters in human form, but having only one eye in the middle of their foreheads. Ulysses and some of his comrades go ashore and come to a cavern which proved to be the abode of Polyphemus, a son of Neptune, the hugest of all the Cyclopes. He is not at home, and the Greeks hide in the recesses of the cave awaiting his return. Polyphemus coming in at evening, discovers the intruders, seizes two of them, whom he devours on the spot. Next morning he eats

a couple more for breakfast. Ulysses, by some prudent forethought had brought with him a goatskin of excellent wine, which he asks the giant to taste. Polyphemus does so, gulps down the whole bottle, and is so delighted that he asks the name of the donor. Ulysses gives his name as *Outis*, that is, in English, "Noman."

NOMAN AND POLYPHEMUS.

"Hear then; my name is Noman. From of old
My father, mother, these my comrades bold,
Gave me this title." So I spake, and he
Answered at once, with mind of ruthless mould:
"This shall fit largess unto Noman be—
Last of all thy mates, I promise to eat thee."

Transl. of WORSLEY.

Polyphemus then lies down to sleep off the effects of the potent wine. Ulysses finds a large sharpened stake, hardens the point in the fire, and with it he and his comrades, bore out the giant's eye, "as the shipwright bores with an augur," and make their escape from the cave. The blinded giant comes out roaring with pain, and calls upon his father, Neptune, to take vengeance upon the destroyer of his sight. Hence arose the wrath of the Sea-god, which was the occasion of all the misfortunes which thereafter befell Ulysses.

Sailing on he reached the island abode of Æolus, god of the winds, where he remained a month, and gained the good will of Æolus so much that on parting he bestowed upon him a gift, which would ensure for him a safe voyage. This was a leather bag in which all the winds were tied up, except the West Wind, which would waft him straight to Ithaca, toward

which they steered for nine days. They came so close that Ulysses could see the smoke arising from the herdsmen's fires on the heights. Then he fell asleep on the deck; and his comrades, curious to know what was contained in the mysterious bag, untied it. Forth rushed the imprisoned winds, driving the vessel back to the realms of Æolus, who would have nothing more to do with a wretch, who manifestly lay under the divine wrath. Pursuing his voyage as best he might, Ulysses, after being in danger of being devoured by the cannibal Læstrygonians, reaches the island where dwelt the enchanter Circe, "bright-haired daughter of the Sun."

CIRCE AND HER PALACE.

Wolves of the mountain all around the way
And lions softened by the spell divine,
As each her philter had partaken, lay
These cluster round the men's advancing line
Fawning like dogs who, when their lord doth dine,
Wait till he issues from the banquet-hall,
And for the choice gifts which his hands assign
Fawn, for he ne'er forgets them: So these all
Fawn on our friends, whom much the unwonted sights appal.
Soon at her vestibule they pause, and hear
A voice of singing from a lovely place,
Where Circe weaves her great web year by year,
So shining, slender, and instinct with grace,
As weave the daughters of immortal race.

Transl. of WORSLEY.

The Grecians (Ulysses not being of this party) enter the palace, drink of a cup which Circe proffers; whereupon, at a stroke of her magic wand, they become

transformed into swine in form, though still retaining their human senses. Ulysses wondering at their absence, sets out alone in search of his comrades. On his way he is met by a fair youth (who proves to be the god Mercury) who gives him a root which will protect him against all magical enchantments. He enters the palace, drinks of the cup of Circe, who strikes him with her wand, and bids him "go and herd with his companions." But Ulysses cannot resist the blandishments of Circe; and he voluntarily remains with her for a whole year. Then he takes leave of her and their newborn child. But in parting she assures him that toils and dangers await him; and that if he would know his future fate, he must visit the Regions of the Dead, and there consult with the Shade of the great prophet Tiresias. Taking ship, he sails all day, voyaging along the regions of the "dark Cimmerian tribe, who skirt the realms of Hades."

THE ENTRANCE TO HADES.

Forthwith from Erebus a phantom crowd
Loomed forth, the shadowy People of the Dead:—
Old men, with load of early anguish bowed,
Brides in their bloom cut off, and youth unwed,
Virgins whose tender eyelids then first shed
True sorrow; men with gory arms renowned,
Pierced by the sharp sword on the death-plain red,
All these flock darkling with a hideous sound,
Lured by the scent of blood, the open trench around.

Transl. of WORSLEY.

At last Tiresias appears, and tells Ulysses what his future fate will be. On a certain coast he would find the herds and flocks

of the Sun at pasture. If they were left uninjured he and his comrades would speedily reach Ithaca; if they were harmed he alone would escape, after long sufferings. Proceeding along he encounters the Shades of heroes and heroines. He also saw, enduring perpetual torment, those who had been notorious offenders against the majesty of the gods.

TANTALUS AND SISYPHUS IN HADES.

There also Tantalus in anguish stood,
  Plunged in the stream of a translucent lake,
And to his chin welled ever the cold flood;
  But when he rushed, in fierce desire to break
  His torment, not one drop could he partake.
For as the old man stooping seems to meet
  That water with his fiery lips, and slake
The frenzy of wild thirst, around his feet,
Leaving the wet earth dry, the shuddering waves retreat.

Also the thick-leaved arches overhead
  Fruit of all savor in rich profusion flung,
And in his clasp rich clusters seemed to shed.
  Rich citrons waved, with shining fruitage hung,
  Pears and pomegranates, olive ever young,
And the sweet mellowing fig; but whenso'er
  The old man, fain to cool his burning tongue,
Clutched with his fingers at the branches fair,
Came a strong wind and whirled them skyward through the air.

And I saw Sisyphus in a travail strong
  Shove with both hands a mighty sphere of stone;
With feet and laboring wrists he, laboring long,
  Just pushed the vast globe up, with many a groan;
  But when he thought the huge mass to have thrown.

Clear o'er the summit, the enormous weight
 Back to the nether plain rolled tumbling
  down.
He, straining, the great toil resumed, while
  sweat
Bathed each laborious limb, and his brow smok-
  ed with heat.

Transl. of WORSLEY.

Passing out of the gloomy portals of Hades, Ulysses took ship and sailed past the island where the twin sister Sirens lay couched in flowers, luring to inevitable destruction every one who listened to their song. Ulysses, forewarned by Circe, stopped the ears of his men with wax, so that no one of them could hear the song, which, however, he was resolved to hear. So he ordered his men to bind him to the mast, and not to unbind him, however much he might command, threaten or entreat. He sailed close along the shore, and heard the song of the Sirens—the only man who ever heard it and lived.

THE SONG WHICH THE SIRENS SANG.

Come here, thou worthy of a world of praise,
That dost so high the Grecian glory raise;
Ulysses, stay that ship, and that song hear,
That none passed ever, but it bent his ear,
But left him ravish'd and instructed more
By us, than any ever heard before.
For we know all things whatsoever were
In wide Troy labor'd; whatsoever there
The Grecians and the Trojans both sustain'd
By those high issues that the gods ordain'd.
And whatsoever all the earth can show,
T' inform a knowledge of desert, we know.

Transl. of CHAPMAN.

Soon they reached the shore where the oxen of the Sun were pastured. Ulysses, much against his own judgment, was per-

suaded to allow his weary crew to go ashore, after exacting a solemn vow that the sacred herds should not be molested. Stress of weather detained them here for a month until their supplies were exhausted, and they had nothing to eat except the birds they could snare and the fish they could catch. While Ulysses was asleep, his men began to slay the sacred oxen. Ominous prodigies ensued. The Sun-god threatened Zeus that if this sacrilege was permitted to go unavenged, he would no longer light up the heavens, but would go down and shine in Hades. When the vessel of Ulysses put to sea, Zeus shattered it with a thunderbolt, and all on board perished except Ulysses, who clung to the broken mast, upon which he floated nine days, narrowly escaping being drawn into the whirlpool of Charybdis. He was at length cast ashore upon Calypso's island, where, after seven years, we found him at the opening of the poem.

King Alcinous fits the hero out magnificently for his homeward voyage to Ithaca, which was to be performed in one of those magic galleys peculiar to the Phæacians—the full secret of which remains to be discovered—and which are thus described by the king.

THE PHÆACIAN GALLEYS.

For unto us no pilots appertain,
  Rudder nor helm, which other barks obey.
  These, ruled by reason, their own course essay
Sharing men's minds. Cities and climes they know,
  And through the deep sea-gorge cleaving way,
Wrapt in an ambient vapor, to and fro
Sail in a fearless scorn of scathe or overthrow.

Transl. of WORSLEY.

They set out on the voyage in the evening, and reach Ithaca early in the morning, before Ulysses had awakened. The Phæaçians land him, still asleep, lay him under an olive-tree, placing all his treasure by his side, and take their departure, no man having perceived their coming or going. When he awakes he sees by his side a shepherd, who asks him who he is and whence he came. Ulysses, who does not recognize this as his own Ithaca, invents a plausible tale; whereupon the shepherd changes form, and appears as Pallas. She compliments him upon the cleverness with which he had made up a story which would have imposed upon any one but the Goddess of Wisdom. She gives him tidings of his son and wife—the first which he had received for ten years—and promises to aid him in the work which lies before him. She waves her magic wand over him, when his appearance is at once transformed into that of an aged beggar, gray, bent, wrinkled, and clad in squalid rags. Thus disguised, so that no one could recognize him, she directs him to seek present refuge with his own swineherd—or rather overseer—Eumæus, who, not suspecting who he is, gives him a kindly reception.

Telemachus had on that very evening, got back to Ithaca. Mooring his vessel in a quiet bay, so that he might have time to learn how things had been going on, he goes to the cabin of Eumæus. The swineherd welcomes him with open arms and wet eyes.

EUMÆUS TO TELEMACHUS.

Thou, O Telemachus, my life and light!
Returnest; yet my soul did often say
That never, never more, should I have sight

Of thy sweet face, since thou didst sail away.
Enter, dear child, and let my heart allay
Its yearnings; newly art thou come from far;
Thou comest all too seldom—fain to stay
In the thronged city, where the suitors are,
Silently looking on, while foes thy substance
mar.

Transl. of Worsley.

The seeming beggar is sitting in the cabin, and Telemachus, after greeting him courteously, sends Eumæus to announce to his mother his own safe return. Then Pallas appears—seen only by Ulysses and the dogs who cower and whine at the celestial appearance. She bids Ulysses to reveal himself to his son. At her touch the beggar's rags fall off, a royal robe takes their place; and the hero stands up in all his stately proportions. For the first time since he was a babe in his mother's arms does Telemachus look upon his father. The plan of operation is soon formed. Telemachus is not to inform his mother of her husband's return until they can discover who among the household can be relied upon to aid them in exterminating the throng of imperious suitors and their armed retinues. Ulysses in time—having resumed the appearance of a poorly-clad old man—takes his way to the palace. Hard by is lying his favorite hound, Argus, dying of old age. But the dog, with the instinct of his kind, recognizes his master through his unseemly disguise, and attempts to follow him into the palace; but dies on the threshold.

The suitors within are holding high carnival. Ulysses goes around the tables, soliciting some scraps to fill his beggar's wallet. None refuse except Antinous, the

most stalwart of them all, who bids the old man to get out of the way. Ulysses expresses some wonder that a spirit so mean should inhabit a body so fair; whereat Antinous hurls a heavy stool at his head. Ulysses moves quietly to the doorway, and raises his voice in solemn imprecation to the powers Divine who are the protectors of the stranger and the poor.

THE IMPRECATION OF ULYSSES.

Hear me, ye suitors of the queen divine!
  Men grieve not for the wounds they take in fight,
Defending their own wealth, white sheep or kine:
  But me—bear witness—doth Antinous smite
  Only because I suffer hunger's bite,
Fount to mankind of evils evermore.
  Now may Antinous, ere his nuptial night—
If there be Gods and Furies of the poor—
Die unavenged, unwept, upon the palace floor.

Transl. of WORSLEY.

Amphinomus one of the suitors, of less ignoble spirit than the rest, is indignant at this outrage upon a poor old man, and utters a righteous rebuke to Antinous—the only decent word spoken by any of that vile crew whose doom is so close at hand.

AMPHINOMUS REBUKES ANTINOUS.

Not to thine honor hast thou now let fall,
  Antinous, on the wandering poor this blow.
Haply a god from heaven is in our hall,
And thou art ripe for ruin; I bid thee know,
  Gods in the garb of strangers to and fro
Wander the cities, and men's ways discern;
  Yea, through the wide earth in all shapes they go,
Changed, yet the same, and with their own eyes learn.

How live the sacred laws—who hold them, and
who spurn.

Transl. of Worsley.

The next day is the day of retribution. It is the feast of Apollo, and the suitors celebrate it with even more than their wonted revelry and insolence. They even insult Telemachus upon his father's own hearthstone. Penelope—still ignorant of the return of Ulysses—has come to the sad conclusion that she will be forced to make choice of one of the hated suitors. But she bethinks herself of an expedient which may at least put off the hated moment. There is one noted feat which she had seen Ulysses perform in olden days. This is to shoot an arrow through the eyes of twelve axe-heads set up in a line. She brings down the mighty bow, which Ulysses had not taken with him to Troy, and promises that she will accept as her future lord the suitor who can bend that bow, and send the arrow through the axe-eyes. One after another makes the attempt; but not one of them can even bend the bow. Then the seeming beggar—who has in the meantime revealed himself to a few in whom he has found that he may confide—makes request that he may make trial of this wonderful bow. The suitors fling fierce abuse upon him for his audacity. But Telemachus, whose authority in his father's house they are not quite prepared to deny, gives permission. Ulysses takes the bow, examines it carefully to see that wood and string are in proper order, fits the arrow to the notch, and without even rising from his seat draws the bow to its full stretch, and sends the arrow through the whole line of axe-heads.

THE RETRIBUTION OF ULYSSES.

"Behold the mark is hit,
Hit without labor! The old strength cleaves fast
Upon me, and my bones are stoutly knit—
Not as the suitors mock me in their scornful wit.
Now is it time their evening meal is set
Before the Achaians, ere the sun goes down.
And other entertainment shall come yet:
Dance and the song, which are the banquet's crown."
He spake, and with his eyebrows curved the frown.
Seizing his sword and spear Telemachus came,
Son of Ulysses, chief of high renown,
And, helmeted with brass like fiery flame,
Stood by his father's throne, and waited the dire aim.
Stripped of his rags then leapt the godlike king
On the great threshold, in his hand the bow
And quiver, filled with arrows of mortal sting.
These with a rattle he rained down below,
Loose at his feet, and spoke among them so:
"See at the last our matchless bout is o'er!
Now for another mark, that I may know
If I can hit what none hath hit before,
And if Apollo hear me in the prayer I pour."

Transl. of WORSLEY.

He aims the first arrow at Antinous. It pierces the throat, and he falls with the untasted goblet at his lips. The suitors stand aghast for a moment, when Ulysses declares himself and his purpose. They look around for the weapons which are wont to hang upon the walls; but they have been secretly removed by Ulysses and his son. Unarmed as they are, the suitors make a rush. But Amphinomus who is foremost—and for whom one would have hoped a better fate—falls by the spear of Telemachus. Ulysses plies his

fatal arrows until the quiver is exhausted; and then he and Telemachus, aided by Eumæus and another faithful retainer who have just come into the hall, complete the work of death. When all are slain, Eurycleia, the old nurse of Ulysses, who alone of all the females of the household had been told of the return of Ulysses, enters the hall, and is about to raise a shout of triumph, but Ulysses restrains her:

ULYSSES TO EURYCLEIA.

Nurse, with a mute heart this my vengeance hail;
Not holy is it o'er the slain to boast.
These Heaven and their own crimes have brought to bale;
Since of all strangers, from earth's every coast,
No man was honored of this godless host;
Nor good nor evil, whosoe'er they knew:—
And with their souls they pay the fearful cost.
Transl. of WORSLEY.

Penelope, who had retired to her distant chamber before the axe-eye trial had begun, and knew nothing of what had since taken place, is now told of it by the nurse. She goes down to the fatal hall, from which the bodies had been removed. She cannot at first believe that Ulysses has come back, but apprehends that some one has assumed his name. And she is not fully assured that it is really her husband until he recalls to her recollection a domestic incident of which only she and he could have had any knowledge.

PENELOPE'S RECOGNITION OF ULYSSES.

Then from the eyelids the quick tears did start,
And she ran to him from her place, and threw

Her arms about his neck, and a warm dew
Of kisses poured upon him, and thus spake:
"Frown not, Ulysses, thou art wise and true!
But God gave sorrow, and hath grudged to make
Our path to old age sweet, nor willed us to partake
Youth's joys together. Yet forgive me this,
Nor hate me that when first I saw thy brow,
I fell not on thy neck, and gave no kiss,
Nor wept in thy dear arms, as I do now.
For in my breast a bitter fear did bow
My soul, and I lived shuddering day by day,
Lest a strange man come hither, and avow
False things, and steal my spirit, and bewray
My love: such guile men scheme to lead the pure astray.

Transl. of WORSLEY.

Here with the twenty-third Book, the story of the *Odyssey* properly comes to an end. But there is another Book, which is so decidedly inferior to the others that some critics are inclined to question its authenticity. Be this as it may, there is one passage in this Book quite worthy of Homer. Ulysses goes to see his aged father, Laertes, who is passing his last years in retirement at his secluded farm. The old man cannot at once believe that this can be his son, whom he had not seen for twenty years, and had long believed to be dead.

ULYSSES AND HIS FATHER.

All this made not his staid faith so free
To trust his words; who said: "If you are he,
Approve it by some sign." "This scar then see,"
Replied Ulysses, "given me by the boar
Slain in Parnassus; I being sent before,
By yours and by my honored mother's will,
To see your sire Autolycus fulfil
The gifts he vow'd at giving of my name.

I tell you, too, the trees in goodly frame,
Of this fair orchard, that I asked of you,
Being yet a child, and follow'd for your show
And name of every tree. You gave me then
Of fig-trees forty, apple-bearers ten,
Pear-trees thirteen, and fifty ranks of vine,
Each one of which a season did confine
For his best eating. Not a grape did grow
That grew not there, and had his heavy brow
Where Jove's fair daughters, the all-ripening
Hours,
Gave timely date to it."

This charged the powers
Both of his knees and heart with such impression
Of sudden comfort, that it gave possession
Of all to trance; the signs were all so true,
And did the love that gave them so renew.
He cast his arms about her son and sunk,
The circle slipping to his feet—so shrunk
Were all his age's forces with the fire
Of his young love rekindled.

The old sire
The son took up quite lifeless. But his breath
Again respiring, and his soul from death
His body's powers recovering, out he cried,
And said: "O Jupiter! I now have tried
That there still live in heaven remembering
gods
Of men that serve them. Though the periods
They set on their appearance are long
In best men's sufferings, yet sure as strong
They are in comforts, be their strange delays
Extended never so from days to days."

Transl. of CHAPMAN.

Those who hold that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are the work of one and the same individual Homer, are nearly unanimous in considering the *Iliad* the work of early manhood, and the *Odyssey* that of his later years. But Walter Savage Landor argues, not without plausibility, that the

reverse is true. In the *Odyssey* he sees the production of Homer in his early manhood, when he was prompt to invent, and ready to sing any tale of strange and wild adventure. In the *Iliad* he sees the work of a man whose mere inventive faculty had decreased; but who looked on life with wiser, but sterner and sadder vision. But this is a question the decision of which is not itself of any special consequence. It is enough that we have, and all future generations will have, these two immortal poems; and it is quite safe for us to hold that they are the work of one and the same man. For, as Landor says: "It is easier to believe that there should have been one man capable of creating both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, than that there should have been two men capable of creating either of them."

HOOD, Edwin Paxton, an English clergyman and author, born in 1820; died in 1885. He was the son of a sailor, who served under Nelson in the *Téméraire.* For many years he was pastor of an Independent Chapel in London. He was also a popular lecturer on literary and social subjects. He edited the *Eclectic Review* for years, and afterwards the *Preacher's Lantern.* Among his works are *Wordsworth, a Biography; The Age and Its Architects; A Life of Swedenborg; The Peerage of Poverty; Dream Land and Ghost Land; Genius and Industry; Mental and Moral Philosophy of Laughter; The Uses of Biography, Romantic, Philosophic, and Didactic; Lamps, Pitchers and Trumpets*, lectures on the preacher's vocation. *Blind Amos; Life of the Rev. Thomas Binney; Oliver Cromwell: his Life, Times, Battle-fields, and Contemporaries* (1882), *Scottish Characteristics* (1883), and an *Exposition of the Life and Genius of Thomas Carlyle.* He also edited *The World of Anecdote*, and *The World of Religious Anecdote.*

THE BATTLE OF DUNBAR.

The orders of the Scots were to extinguish their matches, to cower under the shocks of corn, and seek some imperfect shelter and sleep; to-morrow night, for most of them, the sleep will be perfect enough, whatever the shelter may be. The order to the English was, to stand to their arms, or to lie within reach of them all night. Some waking soldiers in the English army were holding prayer-meetings too. By moonlight, as the gray heavy morning broke over St. Abb's Head its first faint streak, the first peal of the trumpets ran along the Scottish host. But how unprepared were they then for the loud reply of the English

host, and for the thunder of their cannons upon their lines. Terrible was the awakening of the Scottish soldiers; and their matches all out: the battle-cry rushed along the line—"The Covenant! The Covenant!"—but it soon became more and more feeble, while yet high and strong, amid the war of the trumpets and the musketry, arose the watchword of Cromwell: "The Lord of Hosts! The Lord of Hosts!" The battle-cry of Luther was in that hour the charging word of the English Puritans.

Terrible! but short as terrible! Cromwell had seized the moment and the place. The hour and the man met there; in overthrowing the one flank of the enemy's line, he made them the authors of their own defeat. A thick fog, too, had embarrassed their movements; their very numbers became a source of confusion. But now over St. Abb's Head the sun suddenly appeared, crimsoning the sea, scattering the fogs away. The Scottish army were seen flying in all directions—flying, and so brief a flight! "They run!" said Cromwell; "I protest they run!" and catching inspiration, doubtless, from the bright shining of the daybeam—"inspired," says Mr. Forster, "by the thought of a triumph so mighty and resistless, his voice was again heard, 'Now let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered!'" It was a wonderful victory; wonderful even among wonderful triumphs! To hear the shout sent up by the united English army; to see the general make a halt, and sing the one hundred and seventeenth Psalm upon the field. Wonderful that that immense army should thus be scattered—10,000 prisoners taken, about 3,000 slain, 200 colors, 15,000 stand of arms, and all the artillery!—and that Cromwell should not have lost of his army twenty men!—*Oliver Cromwell.*

HOOD, THOMAS, an English author, born in London in 1799; died there in 1845. After the death of his father, a bookseller, he was in his fifteenth year apprenticed to a wood-engraver, and acquired some facility as a comic draughtsman. He wrote verses for periodicals while a mere boy. In 1822 the *London Magazine* passed into the hands of publishers with whom Hood was acquainted, and who made him their sub-editor. This position brought him into connection with De Quincey, Hazlitt, Lamb, Hartley Coleridge, Proctor, Talfourd, and other contributors to the Magazine. In 1824 he married, and in conjunction with his brother-in-law, J. H. Reynolds, published a small volume of *Odes and Addresses to Great People*. In 1826 he put forth the first series of *Whims and Oddities*, illustrated by himself. In 1827 he published *National Tales*, and a volume of *Poems*, among which were *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies*, *Nero and Leander*, and *Lycus, the Centaur*, all of a serious character. He edited the annual called *The Gem* for 1829, in which appeared *The Dream of Eugene Aram*. In 1829 he brought out a second series of *Whims and Oddities*. In 1830 he began the publication of the *Comic Annual*, of which eleven volumes appeared, the last being in 1842. In 1831 he wrote *Tilney Hall*, his only novel. Pecuniary difficulties and impaired health induced him in 1837 to take up his residence on the Continent, where he remained three years, writing *Up the Rhine*. Returning to England, in 1841, he became for two years the editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. He then started *Hood's Magazine*, which he kept up until close

upon his death. He was also a contributor to *Punch*, in which appeared in 1844 *The Song of the Shirt* and *The Bridge of Sighs*, both composed upon a sick bed from which he never rose. Hood's broken health during the three or four later years of his life rendered his pecuniary condition an embarassed one; but he accepted the situation bravely and uncomplainingly. In 1841 the members of the "Literary Fund" offered him a present of fifty pounds, which he declined in the following letter:

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.

The adverse circumstances to which allusion is made are unfortunately too well known from the public announcement in the *Athenæum* by my precocious executor and officious assignee. But I beg most emphatically to repeat that the disclosures so drawn from me were never intended to bespeak the world's pity or assistance. Sickness is too common to humanity, and poverty too old a companion of my order, to justify such an appeal. The revelation was merely meant to show, when taunted with "my creditors," that I had been striving in humble imitation of an illustrious literary example, to satisfy all claims upon me, and to account for my imperfect success. I am too proud of my profession to grudge it some suffering. I love it still—as Cowper loved England—"with all its faults," and I should hardly feel as one of the fraternity, if I had not my portion of the calamities of authors. More fortunate than many, I have succeeded not only in getting into print, but occasionally in getting out of it; and surely a man who has overcome such formidable difficulties may hope and expect to get over the commonplace ones of procuring bread-and-cheese.

I am writing seriously, gentlemen, although in a cheerful tone, partly natural and partly in-

tended to relieve you of some of your kindly concern on my account. Indeed, my position at present is an easy one compared with that of some eight months ago, when out of heart, and out of health, helpless, spiritless, sleepless, childless. I have now a home in my own country, and my little ones sit at my hearth. I smile sometimes, and even laugh. For the same benign Providence that gifted me with the power of amusing others has not denied me the ability of entertaining myself. Moreover, to mere worldly losses I profess a cheerful philosophy, which can jest "though china fall," and for graver troubles a Christian faith that consoles and supports me even in walking through something like the valley and the shadow of Death.

My embarrrassment and bad health are of such standing, that I am become as it were seasoned. For the last six years I have been engaged in the same struggle, without seeking, receiving, or requiring any pecuniary assistance whatever. My pen and pencil procured not only enough for my own wants, but to form a surplus besides—a sort of "literary fund" of my own, which at this moment is "doing good by stealth." To provide for similar wants there are the same means and resources—the same head, heart, and hands; the same bad health—and may it only last long enough! In short, the same crazy vessel for the same foul weather; but I have not yet thought of hanging my ensign upside down.

Fortunately, since manhood I have been dependent solely on my own exertions—a condition which has exposed and enured me to vicissitude, whilst it has nourished a pride which will fight on, and has yet some retrenchments to make ere its surrender. Your welcome sympathy is valued in proportion to the very great comfort and encouragement it affords me. Your kind wishes for my better health—my greatest want—I accept and thank you for with my

whole heart; but I must not and cannot retain your money. I really do not feel myself to be yet a proper object for your bounty; and should I ever become so, I fear that such a crisis will find me looking elsewhere: to the earth beneath me for final rest, and to the heaven above me for final justice.

The respite from his pulmonary disease was only temporary. A year before his death his straitened circumstances were brought to the notice of Sir Robert Peel, then Premier, through whom a pension of £100 a year was awarded to Hood, and afterwards continued to his wife. His daughter, in a letter to Mr. S. C. Hall, describes his dying hour: "He called us round him—my mother, my little brother, and myself—to receive his last kiss and blessing, tenderly and fondly given; and gently clasping my mother's hand, he said: "Remember, Jane, I forgive them all—*all!*" He lay for some time calmly and quietly, but breathing painfully and slowly; and my mother, bending over him, heard him murmur faintly, "O Lord, say, Arise, take up thy cross and follow me!" Perhaps the last poem by Hood is the following, composed a few weeks before his death:

FAREWELL AND HAIL TO LIFE.

Farewell, life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim:
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night;
Colder, colder, colder still
Upward steals a vapor chill;
Strong the earthy odor grows:—
I feel the mould above the rose.

Welcome life! The spirit strives;

Strength returns, and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn;
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapor cold:—
I smell the rose above the mould.

A LAMENT FOR THE DECADENCE OF CHIVALRY.

Well hast thou said, departed Burke,
All chivalrous romantic work
Is ended now and past!
That iron age, which some have thought
Of mettle over-wrought,
Is now all over-cast.

Ay! where are those heroic knights
Of old—those armadillo wights
Who wore the plated vest?
Great Charlemagne and all his Peers
Are cold—enjoying, with their spears,
An everlasting rest.

The bold King Arthur sleepeth sound;
So sleep his Knights who gave that Round
Old Table such *éclât*!
Oh! Time has plucked that plumy brow;
And none engage at turneys now
But those that go to law.

Where are those old and feudal clans,
Their pikes, and bills, and partisans,
Their hauberks, jerkins, buffs?
A battle was a battle then,
A breathing piece of work: but men
Fight now with powder puffs!

The curtal-axe is out of date!
The good old cross-bow bends to Fate;
'Tis gone the archer's craft!
No tough arm bends the springing yew,
And jolly draymen ride—in lieu
Of Death—upon the shaft.

In cavils when will cavaliers
Set ringing helmets by the ears
And scatter plumes about?

Or blood—if they are in the vein?
That tap will never run again:
    Alas! the casque is out!

No iron crackling now is scored,
By dint of battle-axe and sword,
    To find a vital place:
Though certain doctors still pretend,
Awhile before they kill a friend,
    To labor through his case!

Farewell, then, ancient men of might—
Crusader, errant squire, and knight!
    Our coats and customs, soften.
To rise would only make you weep:
Sleep on in rusty iron, sleep
    As in a safety coffin!

MISS KILMANSEGG'S ADVENT.

To trace the Kilmansegg pedigree,
To the very root of the family tree,
  Were a task as rash as ridiculous:
Through antediluvian mists as thick
As a London fog such a line to pick
Were enough, in truth, to puzzle Old Nick,
  Not to name Sir Harris Nicholas.

It wouldn't require much verbal strain
To trace the Kill-man, perchance to Cain;
But waiving all such digressions,
Suffice it, according to family lore,
A Patriarch Kilmansegg lived of yore
  Who was famed for his great possessions.

Gold! and gold! and gold without end!
He had gold to lay by, and gold to spend,
Gold to give and gold to lend,
  And reversions of gold *in futuro*.
In wealth the family revelled and rolled,
Himself and wife and sons so bold;
And his daughters sang to their harps of gold,
  O bella era del' oro! . . . .

What different dooms our birthdays bring!
For instance, one little manikin thing!
  Survives to wear many a wrinkle;

While death forbids another to wake
And a son that took nine moons to make
  Expires without even a twinkle.

One is littered under a roof
Neither wind nor water proof—
  That's the prose of Love in a Cottage—
A puny, naked, shivering wretch,
The whole of whose birthright would not
    fetch,
Though Robbins himself drew up the sketch,
  The bid of a "mess of pottage."

Born of Fortunatus's kin,
Another comes tenderly ushered in
  To a prospect all bright and burnished:
No tenant he for life's back slums,
He comes to the world as a gentleman comes
  To a lodging ready furnished,

And the other sex—the tender—the fair—
What wide reverses of fate are there!
Whilst Margaret, charmed by the Bulbul rare,
  In a garden of Gul reposes,
Poor Peggy hawks nosegays from street to
    street
  She hates the smell of roses!

Not so with the infant Kilmansegg!
She was not born to steal or beg,
  Or gather cresses in ditches;
To plait the straw, or bind the shoe,
Or sit all day to hem and sew,
As females must, and not a few,
  To fill their insides with stitches.

She was one of those who by Fortune's boon
Are born, as they say, with a silver spoon
  In her mouth, not a wooden ladle:
To speak according to poet's wont,
Plutus as sponsor stood at her font,
  And Midas rocked the cradle.

At her *début* she found her head
On a pillow of down, in a downy bed,
  With a damask canopy over;

For although by the vulgar popular saw,
All mothers are said to be "in the straw,"
Some children are born in clover . . . .

Like other babes, at her birth she cried;
Which made a sensation far and wide,
Ay, for twenty miles around her;
For though to the ear 'twas nothing more
Than an infant's squall, it was really the roar
Of a fifty thousand pounder;
It shook the next heir
In his library chair,
And made him cry, "confound her!" . . .

O, happy hope of the Kilmanseggs!
Thrice happy in head, and body, and legs,
That her parents had such full pockets!
For had she been born of want and thrift
For care and nursing all adrift,
It is ten to one she had had to make shift
With rickets instead of rockets! . . . .

And when she took to squall and kick—
For pain will wring and pins will prick
Even the wealthiest nabob's daughter—
They gave her no vulgar Dally or gin,
But liquor with leaf of gold therein,
Videlicet—Dantzic Water.

In short, she was born, and bred, and nurst,
And drest in the best from the very first,
To please the genteelest censor;
And then, as soon as strength would allow,
Was vaccinated, as babies are now,
With virus ta'en from the best-bred cow
Of Lord Althorpe's—now Earl Spenser.

AN IDEAL HONEYMOON.

The moon—the moon, so silver and cold—
Her fickle temper has oft been told,
Now shady, now bright and sunny;
But, of all the lunar things that change,
The one that shows most fickle and strange
And takes the most eccentric range,
Is the moon—so-called—of honey!

To some a full-grown orb revealed,
As big and as round as Norval's shield,
   And as bright as a burner Bude-lighted;
To others as dull, and dingy, and damp
As any oleaginous lamp,
Of the regular old parochial stamp,
   In a London fog benighted.

To the loving, a bright and constant sphere,
That makes earth's commonest things appear
   All poetic, romantic, and tender;
Hanging with jewels a cabbage-stump,
And investing a common post or a pump,
A currant-bush or gooseberry-clump,
   With a halo of dreamlike splendor.

For all is bright, and beauteous, and clear,
And the meanest thing most precious and dear
   When the magic of love is present:
Love that lends a sweetness and grace
To the humblest spot and the plainest face;
That turns Wilderness Row into Paradise Place,
   And Garlic Hill to Mount Pleasant.

Love that sweetens sugarless tea,
And makes contentment and joy agree
   With the coarsest boarding and bedding;
Love, that no golden ties can attach,
But nestles under the humblest thatch,
And will fly away from an emperor's match
   To dance at a penny wedding!

O, happy, happy, thrice happy state,
When such a bright planet governs the fate
   Of a pair of united lovers!
'Tis theirs in spite of the serpent's hiss,
To enjoy the pure primeval kiss
With as much of the old original bliss
   As mortality ever recovers.

THE MORAL OF MISS KILMANSEGG'S STORY.

Gold! gold! gold! gold!—
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold:

Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Good or bad a thousand-fold!
How widely its agencies vary
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the images of Good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary.

Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg.

NOVEMBER.

No sun—no moon—
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no "other side the way"—
No end to any Row—
No indications where the Crescents go—
No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em—
No travelling at all—no locomotion—
No inkling of the way—no notion—
"No go," by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No Park—no Ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease—
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade—no shine—no butterflies—no bees—
No fruits—no flowers—no leaves—no trees—
November!

MY WIFE, DAUGHTER AND SON ASLEEP TOGETHER.

And has the earth lost its spacious round,
The sky its blue circumference above

That in this little chamber there is found
Both earth and heaven—my universe of love !
All that my God can give me or remove,
Here sleeping, save myself, in mimic death.
Sweet that in this small compass I behoove
To live their living and to breathe their breath !
Almost I wish that with one common sigh
We might resign all mundane care and strife,
And seek together that transcendent sky
Where father, mother, children, husband, wife
Together pant in everlasting life !

THE DEATH-BED.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers,
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied :
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed ; she had
Another morn than ours.

THE LAY OF THE LABORER.

A spade ! a rake ! a hoe ; a pickaxe or a bill !
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow, a flail, or what ye will :
And here's a ready hand to ply the needful tool.
And skilled enough, by lessons rough, in Labor's rugged school.

To hedge, or dig the ditch, to lop or fell the tree.

To lay the swarth on the sultry field, or plough
the stubborn lea;
The harvest stack to bind, the wheaten rick to
thatch,
And never fear in my pouch to find the tinder
or the match. . . . .

A spade! a rake! a hoe, a pickaxe or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow, a flail or
what ye will:
The corn to thrash, or the hedge to plash, the
market-team to drive,
Or mend the fence by the cover-side, and leave
the game alive.

Ay, only give me work and then you need not
fear,
That I shall snare his Worship's hare, or kite
his Grace's deer;
Break into his Lordship's house, to steal the
plate so rich;
Or leave the yeoman that had a purse to
welter in the ditch.

My only claim is this, with labor stiff and
stark
By lawful turn my living to earn, between the
light and dark;
My daily bread and nightly bed, my bacon, and
drop of beer:
But all from the man that holds the land, and
none from the overseer!

No parish money or loaf, no pauper badges for
me;—
A son of the soil by right of toil entitled to my
fee.
No alms I ask, give me my task; here are the
arm, the leg,
The strength, the sinews of a man, to work,
and not to beg.

Still one of Adam's heirs, though doomed by
chance of birth
To dress so mean, and to eat the lean instead
of the fat of the earth;

To make such humble meals as honest labor can—
A bone and a crust, with a grace to God, and little thanks to man!
A spade! a rake! a hoe! a pickaxe, or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow, a flail, or what ye will:—
Whatever the tool to ply, here is a willing drudge,
With muscle and limb—and woe to him who does their pay begrudge!

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags
Plying her needle and thread.—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the Song of the Shirt:—

Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

Work—work—work,
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work—work—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

O, men, with sisters dear!
O, men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!

But why do I talk of Death?
That phantom of grisly bone;
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own:
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;—
O, God! that bread should be so dear
And flesh and blood so cheap!

Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread, and rags!
That shattered roof, and this naked floor,
A table, a broken chair,
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.

Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime;
Work—work—work,
As prisoners work for crime!
Band and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright;
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their pretty backs,
And twit me with the Spring.

Oh! but to breath the breath
Of the cowslip and primroses sweet;
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,

Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

O! but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!—

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich—
She sang this Song of the Shirt!

THOMAS HOOD, the only son of the preceding, was born in 1835, and died in 1874. He was educated at Pembroke College, Oxford, and made literature his profession. He contributed to periodicals, edited various collections of the works of his father, to some of which he furnished illustrations, and in 1865 became editor of the comic periodical *Fun*. He wrote several works in prose and verse, taking his father as his model. FRANCIS FREELING (BRODERICK), the daughter of Thomas Hood the elder, was also the author of several works, and in conjunction with her brother prepared a Memorial of their father.

HOOK, Theodore Edward, an English wit and author, born in 1788; died in 1841. He was educated at Harrow. His mother died when he was fourteen years old. His father, a musical composer, delighted in exhibiting the boy's extraordinary talent for improvisation and mimicry. In 1805 he produced a comic opera, *The Soldier's Return*, which instantly became popular. *Catch Him Who Can*, a musical farce (1806), completed his conquest of the public. His brother, a clergyman, endeavored to induce him to quit the stage for college, and had him entered as a student at Oxford; but vainly looked for him there. For ten years he gave himself to the pleasures of London life, and was the wonder of the town. His power of improvising witty verses, applicable to every one he met, never failed. His practical jokes were inexhaustible. In 1812 the Prince Regent appointed him Accountant-General and Treasurer of the Colony of Mauritius, with a salary of £2,000 a year. In 1817 his accounts were examined, and a deficiency of £12,000 being discovered, Hook was arrested, and sent home. It was found that a deputy-official was guilty of the theft; but as it was the result of Hook's neglect of duty, he was held responsible. He immediately began to write for periodicals. In 1820 he issued the first number of the Tory paper, The *John Bull*, which attained a wide circulation, and brought him a large income. But as he made no attempt to repay his debt to the Government, he was again arrested, and was imprisoned for several months. Between 1824 and 1841 he published thirty-eight volumes, edited the *John Bull* weekly, and

for some years *The New Monthly Magazine.* He died worn out with dissipation. Among his farces, melodramas, and comedies are *The Invisible Girl* (1806), *Trial by Jury*, and *Darkness Visible* (1811), *Exchange no Robbery* and *Tentamen* (1820.) Some of his other publications are *Sayings and Doings*, three series (1824–28.) *Maxwell*, regarded as his best novel (1830), *The Parson's Daughter* (1833), *Gilbert Gurney* (1835), *Jack Brag* (1837), *Gurney Married* (1839), *Cousin Geoffrey, the Old Bachelor* (1840), *Father and Sons* (1841.)

GETTING READY FOR COMPANY.

In a family like Mr. Palmer's the non-arrival of the "company" would have been a severe disappointment. Mrs. Overall was known to be a lady of fortune, used to everything "nice and comfortable;" she kept her own carriage, her men-servants, and all that; and, therefore, they must be very particular, and have everything uncommonly nice for *her*, and so Mr. Palmer the night before had a white basin of hot water up into the parlor to bleach almonds, with which to stick a "tipsy cake," after the fashion of a hedgehog, and Mrs. Palmer sent to the pastry cook's for some raspberry jam, to make creams in little jelly-glasses, looking like inverted extinguishers; and spent half the morning in whipping up froth with a cane-whisk to put on their tops like shining lather. And Miss Palmer cut bits of paper, and curled them with the scissors to put round the "wax ends" in the glass lustres on the chimney-piece: and the three-cornered lamp in the drawing-room was taken out of its brown holland bag, and the maid set to clean it on a pair of rickety steps; and the cases were taken off the bell-pulls, and the pictures-frames were dusted, and the covers taken off the card-tables all in honor of the approaching *fete.*

Then came the agonies of the father, mother, and daughter, just about five o'clock of the day itself; when the drawing-room chimney smoked, and apprehensions assailed them lest the fish should be overdone; the horrors excited by a noise in the kitchen as if the cod's head and shoulders had tumbled into the sand on the floor; that cod's head and shoulders which Mr. Palmer had himself gone to the fishmonger's to buy, and in determining the excellence of which had poked his fingers into fifty cods, and forty turbots, to ascertain which was firmest, freshest, and best; and then the tremor caused by the stoppages of different hackney-coaches in the neighborhood—not to speak of the smell of roasted mutton, which pervaded the whole house, intermingled with an occasional whiff of celery, attributable to the assiduous care of Mrs. Palmer, who always mixed the salad herself, and smelt of it all the rest of the day; the disagreeable discovery just made that the lamps on the staircase would not burn; the slight inebriation of the cook bringing into full play a latent animosity towards the housemaid, founded on jealousy, and soothed by the mediation of the neighboring green-grocer, hired for five shillings to wait at table on the great occasion.

Just as the Major and Mrs. Overall actually drove up, the said attendant green-grocer, the male Pomona of the neighborhood, had just stepped out to the public house to fetch "the porter." The door was of course opened by the housemaid. The afternoon being windy, the tallow candle which she held was instantaneously blown out; at the same instant the back-kitchen door was blown to with a tremendous noise, occasioning, by the concussion, the fall of a pile of plates, put on the dresser ready to be carried up into the parlor, and the overthrow of a modicum of oysters in a blue basin, which were subsequently, but with difficulty, gathered up individually from the floor by the hands of the cook, and converted in due season

into sauce, for the before-mentioned cod's head and shoulders.

At this momentous crisis, the green-grocer (acting waiter) returned with two pots of Meux and Co.'s Entire, upon the tops of which stood heads not a little resembling the whipped stuff upon the raspberry creams—open goes the door again, puff goes the wind, and off go the "heads" of the porter-pots into the faces of the refined Major Overall and his adorable bride, who was disrobing at the foot of the stairs.

The Major, who was a man of the world, and had seen society in all its grades, bore the pelting of this pitiless storm with magnanimity and without surprise; but Jane, whose sphere of motion had been somewhat more limited, and who had encountered very little variety either of scenery or action, beyond the every day routine of a quiet country house, enlivened periodically by a six weeks' trip to London, was somewhat astounded at the noise and confusion, the banging of doors, the clattering of crockery, and the confusion of tongues, which the untimely arrival of the company and the porter at the same time had occasioned. Nor was the confusion less confounded by the thundering double-knock of Mr. Olinthus Crackenthorpe, of Holborn Court, Gray's Inn, who followed the beer (which, as Shakespeare has it, "was at the door") as gravely and methodically as an undertaker.

Up the precipitous and narrow staircase were the Major and Mrs. Overall ushered, she having been divested of her shawl and boa by the housemaid, who threw her "things" into a dark hole yeleped the back-parlor, where boots and umbrellas, a washing-stand, the canvas bag of the drawing-room lamp, the table-covers and "master's" great-coats, were all huddled in one grand miscellany. Just as the little procession was on the point of climbing, Hollingsworth, the waiter, coming in, feeling the absolute necessity of announcing all the company himself, sets down the porter-pots upon

the mats in the passage, nearly pushes down the housemaid, who was about to usurp his place, and who in her anxiety to please Mr. Crackenthorpe (who was what she called a "nice gentleman"), abandons her position at the staircase, and flies to the door for the purpose of admitting him. In her zeal and activity to achieve this feat, she unfortunately upsets one of the porter-pots and inundates the little passage, miscalled the hall, with a sweeping flood of the afore-mentioned mixture of Messrs. Meux and Co.

Miss Engelhart of Bernard Street, Russell Square, who had been invited to meet the smart folks, because she was a smart person herself, arrived shortly after; indeed, so rapidly did she, like Rugby, follow Mr. Crackenthorpe's heels, that he had but just time to deposit his great-coat and goloshes (in which he had walked from chambers) in the black-hole where everything was thrust, before the lovely Charlotte made her appearance. Here, then, at length, was the snug little party assembled, and dinner was forthwith ordered.—*Maxwell.*

HOOKER, Herman, an American clergyman and author, born at Poultney, Vt., in 1804; died at Philadelphia in 1865. He graduated at Middlebury College in 1825; studied theology at Princeton, and was licensed to preach as a Presbyterian clergyman; but subsequently took orders in the Episcopal Church. Failing health compelled him to retire from the ministerial office, and he became a bookseller in Philadelphia, devoting also much of his time to literary pursuits. He made the Nashote Seminary his residuary legatee, the institution thus receiving about $10,000. His principal works are: *The Portion of the Soul* (1835), *Popular Infidelity* (1836), *The Uses of Adversity* (1846,) *Thoughts and Maxims* (1847), *The Christian Life a Fight of Faith* (1848.)

THE TRIUMPHS OF LOVE AND FAITH.

Let us contemplate the capacities and resources of love as applied to the experience of life. Property and business may fail, and still the eye of hope may fix itself on other objects, and confidence may strengthen itself in other schemes; but when death enters into our family, and loved ones are missing from our sight, though God may have made their bed in sickness, and established their hope in death, nothing can then relieve us but trust and love. Philosophy and pleasure do but intrude upon and aggravate our grief. But love, the light of God, may chase away the gloom of this hour, and start up in the soul trusts, which give the victory over ourselves. The harp of the spirit, though its chords be torn, never yields such sweet notes, such swelling harmony, as when the world can draw no music from it. How often do we see strokes fall on the heart, which it would be but mockery for man to attempt to relieve, and which get severed to unlock the treasures of that heart. and reveal a sweetness

to it which it had not known before. See that mother! She loves and mourns as none but a mother can. Behold the greatness and the sweetness of her grief! Her child is dead, and she says, "It is well with me, and it is well with my child. It is well because God has taken him. He has said, 'Of such is the Kingdom of heaven'—that He 'doth not willingly afflict,' and I know it must be well." Can there be any greatness greater than this? Did ever any prince at the head of invincible armies win a victory like it? Her heart is in heaviness, and her home is desolated; but she has been to her heavenly Father, and unbosomed her griefs before Him. There is peace on her saddened countenance, peace in her gentle words; the peace of God has come down, and is filling her trusting soul.

If there is anything about us which good hearts will reverence, it is our grief on the loss of those we love. It is a condition in which we seem to be smitten by a Divine hand, and thus made sacred. It is a grief, too, which greatly enriches the heart, when rightly borne. There may be no rebellion of the will, the sweetest sentiments toward God and our fellow-beings may be deepened, and still the desolation caused in the treasured sympathies and hopes of the heart gives a new color to the entire scene of life. The dear affections which grew out of the consanguinities and connections of life—next to those we owe to God—are the most sacred of our being; and if the hopes and revelations of a future state did not come to our aid, our grief would be immoderate and inconsolable when these relations are broken by death. But we are not left to sorrow in darkness. Death is as the foreshadowing of life. We die that we may die no more. So short, too, is our life here—a mortal life at best—and so endless is the life on which we enter at death—an immortal life —that the consideration may well moderate our sorrow at parting.—*The Uses of Adversity.*

HOOKER, JOSEPH DALTON, an English botanist and author, born in Suffolk in 1817. He was the son of Sir William Jackson Hooker, Regius Professor of Botany in Glasgow University, and later Director of the Kew Gardens. He was educated in the High School and University of Glasgow, and in 1839 received the degree of M. D. He then accompanied the Antartic expedition, commanded by Sir James Ross, for the investigation of the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism near the south pole. In 1846 he was appointed botanist to the Geological Survey of Great Britain. The next year he set out for the Himalayas, to investigate the plants of tropical countries. This expedition occupied nearly four years. In 1855 he became Assistant Director of the Kew Gardens, and ten years afterwards succeeded his father as director. He travelled in Syria, Morocco, and the United States, and in 1878 published a *Journal of a Tour in Morocco and the Great Atlas*. His other works are *Botany of the Antarctic Voyage* (6 vols., 1847–60), *Rhododendrons of the Sikkim-Himalaya* (1849–51), *Himalayan Journals* (1854), *Genera Plantarum* (1862), *The Student's Flora of the British Isles* (1870), and *The Flora of British India* (1874.)

THE MANUFACTURE OF OPIUM.

The East India Company grant licences for the cultivation of the poppy, and contract for all the produce at certain rates varying with the quality. No opium can be grown without this licence, and an advance equal to about two-thirds of the value of the produce is made to the grower. This produce is made over to district collectors, who approximately fix the

worth of the contents of each jar, and forward it to Patna, where rewards are given for the best samples, and the worst are condemned without payment; but all is turned to some account in the reduction of the drug to a fit state for the market.

The poppy flowers in the end of January and beginning of February, and the capsules are sliced in February and March with a little instrument like a saw, made of three iron plates with jagged edges tied together. The cultivation is very carefully conducted, nor are there any very apparent means of improving this branch of commerce and revenue. During the north-west or dry winds, the best opium is procured, the worst during the moist, or east and north-east, when the drug imbibes moisture, and a watery bad solution of opium collects in cavities of its substance, and is called *passewa*, according to the absence of which the opium is generally prized.

At the end of March the opium-jars arrive at the stores by water and by land, and continue accumulating for some weeks. Every jar is labelled and stowed in a proper place, separately tested with extreme accuracy, and valued. When the whole quantity has been received, the contents of all the jars are thrown into great vats, occupying a very large building, whence the mass is distributed, to be made up into balls for the markets. This operation is carried on in a long paved room, where every man is ticketed, and many overseers are stationed to see that the work is properly conducted. Each workman sits on a stool, with a double stage and a tray before him. On the top stage in a tin basin, containing opium enough for three balls; in the lower another basin, holding water; in the tray stands a brass hemispherical cup, in which the ball is worked. To the man's right hand is another tray with two compartments, one containing thin "pancakes" of poppy-petals pressed to-

gether, the other a cupful of sticky opium-water, made from refuse opium. The man takes the brass cup, and places a pancake at the bottom, smears it with opium-water, and with many plies of the pancakes makes a coat for the opium. Of this he takes about one third of the mass before him, puts it inside the petals, and agglutinates many other coats over it: the balls are then again weighed, and reduced or increased to a certain weight if necessary. At the day's end, each man takes his work to a rack with numbered compartments, and deposits it in that which answers to its own number; thence the balls (each being put in a clay cup) are carried to an enormous drying-room, where they are exposed in tiers, and constantly examined and turned, to prevent their being attacked by weevils, which are very prevalent during moist winds, little boys creeping along the racks all day long for this purpose. When dry, the balls are packed in two layers of six each in chests, with the stalks, dried leaves, and capsules of the plant, and sent down to Calcutta. A little opium is prepared of very fine quality for the Government Hospitals, and some for general sale in India; but the proportion is trifling, and such is made up into square cakes. A good workman will prepare from thirty to fifty balls in a day, the total produce being 10,000 to 12,000 a day; during one working season 1,353,000 balls are manufactured for the Chinese market alone.

The poppy-petal pancakes, each about a foot radius, are made in the fields by women, by the simple operation of pressing the fresh petals together. They are brought in large baskets, and purchased at the commencement of the season. The liquor with which the pancakes are agglutinated together by the ball-maker, and worked into the ball, is merely inspissated opium-water, the opium for which is derived from the condemned opium (*passewa*) the washing of the utensils and of the work-

men, every one of whom is nightly laved before he leaves the establishment, and the water is inspissated. Thus not a particle of opium is lost. To encourage the farmers, the refuse stalks, leaves, and heads are bought up to pack the balls with; but this is far from an economical plan, for it is difficult to keep the refuse from damp and insects.—*Himalayan Journals.*

A MOUNTAIN CAMP IN EAST NEPAL.

While my men encamped on a very narrow ridge, I ascended a rocky summit, composed of great blocks of gneiss, from which I obtained a superb view to the westward. Immediately below a fearfully sudden descent ran the Daomy river, bounded on the opposite side by another parallel ridge of Sakkrazung, enclosing with that on which I stood, a gulf from 6000 to 7000 feet deep, of wooded ridges, which, as it were, radiated outwards as they ascended upwards in rocky spurs to the pine-clad peaks around. To the south-west in the extreme distance, were the boundless plains of India, upwards of one hundred miles off, with the Cosi meandering through them like a silver thread.

The firmament appeared of a pale blue, and a broad low arch spanned the horizon, bounded by a line of little fleecy clouds (*moutons*); below this the sky was of a golden yellow, while in successively deeper strata, many belts or ribbons of vapor appeared to press upon the plains, the lowest of which was of a dark leaden hue, the upper more purple, and vanishing into the pale yellow above. Though well defined, there was no abrupt division between the belts and the lowest mingled imperceptibly with the hazy horizon. Gradually the golden lines grew dim, and the blues and purples gained depth of color; till the sun set behind the dark-blue peaked mountains in a flood of crimson and purple, sending broad beams of gray

shade and purple light up to the zenith, and all around. As evening advanced, a sudden chill succeeded, and mists rapidly formed immediately below me in little isolated clouds, which coalesced and spread out like a heaving and rolling sea, leaving nothing above their surface but the ridges and spurs of the adjacent mountains. These rose like capes, promontories, and islands of the darkest leaden hue, bristling with pines, and advancing boldly into the snowy white ocean, or starting from its bed in the strongest relief. As darkness came on, and the stars arose, a light fog gathered round me, and I quitted with reluctance one of the most impressive and magic scenes I ever beheld.

Returning to my tent, I was interested in observing how well my followers had accommodated themselves to their narrow circumstances. Their fires gleamed everywhere amongst the trees, and the people, broken up into groups of five, presented an interesting picture of native, savage, and half civilized life. I wandered amongst them in the darkness, and watched unseen their operations; some were cooking, with their rude bronzed faces lighted up by the ruddy glow as they peered into the pot, stirring the boiling rice with one hand, while with the other they held back their long tangled hair. Others were bringing water from the spring below, some gathering sprigs of fragrant *Artemesia* and other shrubs to form couches—some lopping branches of larger trees to screen them from nocturnal radiation; their only protection from the dew being such branches stuck in the ground, and slanting over their procumbent forms. The Bhotanese were rude and boisterous in their pursuits, constantly complaining to the Sirdars, and wrangling over their meals. The Ghorkas were sprightly, combing their raven hair, telling interminably long stories, of which money was the burthen, or singing Hindoo songs

through their noses in chorus; and being neater and better dressed, and having a servant to cook their food, they seemed quite the gentlemen of the party. Still the Lepcha was the most attractive, the least restrained, and the most natural in all his actions, the simplest in his wants and appliances, with a bamboo as his water-jug, an earthen pot as his kettle, and all manner of herbs collected during the days' march to flavor his food.—*Himalayan Journals.*

HOOKER, RICHARD, an English divine, born in 1553; died in 1600. He became a Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in 1573, a Fellow and Master of Arts, in 1577, and Deputy Professor of Hebrew in 1579. He married a woman who turned out to be a great shrew, resigned his Fellowship in the College, and was in 1584 presented to a living in Buckinghamshire. In 1585 he received the Mastership of the Temple in London. His colleague was Walter Travers, who tended toward Arminianism, while he held to the Calvinistic theory. In order to "unbeguile and win over Mr. Travers's judgment, Hooker designed to write a treatise of the Church's power to make canons for the use of ceremonies, and by law to impose an obedience to them as upon her children." To gain the requisite leisure for the preparation of this work, he requested to be transferred to some country parsonage; and in 1591 was presented to the rectorage of Boscombe, in Wiltshire, and in the following year to that of Bishopsbourne, in Kent, where the remainder of his life was passed. The first four books of the *Ecclesiastical Polity* were published in 1594; the last four books were published at intervals, three of them after Hooker's death. The sixth book is lost—that which passes for it not being genuine; and the eighth book appears to be incomplete. An edition of his works, arranged by John Keble, was issued in 1845. The *Life of Hooker* has been written by Izaak Walton (1665.)

THE NATURE AND MAJESTY OF LAW.

That which hath greatest force in the very

things we see, is, notwithstanding, itself oftentimes not seen. The stateliness of houses, the goodliness of trees, when we behold them, delighteth the eye; but that foundation which beareth up the one, that root which ministereth unto the other nourishment and life, is in the bosom of the earth concealed; and if there be at any time occasion to search into it, such labor is then more necessary than pleasant, both to them which undertake it, and for the lookers on. In like manner the use and benefit of good laws; all that live under them may enjoy with delight and comfort, albeit the grounds and first original causes from whence they have sprung be unknown, as to the greatest part of men they are. But when they who withdraw their obedience pretend that the laws which they should obey are corrupt and vicious, for better examination of their quality, it behoveth the very foundation and root, the highest well-spring and fountain of them, to be discovered. Which, because we are not oftentimes accustomed to do, when we do it, the pains we take are more needful a great deal than acceptable: and the matters which we handle seem, by reason of newness (till the mind grow better acquainted with them), dark, intricate, and unfamiliar.

And because the point about which we strive is the quality of our laws, our first entrance hereinto cannot better be made than with consideration of the nature of law in general. All things that are have some operation not violent or casual. Neither doth anything ever begin to exercise the same without some fore-conceived end for which it worketh. And the end which it worketh for is not obtained, unless the work be also fit to obtain it by. For unto every end every operation will not serve. That which doth assign unto each thing the kind, that which doth moderate the force and power, that which doth appoint the form and measure of working, the same we term a *Law*. So that

no certain end could ever be obtained unless the actions whereby it is obtained were regular, that is to say, made suitable, fit, and correspondent unto their end by some canon, rule, or law.

Moses, in describing the work of creation, attributeth speech unto God: "God said, let there be light; let there be a firmament; let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one placé; let the earth bring forth; let there be lights in the firmament of heaven." Was this only the intent of Moses, to signify the infinite greatness of God's power by the easiness of his accomplishing such effects, without travail, pain or labor? Surely it seemeth that Moses had herein besides this a further purpose, namely, first to teach that God did not work as a necessary, but a voluntary agent, intending beforehand and decreeing with Himself that which did outwardly proceed from Him; secondly, to show that God did then institute a law natural to be observed by creatures, and therefore, according to the manner of laws, the institution thereof is described as being established by solemn injunction. His commanding those things to be which are, and to be in such sort as they are, to keep that tenure and course which they do, importeth the establishment of nature's law. This world's first creation, and the preservation since of things created, what is it but only so far forth a manifestation by execution, what the eternal law of God is concerning things natural?

And as it cometh to pass in a kingdom rightly ordered, that after a law is once published it presently takes effect far and wide, all states framing themselves thereunto; even so let us think it fareth in the natural course of the world: since the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of His law upon it, heaven and earth have hearkened unto His voice, and their labor hath been to do His will. "He made a law for the rain, he gave his decree unto the

sea, that the water should not pass His commandment." Now, if nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were but for a while, the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubilities turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run its unwearied course, should, as it were, through a languishing faintness, begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way; the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture; the winds breathe out their last gasp; the clouds yield no rain; the earth be defeated of heavenly influence; the fruits of the earth pine away as children at the withered breasts of their mother, no longer able to yield them relief; what would become of man himself, whom these things now do all serve? See we not plainly that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world? . . .

Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God; her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power. Both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.—*Ecclesiastical Polity.*

HOOKER, THOMAS, an Anglo-American clergyman, born in Leicestershire, England, in 1586; died at Hartford, Conn., in 1647. He graduated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, took Orders, preached in London, and in 1626 was chosen lecturer at Chelmsford. Having been silenced by Laud for non-conformity, he established a grammar-school, in which John Eliot, afterwards known as "the Apostle of the Indians," was an usher. Being still harassed by the ecclesiastical courts, he went in 1630 to Holland, where he preached at Delft and Rotterdam. In 1633 he came to New England, with John Cotton and Samuel Stone, and was settled, with the latter, at what is now Cambridge. In 1636 he removed to what is now Hartford, Conn., in company with a hundred others, among whom was Stone, the two being the first pastors of the church at Hartford. Hooker was a voluminous author, his most important separate work being *A Survey of the Summe of Church Discipline*, written in conjunction with Cotton (1648.) Some two hundred of his *Sermons* were transcribed by John Higginson, and sent to London, where about half of them were published. A *Memoir of Hooker*, by E. W. Hooker, with selections from his writings, was published in 1849. Among the most characteristic sermons of Hooker is that entitled "The Soul's Humiliation," from which the following extracts are taken:—

THE DOOM OF THE UNCONVERTED.

Do you think to outbrave the Almighty? Dost thou think to go to heaven thus bolt-upright? The Lord cannot endure thee here,

and will he suffer thee to dwell with himself forever in heaven. What, thou to heaven upon these terms? Nay. How did the Lord deal with Lucifer and all those glorious spirits? He sent them all down to hell for their pride. The Lord comes out in battle array against a proud person, and singles him out from all the rest, and saith, Let that drunkard and that swearer alone a while, but let me destroy that proud heart forever. You shall submit, in spite of your teeth, when the great God of heaven and earth shall come to execute vengeance. There must be subjection or else confusion. Will you out-brave the Almighty to his face, and will you dare damnation? As proud as you have been crushed and humbled. Where are all those Nimrods and Pharaohs, and all those mighty monarchs of the world? The Lord hath thrown them flat upon their backs, and they are in hell to this day. Judge of the torments of hell by some little beginning of it, and the dregs of the Lord's vengeance by some little sips of it; and judge how unable thou art to bear the whole, by thy inability to bear a little of it. When God lays the flashes of hell-fire upon thy soul, thou canst not endure it. When the Lord hath let in a little horror of heart into the soul of a poor sinful creature, how he is transported with an unsupportable burden, roaring and yelling as if he were in hell already. If the drops are so heavy, what will the sea of God's vengeance be? Thou art dead in trespasses and sins. What is that? A man is wholly possessed with a body of corruption, and the spawn of abomination hath overspread the whole man. All noisome lusts abound in the soul, and take possession of it, and rule in it, and are fed there. No carrion in a ditch smells more loathsomely in the nostrils of man, than a natural man's works do in the nostrils of the Almighty. Alas, the devil hath power over you. As it is with a dead sheep, all the carrion-crows in the country come

to prey upon it, and all base vermin breed and creep there; so it is with every poor, natural, carnal creature under heaven. A company of devils, like so many carrion crows, prey upon the heart, and all base lusts crawl and feed and are maintained in such a wretched heart. . . .

If you say your bucket shall help you, you may starve for thirst if you let it not down into the well for water. So, though you brag of your praying, and hearing, and fasting, and of your alms, and building of hospitals, and your good deeds, if none of these things bring you to Christ, you shall die for thirst. I do not dishonor these ordinances, but I curse all carnal confidence in them. Hell is full of hearers and dissemblers, and carnal wretches that never had hearts to seek unto Christ in these duties, and to see the value of a Saviour in them. Dost thou think that a few faint prayers, and lazy wishes, and a little horror of heart, can pluck a dead man from the grave of his sins, and a damned soul from the pit of hell, and change the nature of a devil to be a saint? No, it is not possible. We are as able to make worlds, and to pull hell in pieces as to pull a poor soul from the paws of the devil.

THE WAY OF SALVATION.

When a poor travelling man comes to the ferry, he cries to the other side, "Have over! have over!" His meaning is he would go to the other side by a boat, so is Christ in heaven; but we are here on earth, on the other side of the river. The ordinances of God are but as so many boats to carry us and to land us at heaven, where our hopes are, and our hopes should be. "Have over! have over!" saith the soul. The soul desires to be landed at the stairs of mercy, and saith, "O bring me to speak with my Saviour!" Though a man should beg his bread from door to door, if he can beg Christ and have it, and beg grace and have it, he is the richest man upon earth. . . . .

Let us be led by all means into a nearer union

with the Lord Christ. As a wife deals with the letters of her husband that is in a far country, she finds many sweet inklings of his love, and she will read these letters often and daily, because she would be with her husband a little, and have a little parley with him in his pen, though not in his presence; so these ordinances are but the Lord's love-letters; and we are the embassadors of Christ, and we bring marvellous good news that Christ can save all poor broken-hearted sinners in the world. Be content to want what God will deny, and to wait God's good pleasure, and to be at his disposing. Whatsoever can or shall befall you by the devil and his instruments—and if every spire of grass were a devil—be humbled, and then be above all the devils in hell, and all temptations and oppositions. God hath but two theories, and the humble heart is one. An humble soul, a poor soul—a very beggar at the gate of mercy—the Lord will not only know him, but he will give him such a gracious look as shall make his heart dance in his breast. Thou poor humbled soul, the Lord will give thee a glimpse of his favor, when thou art tried in thy trouble; and when thou lookest up to heaven, the Lord will look down upon thee. If there be any soul here that is content in truth and sincerity to be humbled, and to be at God's disposing, do not make too much haste to go to heaven. The Lord Jesus will come down from heaven, and dwell in your hearts. It is with the soul in this case as it is with a mariner: though his hand be upon the oar, yet he ever looks homeward to the heaven where he would be.

HOOKER, WORTHINGTON, an American physician and author, born in 1806; died in 1867. He was educated at Yale College and at the Harvard Medical School. In 1852 he was appointed Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine at Yale. He was the author of *Physician and Patient* (1849), *Homeopathy: an Examination of its Doctrines and Evidence* (1852), *Human Physiology for Colleges* (1854), *Rational Therapeutics* (1857), *The Child's First Book of Nature* (1857), *The Child's First Book of Common Things* (1858), *First Book of Chemistry*, *Natural History for the Use of Schools and Families*, *Science for the School and Family* (1865), and *Lessons from the History of Medical Delusions.*

THE CURATIVE POWER OF NATURE.

This tendency in the system, the existence of which is equally recognized by the professional and the non-professional observer, has received a variety of names. It is the *Phusis* of Hippocrates, the *Archeus* of Van Helmont, the *Anima* of Stahl, and, the *Vis Medicatrix Naturæ* of Cullen. It has given rise to many erroneous ideas, and doctrines, and theories. The doctrine of Hippocrates was that disease is a violent effort of nature for the benefit of the constitution to expel a morbific cause. And to this doctrine Sydenham, who has been sometimes called the English Hippocrates, gave his assent. This idea in regard to the operation of the curative power of nature, it is curious to observe, was for the most part practically rejected by both of these eminent men at the bedside of the sick; for both made use of such active means as bleeding, emetics, and purgatives, in counteracting some of the operations of disease. In regard to this doctrine of Hippocrates, I would simply remark, that while some of the opera-

tions resulting from the curative tendency of nature are so commingled with what may be strictly termed morbid actions, that it is difficult to distinguish them, yet the distinction may often be made, and the effort to do so is essential in the highest degree to the skillful and rational treatment of disease. Want of knowledge and skill on this point is continually leading physicians to thwart the salutary operations of nature, on the one hand, and to neglect, on the other, to modify or control the movements of disease.

The idea of Stahl was that the curative power of nature is an immaterial principle, added to matter, and thus imparting life to what is otherwise passive and inert. This principle, he taught, superintends all the operations of the body. It resists the influence of all morbid causes, and when disease becomes actually fixed upon the system, it tends to remove it. I need not stop to expose the fallacy of this once popular theory. Cullen's idea of the *Vis Medicatrix Naturæ*, was, that it is a distinct power with which the system is endowed, and which is absolutely essential to its very constitution. The error of Cullen consists in going beyond the fact, and stating as a doctrine that which is a mere conjecture. There is no proof that there is any such single distinct power as that of which he speaks. All that has as yet been proved is the bare fact that there is in the system a tendency to spontaneous restoration in case of injury or disease; and this tendency may be, and probably is, the result of various powers combined instead of one alone. That such a tendency exists is indisputable, and it is convenient to have a name for it, which shall not be regarded as explanatory of the nature or cause of the fact indicated, just as the term gravitation is merely expressive of a general fact, without regard to its nature or cause.—*Medical Delusions.*

HOOPER, LUCY, an American poet, born in Newburyport, Mass., in 1816; died in 1841. At the age of fourteen she removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., and soon began to write for periodicals. In 1840 she put forth a volume in prose and verse, entitled *Scenes from Real Life*. A collection of her *Poetical Works* was published in 1848, to which were prefixed tributes by Whittier and others.

OSCEOLA.

[*Suggested by a picture of, as he appeared in the American camp, after having been treacherously made captive in* 1838.]

Not on the battle-field,
As when thy thousand warriors joyed to meet thee,
Sounding the fierce war-cry,
Leading them forth to die—
Not thus, not thus, we greet thee.

But in a hostile camp,
Lonely amidst thy foes,
Thine arrows spent,
Thy bow unbent—
Yet wearing record of thy people's woes.

Chief! for thy memories now,
While the tall palm against this quiet sky
Her branches waves,
And the soft river laves
The green and flower-crowned banks it wanders by;

While in this golden sun
The burnished rifle gleameth with strange light,
And sword and spear
Rest harmless here
Yet flash with startling radiance on the sight;

Wake they thy glance of scorn,
Thou of the folded arms and aspect stern
Thou of the deep low tone,
For whose rich music gone,
Kindred and friends alike may vainly yearn?

Woe for the trusting hour!
Oh, kingly stag! no hand hath brought thee down,
'Twas with a patriot's heart,
Where fear usurped no part,
Thou camest, a noble offering, and alone.

For vain yon army's might,
While for thy band the wide plain owned a tree,
Or the wild vine's tangled shoots
On the gnarled oak's mossy roots
Their trysting-place might be!

Woe for thy hapless fate!
Woe for thine evil times and lot, brave chief!
Thy sadly closing story,
Thy short and mournful glory,
Thy high but hopeless struggle, brave and brief!

Woe for the bitter stain
That from our country's banner may not part!
Woe for the captive, woe
For burning pains, and slow,
Are his who dieth of the fevered heart.

Oh! in that spirit-land,
Where never yet the oppressor's foot hath past,
Chief, by those sparkling streams,
Whose beauty mocks our dreams,
May that high heart have won its rest at last.

HOOPER, Lucy Hamilton (Jones), an American author, born at Philadelphia in 1835. She was one of the editors of *Lippincott's Magazine* until 1870, when she took up her residence at Paris, where her husband became U. S. Vice Consul-general. She has published *Poems, with Translations from the German* (1864), another volume of *Poems* (1871), a translation of Daudet's *Le Nabob* (1879), and *Under the Tricolor*, a novel, (1880.)

KING FREDERICK'S RIDE.

Above the city of Berlin shines forth the summer day,
And near the royal palace shout the school-boys at their play.

Sudden the mighty palace gates unclasp their portals wide,
And forth into the sunshine see a single horseman ride.

A bent old man in plain attire; no glittering courtiers wait,
No armed guards attend the steps of Frederick the Great!

The boys have spied him, and with shouts the summer breezes ring,
The merry urchins haste to greet their well-beloved king.

Impeding e'en his horse's tread, presses the joyous train;
And Prussia's despot frowns his best, and shakes his stick in vain.

The frowning look, the angry tone, are feigned, full well they know;
They do not fear his stick—that hand ne'er struck a coward blow.

"Be off to school, you boys!" he cries. "Ho! ho!" the laughers say,

"A pretty king you, not to know we've holiday to-day!"

And so upon that summer day, those children at his side,
The symbol of his nation's love, did royal Frederick ride.

O Kings! your thrones are tottering now! dark frowns the brow of fate!
When did you ride as rode that day King Frederick the Great?

ON AN OLD PORTRAIT.

Eyes that out-smiled the morn
Behind your golden lashes,
Where are your fires now?
Ashes!

Cheeks that out-blushed the rose,
White arms and snowy bust,
What is your beauty now?
Dust!

HOPE, THOMAS, an English author, born in 1770; died in 1831. His great wealth enabled him to travel for eight years in Europe, Asia, and Africa. On his return to England he bought a house in London, and one near Dorking, and stored them with paintings and statuary. In 1807 he published *Household Furniture and External Decorations*, which produced a marked change in the furnishing of houses in England. *The Costume of the Ancients* (1809), embellished with 321 plates, and *Designs of Modern Costume* (1812), was followed in 1819 by a novel, *Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Modern Greek*, which was at first attributed to Lord Byron, who is said to have declared that he would give two of his most approved poems to be its author. *An Essay on the Origin and Prospects of Man* (1831), and a *Historical Essay on Architecture* (1837), were published after his death. The latter has passed through several editions.

THE CEMETERIES OF SCUTARI.

The merit of the new design I had conceived; the wisdom of thus founding the whole fabric of my earthly happiness on my gratification, still continued the ruling theme of my self-applauding thoughts, when I began to discover Scutari, the principal outpost of the capital on the Asiatic shore; and in the neighborhood of that city—harshly edging the horizon—the black streak of cypresses that mark its immense cemeteries, the last resting-place of those who, dying in Constantinople, fear that their bones may some day be disturbed, if laid in the unhallowed ground of Europe.

A dense and motionless cloud of stagnant vapors ever shrouds these dreary realms. From afar a chilling sensation informs the traveller that he approaches their dark and dismal pre-

cincts; and as he enters them an icy blast, rising from their inmost bosom, rushes forth to meet his breath, suddenly strikes his chest, and seems to oppose his progress. His very horse snuffs up the deadly effluvia with signs of manifest terror, and, exhaling a cold and clammy sweat, advances reluctantly over a hollow ground, which shakes as he treads it, and loudly re-echoes his slow and fearful step. So long and so busily has time been at work to fill this chosen spot—so repeatedly has Constantinople poured into this ultimate receptacle almost its whole contents, that the capital of the living, spite of its immense population, scarce counts a single breathing inhabitant for every ten silent inmates of this city of the dead. Already do its fields of blooming sepulchres stretch far away on every side, across the brow of the hills and the bend of the valleys: already are the avenues which cross each other at every step in this domain of death so lengthened, that the weary stranger, from whatever point he comes, still finds before him many a dreary mile of road between marshalled tombs and mournful cypresses ere he reaches his journey's seemingly receding end; and yet, every year does this common patrimony of all the heirs to decay still exhibit a rapidly increasing size, a fresh and wider line of boundary, and a new belt of young plantations, growing up between new flower-beds of graves.—*Anastasius.*

THE WIND OF THE DESERT.

Before the end of the journey we had to encounter an enemy more formidable than any Arab tribe, not excepting the most savage of the desert; I mean the dread *samiel.* Our caravan was slowly pacing through the boundless plain—the horses' steps sounding more hollow than usual on the earth, and a more awful stillness reigning in the atmosphere. Suddenly a lurid glare overspread the eastern extremity of the horizon, while a thick, sulphurous mist arose from the ground, which—first revolving round and round in rapid eddies—

next mounted up to the sky, and finally overcast with threatening darkness the whole heavenly vault. At these terrific symptoms our Arabs turned pale, and goaded on our cattle with headlong hurry, in order, if possible, still to outrun the baleful blast. But in vain! Hoarsely murmuring, the hot stream swept the ground with frightful speed, and, anxiously as we quickened our pace, gained fast upon us. Perceiving themselves encompassed on all sides by its fiery breath, our people shrieked with terror, our very cattle howled with instinctive anguish, and all that had life fell flat on the ground, burying nose and mouth deep in the shifting sands—in hopes that the envenomed current, gliding over the prostrate limbs, might not approach the vitals.

Near half an hour did the raging hurricane keep us thus riveted to the ground, without daring to move, or to speak, or scarce to draw breath; and soon entirely covered us with a fine impalpable dust, which not only penetrated into every fold of our garments, but as we afterwards found, into every inmost recess of our boxes and luggage—when at last our beasts of burthen, as if awaking from a profound trance, began to shake themselves, and, by all again of one accord rising upon their legs, gave the signal that the danger was past. Every creature now stood up that was able, and thanked Providence for his escape. Only one member of the caravan, a foreign merchant—too tardy perhaps in prostrating himself before an unknown enemy—rose no more. On approaching, we already found him breathless, and weltering in the black muddy blood that gushed from his nose, mouth, and ears. My guides lost no time in committing his corrupt mass to the earth, ere the limbs should detach themselves from the swelling trunk; then heaped some stones over the spot, to protect it from the ounce and jackal, and—these short rites and simple monument completed—again proceeded onwards.—*Anastasius.*

HOPKINS, JOHN HENRY, an American clergyman and author, born in 1792; died in 1868. He was a native of Dublin, Ireland, and came to the United States when he was eight years old. He was educated in Philadelphia, and entered on the practice of law in Pittsburg. In 1823 he entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, preached in Pittsburg and in Boston, and in 1832 was made Bishop of Vermont. He was an active worker in educational affairs, and a vigorous defender of Church doctrines. Among his works are *Christianity Vindicated; The Primitive Creed Examined and Explained* (1834); *The Primitive Church compared with the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Present Day* (1835); *Essay on Gothic Architecture* (1836); *Sixteen Lectures on the Causes, Principles and Results of the British Reformation* (1844); *The End of Controversy Controverted* (1854); *Scriptural, Ecclesiastical, and Historical View of Slavery* (1864); *The American Citizen: His Rights and Duties according to the Spirit of the Constitution; The Law of Ritualism* (1868), and numerous *Sermons*.

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

So simple, yet so strong, is the basis for this practice of the Primitive Christian Church, that even the yearnings of the natural heart are compelled to do it homage. For we know how powerfully it operates on the worldly mind itself. Can any one fail to see that the longing for posthumous veneration forms one of the highest incentives to the acquisition of fame? Can any one doubt that the patriots of the Revolution, for example, derived a true and intense satisfaction from the knowledge

that when the people, in after ages, should come together to celebrate the national independence, their names would be commemorated with grateful triumph, and thanks and praises in their honor would be uttered from the lips of thousands of orators in every quarter of the land for which they toiled and bled? And has not the same feeling animated the breasts and nerved the efforts of heroes and sages in all ages, since the world began?

Nay, is there a man, however humble his sphere—however limited his circle—that does not desire to be remembered by his family and friends, after he has passed away? Does it not cast a deeper gloom over the hour of departure, when death overtakes us among strangers and alone? And would it not add a sharp pang to the last agony, to be told by those we loved on earth, that in a little space we should be entirely forgotten?

Thus loudly does nature herself plead in behalf of this universal feeling. It is the instinct of love. It is the witness of immortality, written on the heart, and no effort of false philosophy can overcome it altogether. But the Christian faith explains it, sanctifies it, ennobles it, and gives it the only true and proper elevation. For here we learn that death is no real separation to the children of God. Here we imbibe the spiritual love that lasts forever. Here we enter into the grand society which shall be united before the eternal throne. Why should the departed saint be supposed to forget that Church, for which he toiled and prayed, and in which were formed, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, the principles and the character of holiness? Why should the Church on earth be supposed to forget him, who is an everlasting member of their own body? And therefore, when they meet together, they *take comfort* in knowing that he is still united to them in soul. And he *takes comfort* in knowing that they never fail to commemorate him

in these precious words: "And we also bless Thy holy name, for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear; beseeching Thee to give us grace to follow their good examples, that with them, we may be partakers of Thy heavenly kingdom."

Surely then, we have here a rational foundation for the custom of the primitive Christians, and the sentiments of the early fathers, without being in any sense obliged to connect the consolation taken by the departed with the horrible idea of Purgatory. The notion that we should only pray for the deceased because they were in torment, is utterly at war with Scripture, with primitive practice, and with reason itself.—*The End of Controversy Controverted.*

HOPKINS, MARK, an American educacator and author, born in 1802; died in 1887. He was educated at Williams College, graduating in 1824; was tutor there for two years, then studied medicine, and began practice in New York. In 1830 he was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy and Rhetoric at Williams, and in 1836 President of the college. He resigned the presidency in 1872, but continued to teach mental and moral philosophy in the college until his death. He was one of the great educators of time, and drew students from all parts of the country. In 1846 he published *Evidences of Christianity*, a course of the Lowell Lectures, delivered the preceding year. He also published a volume of *Miscellaneous Essays and Discourses* 1847), *Lectures on Moral Science* (1862), *Baccalaureate Sermons and Occasional Discourses* (1863), *The Law of Love, and Love as a Law*, and *The Outline Study of Man* (1873), *Strength and Beauty* (1874), and *The Scriptural Idea of Man* (1883.)

THE BIBLE COINCIDENT WITH NATURE.

The Bible is coincident with Nature, as now known, in its teachings respecting the natural attributes of God. The New Testament seldom dwells upon the natural attributes of God; but when it does to any extent, as in the ascription of Paul, "To the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God," it plainly recognizes and adopts the doctrines of the Old, and they may, therefore, for this purpose, be fairly taken together. Let us go back, then, to those ancient prophets. If we exclude this idea of revelation, nothing can be more surprising than the ideas of God expressed by them. These ideas, of themselves, are sufficient to give the stamp of divinity to their writings.

Surrounded by polytheists, they proclaimed his unity. Living in a period of great ignorance in regard to physical science, they ascribed to God absolute eternity, and that unchangeableness which is essential to a perfect Being, and they represented all his natural attributes as infinite. Accordingly, it is when these attributes are their theme, that their poetry rises to its unparalleled sublimity. "Who," says Isaiah, "hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance?" Even now, when Science has brought her report from the depths of infinite space, and told us of the suns and systems that glow and circle there, how can we better express our emotions than to adopt his language, and say, "Lift up up your eyes on high and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: He calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might; for that he is strong in power, not one faileth." And when Science has turned her glance in another direction, and discovered in the teeming drop wonders scarcely less than those in the heavens; when she has analyzed matter; when she has disentangled the rays of light, and shown the colors of which its white web is woven; when the amazing structure of vegetable and animal bodies is laid open; what can we say of Him who worketh all this, but that he is "wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working!" "There is no searching of his understanding."

And when, again, we can look back over near three thousand years more, in which the earth has rolled on in its appointed way, and the mighty energies by which all things are moved have been sustained, what can we do but to ask, "Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the

Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not neither is weary?" With them we find no tendency, as among the ancient philosophers, to ascribe eternity to matter; they everywhere speak of it as created; nor, with the pantheists, to identify matter with God; nor, with the idolater, to be affected with its magnitude, or forms, or order, or brightness, or whatever may strike the senses. But, with them, all matter is perfectly subordinate and paltry when compared with God. They represent him as sustaining it for a time in its present order, and then as folding up these visible heavens as a vesture is folded, and laying them aside. Nothing could more perfectly express the absolute infinity of the natural attributes of God, or the entire separation and disparity between him and everything that is called the universe, or its complete subjection to his will.

Now, that men, undistinguished from others around them by learning, in an age of prevalent polytheism and idolatry, and of great ignorance of physical science, should adopt such doctrines respecting the natural attributes of God, as to require no modification when science has been revolutionized and expanded as it were into a new universe, does seem to me no slight evidence that they were inspired by that God whose attributes they set forth.—*Evidences of Christianity.*

THE CONDITIONS OF PROGRESS.

The true idea of progress involves a recognition of the true end of man as a social being, and an approach toward that. This end I suppose to be the upbuilding and perfection of the individual man in everything that makes him truly man. I hold that the germ of all political and social well-being is to be found in the progress of the individual toward the true and highest end for which he was made. And here we have an instance of that incidental accom-

plishment of subordinate ends in the attainment of one that is higher, that is everywhere so conspicious in the works of God. Is it the end of the processes of vegetation to perfect the seed? It is only when those processes move on to the successful accomplishment of that, that we can have the beauty and fragrance of the flower, or the shade and freshness of the green leaves. So here, we find that social good can be wrought out, and social ends attained, only as individuals are perfected in their character; and that the beauty and fragrance and broad shade of a perfect society would grow, without effort or contrivance, from the progress of the individuals of society toward their true perfection and end.

Thus, and thus only, can we have that state of ideal perfection in which perfect liberty would be combined with perfect security, and with all the advantages of the social state. If this be so, then political organizations, which are merely means to an end, are most perfect when they so combine protection with freedom as to give the most favorable theatre for the growth, and enjoyment, and perfection of the individual man; and that society itself is most perfect, whatever its form may be, in which the greatest number of individuals recognize and pursue this end.

It cannot be too often repeated that the ends of society are not realized when there are great aggregate results, magnificent public works, great accumulations of wealth and of the means of sensual and sensitive enjoyment, with the degradation, or without the growth, of individuals; and that all changes in the forms of institutions and the directions of active industry must be futile which do not originate in or draw after them an improvement in the character of individuals. But it is self-evident that society can furnish a free arena for individual growth, only as the principles of justice and benevolence are recognized—only as the spirit

of that great precept of doing to others as we would they should do unto us, pervades the mass. The fundamental condition, then, of any progress that can be permanent, and solid, and universal, is a *moral* condition.—*Essays and Discourses.*

LABOR THAT ENNOBLES.

In the pursuit of their distinct and independent objects, individual men hold the same relation to the great purposes of God, which the separate workmen upon a complex and magnificent structure do to the original design and ultimate effect of the whole. Of the busy multitudes who labored upon the rising walls of St. Peter's church at Rome, each polishing his own stone or shaping his own angle, how few had any conception of the grand result, or cared for anything beyond the wages he was to receive at night. They toiled for their bread; and yet, from their voluntary toil, thus induced, and directed by the controlling genius of Michael Angelo, there arose a structure that has astonished the world.

True, it did not affect the result whether the workmen understood the design or not; but it does essentially affect the estimate which we make of them. In the one case they were drudges, and could never share in the glory and pleasure of the design; they were instruments, as the saw and the axe. In the other, they were fit companions of Angelo himself, their bosoms swelled with the same impulses and shared the same anxieties, and their humblest labor, no matter how insignificant, was dignified and cheered as connected in their minds with an idea so grand and ennobling. They were no longer instruments, they were free intelligences in the likeness of the chief architect, and coöperating cheerfully with him.

And so it is in the works of God. Moved by benevolence and guided by wisdom, he is rear-

ing a structure that is going up without the sound of the axe or the hammer, and which shall stand forever. He whose heart has once throbbed with benevolence, and whose eye has caught the outlines of this building, is thenceforward no longer a slave, nor an instrument, but is an intelligent and cheerful co-worker with God, and shall be a participator in the joy and the triumph that shall wake the echoes of heaven, when the top-stone thereof is laid with shouting, and they cry, "Grace, grace unto it!" Thenceforward all labor connected with this result purifies and elevates the mind. There is no act so humble that it cannot be ennobled by its germination from this principle of action; and though what he may do, may seem to be, and may be, but as the drop to the ocean, yet he remembers that the ocean is made up of drops; the little he has to give, he gives cheerfully; and it is accepted. When the unostentatious widow goes to deposit her two mites, the Saviour is there to notice it. He who does this, whether he does little or much, is a *good* man; he *serves* his generation; he co-operates with God, feebly it may be, but intelligently and cheerfully, in the promotion of his benevolent purposes.—*Essays and Discourses.*

HOPKINSON, FRANCIS, an American jurist and author, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, born at Philadelphia in 1737; died in 1791. He graduated at the College of Pennsylvania, studied law, and after a residence of two years in England, took up his residence at Bordentown, N. J. In 1776 he was sent to the American Congress as one of the representatives from New Jersey. In 1779 he was appointed a Judge of Admiralty of Pennsylvania, holding the office until the formation of the Federal Government of the United States in 1789 when he was appointed by Washington District Judge for Pennsylvania. His political writings were very effective during the war of the Revolution. Among them is *The Battle of the Keys*, a humorous ballad, and *The New Roof*, a song for Federal mechanics. A collection of his *Miscellaneous Essays and Occasional Writings*, in three volumes, appeared in 1792. Many of his satirical and humorous writings have been frequently reprinted.

A COLLEGIATE EXAMINATION IN METAPHYSICS AND LOGIC.

Professor.—What is a Salt-box?

Student.—It is a box made to contain salt.

Prof.—How is it divided?

Stud.—Into a Salt-box and a Box of Salt.

Prof.—Very well! Show the distinction.

Stud.—A Salt-box may be where there is no salt, but salt is absolutely necessary to a Box of Salt.

Prof.—Are not Salt-boxes otherwise divided?

Stud.—Yes; by a partition.

Prof.—What is the use of this partition?

Stud.—To separate the coarse salt from the fine.

Prof.—How? Think a little.

Stud.—To separate the fine salt from the coarse.

Prof.—To be sure: it is to separate the fine from the coarse. But are not Salt-boxes yet otherwise distinguished?

Stud.—Yes: into Possible, Probable, and Positive.

Prof.—Define these several kinds of Salt-boxes.

Stud.—A Possible Salt-box is a Salt-box yet unsold in the hands of the joiner.

Prof.—Why so?

Stud.—Because it hath never yet become a Salt-box in fact, having never had any salt in it; and it may possibly be applied to some other use.

Prof.—Very true; for a Salt-box which never had, hath not now, and perhaps may never have, any salt in it can only be termed a Possible Salt-box. What is a Probable Salt-box?

Stud.—It is a Salt-box of one going to buy salt, who hath sixpence in his pocket to pay the grocer; and a Positive Salt-box is one which hath actually and *bonâ fide* got salt in it.

Prof.—Very good. But is there no instance of a Positive Salt-box which hath no salt in it?

Stud.—I know of none.

Prof.—Yes; there is one mentioned by some authors: It is where a box hath by long use been so impregnated with salt, that, although all the salt hath been long since emptied out, it may yet be called a Salt-box, with the same propriety that we may say a salt-herring, salt-beef, etc. And in this sense any box that may have, accidentally or otherwise, been long steeped in brine, may be termed positively a Salt-box, although never designed for the purpose of keeping salt. But tell me, what other division of Salt-boxes do you recollect.

Stud.—They are divided into Substantive and Pendant: a Substantive Salt-box is that

which stands by itself on the table or dresser; and a Pendant is that which hangs upon a nail against the wall.

Prof.—What is the idea of a Salt-box?

Stud.—It is that image which the mind conceives of a Salt-box when no Salt-box is present.

Prof.—What is the Abstract Idea of a salt-box?

Stud.—It is the idea of a Salt-box abstracted from the idea of a box, or of salt, or of a Salt-box or a box of salt.

Prof.—Very right; and by these means you acquire a most perfect knowledge of a Salt-box. But tell me, is the idea of a Salt-box a salt idea?

Stud.—Not unless the ideal box hath ideal salt in it.

Prof.—True. And therefore an abstract idea cannot be either salt or fresh, round or square, long or short; for a true abstract idea must be entirely free from all adjuncts. And this shows the difference between a salt idea and an idea of salt. Is an aptitude to hold salt an Essential or an Accidental property of a salt box?

Stud.—It is Essential; but if there should be a crack in the bottom of the box, the aptitude to spill salt would be termed an Accidental property of that Salt-box.

Prof.—Very well! Very well indeed. What is the salt called with respect to the box?

Stud.—It is called its contents.

Prof.—And why so?

Stud—Because the cook is content, *quo ad hoc*, to find plenty of salt in the box.

Prof.—You are very right. I see you have not mis-spent your time. But let us now proceed to *Logic.*—How many Sides are there in a Salt-box?

Stud.—Three: Bottom, Top, and Sides.

Prof.—How many Modes are there in Salt-boxes?

Stud.—Four: the Formal, the Substantial, the Accidental, and the Topsy-turvey.

Prof.—Define these several Modes.

Stud.—The Formal respects the figure or shape of the box—such as round, square, oblong, and so forth; the Substantial respects the work of the joiner; and the Accidental depends upon the string by which the box is hung against the wall.

Prof.—Very well; and what are the consequences of the Accidental Mode?

Stud.—If the string should break, the box would fall, the salt be spilt, the Salt-box broken, and the cook in a bitter passion: and this is the Accidental Mode, with its consequences.

Prof.—How do you distinguish between the Top and the Bottom of a Salt-box?

Stud.—The Top of a box is that part which is uppermost, and the Bottom that which is lowest in all positions.

Prof.—You should rather say the lowest part is the Bottom, and the uppermost part is the Top. How is it, then, if the Bottom should be uppermost?

Stud.—The Top would then be lowermost; and so the Bottom would become the Top, and the Top would become the Bottom; and this is called the Topsy-turvey Mode, which is nearly allied to the Accidental, and frequently arises from it.

Prof.—Very good! But are not Salt-boxes sometimes Single, and sometimes Double?

Stud.—Yes.

Prof.—Well, then mention the several combinations of Salt-boxes with respect to their having salt or not.

Stud.—They are divided into Single Salt-boxes having salt; Single Salt-boxes having no salt; Double Salt-boxes having salt; Double Salt-boxes having no salt; and Single-double Salt-boxes having salt and no salt.

Prof.—Hold! hold! You are going too far.

A CASE LEGALLY ADJUDGED.

This was an action on the statute called "The Statute of Nails," which prohibits all subjects within the realm from cutting or par-

ing their nails on a Friday, under the penalty of twenty shillings for every offense, to be recovered by the overseers of the poor of the county in which the offense should be committed. The overseers of the poor for the county brought their action, under the statute, against the defendant. And it was in proof that the defendant had pared his thumb-nails and his great-toe-nails on Friday, to wit, the —— day of ——, at twelve o'clock in the night of the same day.

Counsel for the defendant demurred to the facts, observing that, as this was a penal law, it ought to be strictly construed; and thereupon took three points of defense, viz: *first*, it was urged that night is not *day*, and the statute expressly says Fri-*day*, and not Fri-*night*; and the proof is that the cutting was at night. *Secondly*, it was contended that twelve o'clock on Friday night is, in fact, the beginning of Saturday morning, and therefore not within the statute. And, *thirdly*, that the words of the statute are "*Ungues Digitorum*" —Anglice, "the nails of the Fingers,' and the testimony only affects thumbs and great-toes.

The jury gave in a special verdict; whereupon, after long advisement, the Judges were of unanimous opinion, on the first point, that, in construction of law, day is night and night is day; because a day consists of twenty-four hours, and the law will not allow a fraction of a day:—"*De minimus non curat lex;*" in English, "the law don't stand upon trifles." On the second point, that twelve o'clock at night, being the precise line of division between Friday night and Saturday morning, is a portion or point of time which may be considered as belonging to both, or to either, or to neither, at the discretion of the Court. And, *thirdly*, that, in the construction of law, fingers are thumbs and thumbs are fingers, and thumbs and fingers are great-toes and little-toes, and great-toes and little-toes are thumbs and fingers: And so judgment for the plaintiff.

HOPKINSON, Joseph, an American jurist, son of Francis Hopkinson, born at Philadelphia in 1770; died there in 1842. He graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, studied law in Philadelphia, where he attained a high rank in his profession. From 1815 to 1819 he was a member of the U. S. House of Representatives; and in 1828 was appointed judge of the U. S. Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. As an author he is known almost solely by his national songs, "Hail Columbia," written in 1798 for the benefit of an actor named Fox.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

Hail Columbia! happy land!
Hail ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let Independence be our boast
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize;
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
Defend your rights; defend your shore
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm, united, let us be, etc.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
Let Washington's great name
  Ring through the world with loud applause,
  Ring through the world with loud applause;
Let every clime to Freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear!
  With equal skill and god-like power
  He governed in the fearful hour
  Of horrid war; or guides with ease
  The happier times of honest peace.
    Firm, united, let us be, etc.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands—
  The rock on which the storm will beat,
  The rock on which the storm will beat;
But armed in virtue firm and true
His hopes are fixed on heaven and you.
  When hope was sinking in dismay,
  And glooms obscured Columbia's day
  His steady mind from changes free
  Resolved on death or liberty.
    Firm, united, let us be, etc

HORACE (QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS), a Roman poet, born at Venusia, about 200 miles south-west of Rome, in 65 B.C.; died at Rome in 8 B.C. His father was a freedman, who appears to have been a *servus publicus*, or bondman of the community, who took his distinctive name from the Horatian tribe, to which the community belonged. After his manumission he was made a *coactor*, a term designating a collector of the revenue and an auctioneer at public sales. The elder Horace appears to have exercised both these functions, and acquired a moderate competency, including a small farm, upon which his son was born. When the boy was about twelve, his father took him to Rome, his means being sufficient to give him the education of a gentleman. It does not appear that either father or son ever revisited their former home. Of this slave-born father, Horace, as will be seen, speaks in terms of the highest admiration and veneration. At about eighteen Horace was sent by his father to Athens to complete his education. For some four years he devoted himself to the study of philosophy. After the assassination of Julius Cæsar (B. C. 44), Brutus arrived at Athens, on his way to the Eastern provinces, to the command of which he had been assigned, in conjunction with Cassius. Brutus remained some time at Athens, ostensibly engaged in philosophical studies, but really recruiting officers for his army from the young Romans who were studying there. Among those whom he enlisted was Horace, who was made a military tribune, and placed in command of a legion, at the head of which he took part in the battle of Phil-

ippi (B. C. 42.) Believing that there was no hope of continuing the struggle, Horace "threw away his shield," and made his way back to Rome. The general amnesty which had been proclaimed assured him personal safety. But as he himself says:

"Bated in spirit, and with pinions clipped,
Of all the means my father left me stripped,
Want stared me in the face, so then and there
I took to scribbling verse in sheer despair."

His first productions were lampoons, of which he soon became thoroughly ashamed, designating them as "smart and scurrilous lines," most of which he succeeded in suppressing. But one poem, written in 40 B. C., when he was in his twenty-fourth year, and addressed to "The Roman People," is pitched on a loftier key than anything else which he ever wrote. The civil war was raging with more fierceness than ever, and there was reason to apprehend that Rome itself would be taken and sacked by the hostile faction. Horace urged all worthy citizens to flee from the doomed city, and take ship and sail for those Islands of the Blest which were fabled to lie far out in the unknown Western Ocean.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

Another age in civil wars will soon be spent and worn,
And by her native strength our Rome be wrecked and overborne:—
That Rome the Marcians could not crush, who border on the lands,
Nor the shock of threatening Porsena with his Etruscan bands,
Nor Capua's strength that rivalled ours, nor Spartacus the stern,

Nor the faithless Allobrogian, who still for
change doth yearn.
Ay, what Germania's blue-eyed youth quelled
not with ruthless sword,
Nor Hannibal by our great sires detested and
abhorred,
We shall destroy with ruthless hands imbrued
in brothers' gore,
And wild beasts of the wood shall range our
native land once more.
A foreign foe, alas! shall tread The City's
ashes down,
And his horse's ringing hoofs shall smite her
places of renown;
And the bones of great Quirinius, now re-
ligiously enshrined,
Shall be flung by sacrilegious hands to the
sunshine and the wind.
And if ye all from ills so dire ask how your-
selves to free
Or such at least as would not hold your lives
unworthily—
No better counsel I can urge than that which
erst inspired
The stout Phocæans when from their doomed
city they retired,
Their fields, their household gods, their shrines
surrendering as a prey
To the wild boar and ravening wolf: so we
in our dismay,
Where'er our wandering steps may chance to
carry us should go, [blow.
Or where'er across the sea the fitful winds may
How think ye then? If better course none
offer, why should we
Not seize the happy auspices, and boldly put
to sea?
The circling ocean waits us: then away, where
Nature smiles,
To those fair lands, those blissful lands, the
rich and happy isles,
Where Ceres year by year crowns all the un-
tilled land with sheaves,

And the vine with purple clusters droops, unpruned of all her leaves;
Where the olive buds and burgeons, to its promise ne'er untrue,
And the russet fig adorns the trees that graff-shoot never knew;
Where honey from the hollow oaks doth ooze, and crystal rills
Come dancing down with tinkling feet from the sky-dividing hills?—
There to the pails the she-goats come, without a master's word,
And home with udders brimming broad returns the friendly herd;
There round the fold no surly bear its midnight prowl doth make,
Nor teems the rank and heaving soil with the adder and the snake;
There no contagion smites the flocks, nor blight of any star,
With fury of remorseless heat, the sweltering herds doth mar.
Nor are the swelling seeds burnt up within the thirsty clods—
So kindly blends the seasons there the King of all the gods.
That shore the Argonautic bark's stout rowers never gained,
Nor the wily She of Colchis with step unchaste profaned;
The sails of Sidon's galleys ne'er were wafted to that strand,
Nor ever rested on its slopes Ulysses's toil-worn band:
For Jupiter, when he with brass the Golden Age alloyed,
That region set apart by the good to be enjoyed;
With brass and then with iron he the ages seared; but ye,
Good men and true, to that bright home arise, arise and follow me.

Transl. of THEODORE MARTIN.

The fortunes of Horace began to mend. His books sold—for there were booksellers and publishers in those days; so that there must have been a considerable class of book-buyers. Horace was enabled to get an appointment to some official position, the emoluments of which were sufficient to maintain him. He also made the acquaintance of the rising men of letters, among whom were Varius, of whom we know little more than that Quintilian said that his tragedy of *Thyestes* was not unworthy to be ranked with the best tragedies of Greece; and Virgil, some five years older than Horace. These two took him to the house of the wealthy Mæcenas, whose name has come to be the synonym for an enlightened patron of letters and art. A few years afterwards Horace, addressing Mæcenas, recalls the incidents of their first acquaintanceship, which ripened into a lifelong friendship.

HORACE TO MÆCENAS.

Lucky I will not call myself, as though,
Thy friendship I to mere good fortune owe.
No chance it was secured me thy regards,
But Virgil first—that best of men and bards;
And then kind Varius mentioned what I was.
Before you brought, with many a faltering
pause,
Dropping some few brief words (for bashfulness
Robbed me of utterance) I did not profess
That I was sprung of lineage old and great,
Or used to canter round my own estate
On a Satureian barb; but what and who
I was, as plainly told. As usual, you
Brief answer make me. I retire, and then—
Some nine months after—summoning me again,
You bid me 'mongst your friends assume a
place;

And proud I feel that thus I won your grace;
Not by an ancestry long known to fame,
But by my life, and heart devoid of blame.
Transl. of THEODORE MARTIN.

To this period evidently belongs the picture which Horace gives of his daily routine of life at Rome: evidently that of a bachelor in comfortable but by no means in affluent circumstances; yet quite contented with his condition and surroundings:

DAILY ROUTINE.

I walk alone, by mine own fancy led,
Inquire the price of pot-herbs and of bread,
The circus cross, to see its tricks and fun,
The forūm too, at times near set of sun;
With other fools there do I stand and gape
Round fortune-tellers' stalls; thence home escape
To a plain meal of pancakes, pulse, and pease;
Three young boy-slaves attend on me with these.
Upon a slab of snow-white marble stand
A goblet, and two beakers; near at hand
A common ewer, patera, and bowl:
Compania's potteries produced the whole.
To sleep then I. . . .
I keep my couch till ten, then walk awhile,
Or having read or writ what may beguile
A quiet after-hour, anoint my limbs
With oil—not such as filthy Natta skims
From lamps defrauded of their unctuous fare.
And when the sunbeams, grown too hot to bear,
Warn me to quit the field and hand-ball play,
The bath takes all my weariness away.
Then having lightly dined just to appease
The sense of emptiness—I take mine ease,
Enjoying all home's simple luxury.
This is the life of bard unclogged, like me,
By stern ambition's miserable weight.
So placed, I own, with gratitude, my state

Is sweeter, ay, than though a quæstor's power
From sire and grandsires had been my dower.
Transl. of THEODORE, MARTIN.

Horace had often wished for a place in the country to which he might retire from time to time, and especially during the hot summer months; and in a poem which is altogether autobiographical, he pictures the kind of place which he would like:

"My prayers with this I used to charge—
A piece of land not very large,
Wherein there should a garden be
A clear spring flowing ceaselessly,
And where, to crown the whole, there should
A patch be found of growing wood."

One day, about four years after their first acquaintance, when Horace was about thirty-two, the munificent Mæcenas presented him with just such an estate as he had desiderated. This estate, which he modestly designates as his "Sabine farm," was situated on high land about thirty miles from Rome; so that he had but to mount his "bob-tailed ambling mule," and an easy day's ride would take him from the city to the farm or from the farm to the city. Of the extent of this farm we can form an approximate estimate. It consisted of arable land, meadow land, and wood land; was cultivated under the superintendence of a bailiff, by five families of free *coloni*, consisting presumably of about a score of individuals, besides which was the domestic establishment of eight slaves. Here Horace built a modest villa, the site of which is still shown: and there is a piece of massive pavement which is credibly asserted to have been a part of the villa of Horace. This is lightly covered over with earth, and the peasants make many an honest

penny by shoveling away the soil so as to show the pavement to frequent tourists. Within a few hundred yards from the villa site, and probably within the bounds of what was once the Sabine farm, there is still a copious spring of cold water, which can scarcely be other than the "Fountain of Bandusia," which the poet has immortalized.

THE FOUNTAIN OF BANDUSIA.

Bandusia's fount, in clearness crystalline,
  O worthy of the wine, the flowers we vow!
To-morrow shall be thine
  A kid, whose crescent brow

Is sprouting, all for love and victory,
  In vain; his warm red blood, so early stirred,
Thy gelid stream shall dye,
  Child of the wanton herd.

Thee the fierce Sirian star, to madness fired,
  Forbears to touch; sweet cool thy waters yield
To ox with ploughing tired,
  And flocks that range afield.

Thou too one day shalt win proud eminence
  Mid honored founts, while I the ilex sing
Crowning the cavern, whence
  Thy babbling waters spring.

Transl. of CONINGTON.

Horace in one of his Epistles, written some time after he had taken up his residence there, thus describes this Sabine farm:

THE SABINE FARM.

About my farm, dear Quinctius: You would know
What sort of produce for its lord 'twill grow;
Plough-land is it, or meadow-land, or soil
For apples, vine-clad elms, or oil?—
So (but you'll think me garrulous) I'll write

A full description of its form and site:
In long continuous lines the mountains run,
Cleft by a valley, which twice feels the sun—
Once on the right, when first he lifts his
beams;
Once on the left, when he descends in streams.
You'd praise the climate; well, and what
d'ye say
To sloes and cornels hanging from the spray?
What to the oak and ilex which afford
Fruit to the cattle, shelter to the lord?
What, but rich Tarentum must have been
Transplanted nearer Rome, with all its green?
Then there's a fountain, of sufficient size
To name the river that there takes its rise:
Not Thracian Hebrus colder or more pure,
Of power the head's and stomach's ills to cure.
This sweet retirement—nay, 'tis more than
sweet—
Insures my health even in September's heat.

Transl. of CONINGTON.

The "cattle" who fed upon the acorns were, of course, swine; and, as appears over and over again, "bacon and greens" was a favorite dish of Horace who lived mainly on fruit and vegetables of one kind or another. In his Ode written for the opening of the Temple of Apollo, erected by Augustus, he puts up this petition in his own behalf:

HORACE'S PETITION TO APOLLO.

Let olives, endive, mallows light,
Be all my fare: and health
Give thou, Apollo, so I might
Enjoy my present wealth!
Give me but these, I ask no more:
These, and a mind entire;
An old age not unhonored, nor
Unsolaced by the lyre.

Transl. of THEODORE MARTIN.

At one time, while at Rome, he gives

expression of his longing to get back to his Sabine farm, and describes his way of life there.

HORACE AT HOME.

When, when shall I the country see,
Its woodlands green—oh, when be free,
With books of great old men, and sleep,
And hours of dreamy ease, to creep
Into oblivion sweet of life,
Its agitations and its strife?
When on my table shall be seen
Pythagoras's kinsman bean,
And bacon—not too fat—embellish
My dish of greens, and give it relish?
Oh happy nights, oh feasts divine,
When with the friends I love I dine
At mine own hearth-fire, and the meat
We leave gives my bluff hinds a treat!
No stupid laws our feasts control,
But each guest drains or leaves the bowl
Precisely as he feels inclined.
If he be strong, and have a mind
For bumpers, good! If not he's free
To sip his liquor leisurely.
And then the talk our banquet rouses!
But not about our neighbors' houses,
Or if 'tis generally thought
That Lepus dances well or not?
But what concerns us nearer, and
Is harmful not to understand:
Whether by wealth or worth 'tis plain
That men to happiness attain?
By what we're led to choose our friends—
Regard for them, or our own ends?
In what does good consist, and what
Is the supremest form of that?
And then friend Cervius will strike in
With some old grandam's tale, akin
To what we are discussing. Thus
If some one have cried up to us
Avellius's wealth, forgetting how
Much care it costs him, "Look you now,

Once on a time," he will begin,
"A country mouse received within
His rugged cave a city brother,
As one old comrade would another."
Transl. of THEODORE MARTIN.

And here follows the well known parable of "The Country Mouse and the City Mouse." Even upon extraordinary occasions Horace seems to have made no attempts at unusual display. Upon one occasion (it was the anniversary of the birthday of Mæcenas), he thus invites Phyllis—a brisk young woman who belonged to the better sort of that class whom the Greeks and Romans called *hetairæ*, which may be fairly represented by "women of pleasure"—to visit him at his farm, and describes the preparations which had been made for her entertainment.

INVITATION TO PHYLLIS.

I have laid in a cask of Albanian wine,
Which nine mellow summers have ripened and more.
In my gardens, dear Phyllis, thy brows to entwine,
Grows the brightest of yellow parsley in plentiful store;
There's ivy to gleam on thy dark glossy hair:
My plate, newly burnished, enlivens my rooms,
And the altar, athirst for its victim, is there
Enwreathed with chaste vervain and choicest of blooms.

Every hand in the household is busily toiling,
And hither and thither boys bustle and girls;
Whilst, up from the hearth-fires careering and coiling,
The smoke round the rafter-beams languidly curls.

Let the joys of the revel be parted between us!
'Tis the Ides of young April, the day which divides
The month, dearest Phyllis, of ocean-spring Venus—
A day to me dearer than any besides.

And well may I prize it, and hail its returning—
My own natal day not more hallowed or dear;
For Mæcenas, my friend, dates from this happy morning
The life which has swelled to a lustrous career.
So come, my own Phyllis, my heart's latest treasure—
For ne'er for another this bosom shall long—
And I'll teach, while your loved voice re-echoes the measure,
How to charm away care with the magic of song.

Transl. of THEODORE MARTIN.

At another time he invites the magnificent Mæcenas to come out and take pot-luck with him at that Sabine farm for which he was indebted to his expected guest.

INVITATION TO MÆCENAS.

Our common Sabine wine shall be
The only drink I'll give to thee.
In modest goblets too;
'Twas stored in crock of Grecian delf,
Dear knight Mæcenas, by myself,
That very day when through
The theatre thy plaudits rang,
And sportive echo caught the clang,
And answered from the banks
Of thine own dear paternal stream,
Whilst Vatican renewed the theme
Of homage and of thanks!
Old Cæcuban, the very best,
And juice in vats Falerian pressed,

You drink at home, I know.
My cups no choice Falernian fills,
Nor unto them do Formiæ's hills
Impart a tempered glow.

Transl. of THEODORE MARTIN.

To Mæcenas he promises, if he will come out to the farm, "simple dinners neatly dressed;" and in inviting another wealthy friend he says he must be content with vegetables and homely crockery; but everything shall be nicely served, the napery shall be clean and neatly ironed, and the cups and platters polished so that one could see his face in them; the wine should be good of its kind, though not of any of the famous growths. These "little dinners" of Horace must have been very enjoyable affairs, if Horace himself fairly answered to his idea of what a host should be.

A MODEL HOST.

The proper thing is to be cleanly and nice,
And yet so as not to be over precise;
To be neither constantly scolding your slaves,
Like that old prig Albutus. as losels and knaves, [too easy,
Nor, like Nævius, in such tnings who's rather
To the guests at your board present water that's greasy.

Transl. of THEODORE MARTIN.

Horace was fond of sneering in his quiet way at rare and costly dishes which were greatly in vogue among the great folks at Rome. Thus he puts into the mouth of Ofellus, a stout old yeoman from the Apulian hills, such moralizing as this:

A LECTURE ON GASTRONOMY.

When your butler's away and the weather's so bad
That there's not a morsel of fish to be had,

A crust with some salt will soothe not amiss
The ravening stomach. You ask, "How is this?"
Because for delight, at the best, you must look
To yourself, and not to your wealth or your cook.
Work till you perspire: of all sauces 'tis best.
The man that's with over-indulgence opprest,
White-livered and pursy, can relish no dish,
Be it ortolans, oysters, or finest of fish.
Still I scarcely can hope, if before you there were
A peacock and capon, you would not prefer
With the peacock to tickle your palate, you're so
Completely the dupes of mere semblance and show.
For to buy the rare bird only gold will avail,
And he makes a rare show with his fine painted tail,
As if this had to do with the matter the least!
Can you make of the feathers you prize so a feast?
And when the bird's cooked, what becomes of its splendor?
Is his flesh than the capon's more juicy or tender?
Mere appearance, not substance, then, clearly it is
Which bamboozles your judgment so much, then, for this.
So were any one now to assure us a treat
In cormorants roasted, as tender and sweet,
The young men of Rome are so prone to what's wrong,
They'd eat cormorants all to a man before long.

Transl. of THEODORE MARTIN.

Horace, from early manhood an intimate in the best society of Rome, loved by Virgil and Varius, honored and loved by Mæcenas, liked and admired even by the great Augustus—was never ashamed of his humble origin. In one of his poems ad-

dressed to Mæcenas, shortly after the beginning of their intimacy, he thus speaks of his slave-born father; and it would be hardly possible to find a nobler tribute paid by a son to a father.

HORACE'S TRIBUTE TO HIS FATHER.

If pure and innocent I live, and dear
To those I love (self-praise is venial here),
All this I owe my father, who, though poor,
Lord of some few lean acres, and no more,
Was loth to send me to the village school,
Where the sons of men of mark and rule—
Centurions and the like—were wont to swarm,
With slate and satchel on sinister arm,
And the poor dole of scanty pence to pay
The starveling teacher on the quarter-day:
But boldly took me, when a boy, to Rome,
There to be taught all arts that grace the home
Of knight and senator. To see my dress,
And slaves attending, you'd have thought no less
Than patrimonial fortunes old and great
Had furnished forth the charges of my state.
When with my tutors, he would still be by,
Nor ever let me wander from his eye;
And, in a word, he kept me chaste (and this
Is virtue's crown) from all that was amiss.
Nor such in act alone, but in repute,
Till even scandal's tattling voice was mute.
No dread had he that men might taunt or jeer,
Should I, some future day, as auctioneer,
Or, like himself, as tax-collector, seek
With petty fees my humble means to eke.
Nor should I then have murmured. Now I know
More earnest thanks, and loftier praise I owe.
Reason must fail me ere I cease to own
With pride that I have such a father known.
Nor shall I stoop my birth to vindicate,

By charging, like the herd, the wrong on Fate,
That I was not of noble lineage sprung:
Far other creed inspires my heart and tongue.
For now should Nature bid all living men
Retrace their years, and live them o'er again,
Each culling, as his inclination bent,
His parents for himself—with mine content,
I would not choose whom men endow, as great,
With the insignia and seats of state;
And, though I seemed insane to vulgar eyes,
Thou wouldst perchance esteem me truly wise
In thus refusing to assume the care
Of irksome state I was unused to bear.

Transl. of THEODORE MARTIN.

PATERNAL ADMONITIONS.

Should then my humorous vein run wild, some latitude allow.
I learned the habit from the best of fathers, who employed
Some living type to stamp the vice he wished me to avoid.
Thus temperate and frugal when exhorting me to be,
And with the competence content which he had stored for me,
"Look, boy," he'd say, "at Albius's son—observe his sorry plight!
And Barrus, that poor beggar there! Say, are not these a sight
To warn a man from squandering his patrimonial means?
The reasons why this should be shunned, and that be sought
The sages will explain. Enough for me if I uphold
The faith and morals handed down from our good sires of old;
And while you need a guardian, keep your life pure, and your name.
When years have hardened, as they will, your judgment and your frame,
You'll swim without a float."

And so, with talk like this, he won
And moulded me while yet a boy. Was something to be done,
Hard it might be—"for this," he'd say, "good warrant you can quote."
And then as model pointed to some public man of note.
Or was there something to be shunned, then he would urge, "can you
One moment doubt that acts like these are base and futile too,
Which have to him and his such dire disgrace and trouble bred?"
And as a neighbor's death appals the sick, and by the dread
Of dying forces them to put upon their lusts restraint,
So tender minds are oft deterred from vices by the taint
They see them bring on others' names; 'tis thus that I from those
Am all exempt, which bring with them a train of shame and woes.

Transl. of THEODORE MARTIN.

The poems of Horace were published by him under the respective heads of *Satires*, *Odes*, and *Epistles*. But only a small part of the first class are "Satires," in our usual acceptation of the word. The poem in which his father is so tenderly spoken of, appears among the *Satires*, as does also the one in which he describes his daily life at his Sabine farm. In the latter poem, however, there are several purely satirical passages. The cleverest of these is where Davas, his servant, to whom he is no hero, ridicules his master for sundry foibles.

HORACE'S SATIRE UPON HIMSELF.

[DAVUS *loquitur.*]

You're praising up incessantly
The habits, manners, likings, ways,

Of people in the good old days;
Yet, should some god this moment give
To you the power like them to live,
You're just the man to say, "I won't!"
Because in them you either don't
Believe, or else the courage lack
The truth through thick and thin to back;
And rather than its heights aspire,
Will go on sticking in the mire.
At Rome, you for the country sigh;
When in the country, to the sky
You—flighty as the thistle's down—
Are always crying up the town.
If no one asks you out to dine,
Oh, then the *pot-au-feu's* divine!
You "go out on compulsion only—
'Tis so delightful to be lonely;
And drinking bumpers is a bore
You shrink from daily more and more."
But only let Mæcenas send
Command for you "to meet a friend;"
Although the message comes so late
The lamps are being lighted, straight,
"Where's my pomade? Look sharp!" you shout;
"Heavens! is there nobody about?
Are you all deaf?" And storming high
At all the household, off you fly.
When Milvius, and that set, anon
Arrive to dine, and find you gone,
With vigorous curses they retreat—
Which I had rather not repeat.

Transl. of THEODORE MARTIN.

A "Satire," in Horace's use of the word, is a picture of Men and Manners, as he saw them from time to time. Sometimes he lashes great crimes and criminals with a severity hardly less indignant than that of Juvenal. But as a rule he flies at lower game—at the foibles and weaknesses of society—at fops, fools, and bores, and the like.

A WOULD-BE LITERARY BORE.

It chanced that I, the other day
Was sauntering up the Sacred Way,
And musing, as my habit is,
Some trivial random fantasies,
When there comes rushing up a wight
Whom only by his name I knew.
"Ha! my dear fellow, how d'ye do?"
Grasping my hand, he shouted. "Why,
As times go, pretty well," said I;
"And you, I trust, can say the same."

But after me as still he came,
"Sir, is there anything," I cried,
"You want of me?" "Oh," he replied,
"I'm just the man you ought to know:
A scholar, author!" "Is it so?
For this I'll like you all the more!"
Then, writhing to escape the bore,
I quicken now my pace, now stop,
And in my servant's ear let drop
Some words; and all the while I feel
Bathed in cold sweat from head to heel.
"Oh, for a touch," I moaned in pain,
"Bolanus, of thy madcap vein,
To put this incubus to rout!"
As he went chattering on about
Whatever he descries or meets—
The city's growth, its splendor, size.
"You're dying to be off," he cries:
(For all the while I'd been stock dumb);
"I've seen it this half-hour. But come,
Let's clearly understand each other;
It's no use making all this pother.
My mind's made up to stick by you;
So where you go, there I go too."
"Don't put yourself," I answered, "pray,
So very far out of your way.
I'm on the road to see a friend
Whom you don't know, that's near his end,
Away beyond the Tiber far,
Close by where Cæsar's gardens are."
"I've nothing in the world to do,

And what's a paltry mile or two?
I like it; so I'll follow you!"
Down dropped my ears on hearing this
Just like a vicious jackass's,
That's loaded heavier than he likes,
But off anew my torment strikes:
"If well I know myself, you'll end
With making of me more a friend
Than Viscus, ay, or Varius; for
Of verses who can run off more,
Or run them off at such a pace?
Who dance with such distinguished grace?
And as for singing, zounds!" says he,
"Hermogenes might envy me!"
Here was an opening to break in:
"Have you a mother, father, kin,
To whom your life is precious?" "None;
I've closed the eyes of every one."
Oh, happy they, I inly groan;
Now I am left, and I alone.
Quick, quick dispatch me where I stand;
Now is the direful doom at hand,
Which erst the Sabine beldam old,
Shaking her magic urn, foretold
In days when I was yet a boy:
"Him shall no poison fell destroy,
Nor hostile sword in shock of war,
Nor gout, nor colic, nor catarrh.
In fulness of time his thread
Shall by a prate-apace be shred;
So let him, when he's twenty-one,
If he be wise, all babblers shun."

Transl. of THEODORE MARTIN.

The *Odes* of Horace cover a great variety of topics, grave and gay. Many of them are love songs ostensibly addressed to several of his "attachments," though it is not altogether certain that Barine, Chloe, Glycera, Lalage, Leuconoe, Lydia, Phyllis, Pyrrha, Tyndaris, and the others were all of them real personages. But it is certain that he formed intimacies, of more or less

duration, with not a few of the *hetairæ*, who were, after all, about the only intelligent women with whom a middle-aged Roman bachelor would be likely to come in contact. None of these love-poems are gross, and in few of them is there displayed any great depth of passion. One of the most characteristic of these poems is the following colloquy in which "He" is supposed to represent Horace himself, and the "She" the charming, though not over-constant Lydia.

HE AND SHE.

He.

Whilst I was dear, and thou wert kind,
And I—and I alone—might lie
Upon thy snowy breast reclined,
Not Persia's king so blest as I.

She.

Whilst I to thee was all in all,
Nor Chleo might with Lydia vie,
Renowned in ode or madrigal,
Not Roman Ilia famed as I.

He.

I now am Thracian Chloe's slave,
With hand and voice that charm the air,
For whom even death itself I'd brave,
So Fate the darling girl would spare.

She.

I dote on Calaïs; and I
Am all his passion, all his care,
For whom a double death I'd die,
So Fate the darling boy would spare.

He.

What if our ancient love return,
And bind us with a closer tie,
If I the fair-haired Chloe spurn,
And, as of old, for Lydia sigh?

She.

Though lovelier than yon star is he,
And lighter thou than cork—ah, why?

More churlish too than Adria's sea,
With thee I'd live, with thee I'd die.
Transl. of THEODORE MARTIN.

Many of the Odes of Horace can hardly be considered lyrical, but are rather grave ethical reproofs. The following is directed against the two great vices which threatened the existence of the Roman State—the luxury and avarice of the rich, and the turbulence of the lower classes.

INTACTIS OPULENTIOR.

Though India's virgin mine,
And wealth of Araby be thine;
Though thy wave-circled palaces
Usurp the Tyrrhene and Apulian seas
When on thy devoted head
The iron hand of Fate has laid
The symbols of eternal doom,
What power shall loose the fetters of the dead?
What hope dispel the terrors of the tomb?

Happy the nomad tribes whose wains
Drag their rude huts o'er Scythian plains;
Happier the Gætan horde
To whom unmeasured fields afford
Abundant harvests, pastures free:
For one short year they toil,
Then claim once more their liberty,
And yield to other hands the unexhausted soil.

The tender-hearted stepdame there
Nurtures with all a mother's care
The orphan babe: no wealthy bride
Insults her lord, or yields her heart
To the sleek suitor's glozing art.
The maiden's dower is purity,
Her parents' worth, her womanly pride,
To hate the sin, to scorn the lie,
Chastely to live, or, if dishonored, die.

Breathes there a patriot, brave and strong,
Would right his erring country's wrong,

Would heal her wounds and quell her rage?
Let him, with noble daring, first
Curb Faction's tyranny accurst,
So may some future age
Grave on his bust with pious hand,
The Father of his Native Land.
Virtue yet living we despise,
Adore it lost, and vanished from our eyes.

Cease idle wail!
The sin unpunished, what can sighs avail?
How weak the laws by man ordained
If Virtue's law be unsustained.
A second sin is thine! The sand
Of Araby, Gætulia's sun-scorched land,
The desolate regions of Hyperborean ice,
Call with one voice to wrinkled Avarice:
He hears; he feels no toil, nor sword nor sea;
Shrinks from no disgrace but virtuous poverty

Forth! 'mid a shouting nation bring
Thy precious gems, thy wealth untold;
Into the seas or Temple fling
Thy vile, unprofitable gold.
Roman, repent, and from within
Eradicate thy darling sin;
Repent, and from thy bosom tear
The sordid shame that festers there.

Bid thy degenerate sons to learn
In rougher schools a lesson stern.
The high-born youth mature in vice,
Pursues his vain and reckless course,
Rolls the Greek hoop, or throws the dice,
But shuns and dreads the horse.
His perjured sire, with jealous care
Heaps riches for his worthless heir,
Despised, disgraced, supremely blest,
Cheating his partner, friend, and guest,
Uncounted stores his bursting coffers fill;
But something unpossessed is ever wanting still.

Transl. of Sir Stephen de Vere.

Once upon a time Horace had come to

Rome as the honored guest of Mæcenas, had stayed there rather longer than he liked, and wished to get away. By way of apology to his wealthy and munificent friend and patron he frames the following apologue :

THE LIVELY CIT TURNED FARMER.

Philip, the famous counsel, on a day
(A burly man, and wilful in his way)
From court returning, somewhere about two,
And grumbling—for his years were far from few—
That his home in Ship-Street was so distant, though
But from the Forum half a mile or so,
Descried a fellow in a barber's booth
All by himself, his chin shaved fresh and smooth
Trimming his nails, and with the easy air
Of one uncumbered by a wish or care,
"Demetrius!" ('twas his page, a boy of tact
In comprehension swift, and swift of act,)
"Go ascertain his rank, name, fortune; track
His father, patron!" In a trice he's back.
"An auction-crier, Volteius Mena, sir,
Means poor enough, no spot on character;
Good or to work or idle, get or spend,
Has his own house, delights to see a friend.
Fond of the play, and sure, when work is done,
Of those who crowd the campus to make one."
"I'd like to hear all from himself. Away!
Bid him come dine with me—at once—to-day!"
Mena some trick in the request divines,
Turns it all ways, then civilly declines,
"What! says me nay?" 'Tis, even so, sir. why,
Can't say. Dislikes you, or, more likely, shy."
Next morning Philip searches Mena out,
And finds him vending to a rabble rout
Old crazy lumber, frippery of the worst,
And with all courtesy salutes him first.

Mena pleads occupation, ties of trade,
His services else he would by dawn have paid
At Philip's house; was grieved to think that
how
He should have failed to notice him till now.
"On one condition I accept your plea.
You come this afternoon and dine with me."
"Yours to command." "Be there, then, sharp
at four.
Now go, work hard, and make your little more!"
At dinner Mena rattled on, expressed
Whate'er came uppermost, then home to rest.
The hook was baited craftily, and when
The fish came nibbling ever and again,
At morn a client, and when asked to dine,
Not now at all in humor to decline.
Philip himself one holiday drove him down
To see his villa some few miles from town.
Mena keeps praising up the whole way there
The Sabine country and the Sabine air,
So Philip sees his fish is fairly caught,
And smiles with inward triumph at the
thought;
Resolved at any price to have his whim,
For that is best of all repose to him. [then,
Seven hundred pounds he gives him there and
Proffers on easy terms as much again;
And so persuades him that, with tastes like his,
He ought to buy a farm. So bought it is.
Not to detain you longer than enough
The dapper cit becomes a farmer bluff.
Talks drains and subsoils, ever on the strain,
Grows lean, and ages with the lust of gain.
But when his sheep are stolen, when murrains
smite
His goats, and his best crops are killed with
blight,
When at the plough his oxen drop down dead,
Stung with his losses, up one night from bed
He springs, and on a cart-horse makes his way
All wrath to Philip's house, by break of day.
"How's this?" cries Philip, seeing him un-
shorn

And shabby. "Why, Volteius, you look worn.
You work, methinks, too long upon the stretch."
"Oh, that's not it, my patron. Call me wretch;
That is the only fitting name for me.
Oh by the Genius, by the gods that be
Thy hearth's protectors, I beseech, implore,
Give me, oh, give me back my life of yore!"
If for the worse you find you've changed your place,
Pause not to think, but straight your steps retrace.
In every state the maxim still is true,
On your own last take care to fit your shoe.

Transl. of THEODORE MARTIN.

The health of Horace was always delicate, and he began to age rapidly. At forty-four his black hair had turned to gray. We find him anxiously inquiring for the healthiest and most comfortable places to visit.

A VALETUDINARIAN'S INQUIRIES.

Which place is best supplied with corn, d'ye think?
Have they rain-water or fresh springs to drink?
Their wines I care not for; when at my farm,
I can drink any sort without much harm;
But at the sea I need a generous kind
To warm my veins and pass into my mind,
Enrich me with new hopes, choice words supply
And make me comely in a lady's eye.
Which tract is best for game? On which sea-coast
Urchins and other fish abound the most?
That so, when I return my friends may see
A sleek Phæacian come to life in me:
These things you needs must tell me, Vala dear,
And I no less must act on what I hear.

Transl. of CONINGTON.

THE COMMON LOT.

Let not the frowns of fate
Disquiet thee, my friend,
Nor when she smiles on thee, do thou elate
With vaunting thoughts ascend
Beyond the limits of becoming mirth,
For Dellius thou must die, become a clod of earth.

Thy woods, thy treasured pride,
Thy mansion's pleasant seat,
Thy lawns washed by the Tiber's yellow tide,
Each favorite retreat,
Thou must leave all—all, and thine heir shall run
In riot through the wealth thy years of toil have won.

One road, and to one bourne
We all are goaded. Late
Or soon will issue from the urn
Of unrelenting Fate
The lot, that in yon bark exiles us all,
To undiscovered shores, from which is no recall.

Transl. of THEODORE MARTIN.

A PRAYER FOR HEALTH AND CONTENT.

For me, when freshened by my spring's pure cold,
Which makes my villagers look pinched and old,
What prayers are mine? "Oh, may I yet possess
The goods I have, or, if heaven pleases, less.

Let the few years that Fate may grant me still
Be all my own, not held at others' will!
Let me have books, and stores for one year hence,
Nor make my life one flutter of suspense.

You're not a miser: has all other vice
Departed in the train of avarice?

Or do ambitious longings, angry fret,
The terror of the grave torment you yet?
Do you count up your birthdays by the year,
And thank the gods with gladness and good cheer,
O'erlook the failings of your friends, and grow
Gentler and better as your sands run low?
But I forbear; sufficient 'tis to pray
To Jove for what he gives and takes away;
Grant life, grant fortune, for myself I'll find
That best of blessings, a contented mind.

Transl. of CONINGTON.

The longest and one of the latest of the poems of Horace is the Epistle to the Pisos, generally known as the *Ars Poetica;* of which the summation is

Of writing well, be sure the secret lies
In wisdom: therefore study to be wise.

Not long after the *Ars Poetica* was published, Mæcenas died at the age of about sixty-five. Almost with his parting breath he commended his friend to the kindly remembrance of Augustus: "*Horati Flacci ut mei esto memor.*"—Let Horatius Flaccus be borne in memory as myself. Mæcenas died at midsummer. Before the year ended Horace also passed into the Hereafter. He had neither kith nor kin, and left what modest means he possessed to Augustus Cæsar. He was buried on the slope of the Esquiline hard by the tomb of his friend Mæcenas. The marble tomb has long since crumbled to dust; but the poet had built for himself a monument which will outlast all marble or bronze.

HORACE'S MONUMENT.

I've reared a monument—my own—
More durable than brass;

Yea kingly pyramids of stone
  In height it doth surpass.

Rain shall not sap, nor driving blast
  Disturb its settled base,
Nor countless ages rolling past
  Its symmetry deface.

I shall not wholly die. Some part,
  Nor that a little, shall
Escape the dark Destroyer's dart,
  And his grim festival.

For long as with his Vestals mute,
  Rome's Pontifex shall climb
The Capitol, my fame shall shoot
  Fresh buds through future time.

Where howls loud Aufidus and came
  Parched Daunus erst, a horde
Of mystic boors to sway, my name
  Shall be a household word.

As one who rose from mean estate,
  The first with poet's fire,
Æolic song to modulate
  To the Italian lyre.

Then grant, Melpomene, thy son
  Thy guerdon proud to wear,
And Delphic laurels, duly won,
  Bind thou upon my hair.

Transl. of THEODORE MARTIN.

HORNE GEORGE, an English clergyman and author, born in 1730; died in 1792. He was educated at Oxford, was made a Fellow of Magdalen College at the age of nineteen, and its President at the age of thirty-eight. In 1776 he became Vice-Chancellor of the University. In 1781 he was appointed Dean of Canterbury, and in 1790 Bishop of Norwich. His earliest works were of a controversial character, intended to support the views of Hutchinson, who regarded Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy as contradictory to the Scriptures. His most important work is *A Commentary on the Book of Psalms* (1776.) The Commentary was the result of twenty years labor. He also published numerous *Sermons*, and a volume of *Letters on Infidelity* (1784.)

THE PSALMS ADAPTED TO CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.

When learning arose, as it were, from the dead, in the sixteenth century, and the study of primitive theology by that means revived, the spiritual interpretation of the Scriptures revived with it. It was adopted at that time, by one admirably qualified to do it justice, and to recommend it again to the world by every charm of genius, and every ornament of language. I mean the accomplished Erasmus, who omitteth no opportunity of insisting on the usefulness and even the necessity of it for the right understanding of the Scriptures; for the attainment of the wisdom which they teach, and that holiness which they prescribe. He considers a Psalm as it may relate to Christ, either suffering or triumphant; as it may concern the Church, whether consisting of Jews or Gentiles, whether in adversity or prosperity, through the several stages and periods of its existence; and as it may be applicable to the different

states and circumstances of individuals, during the trials and temptations which they meet with in the course of their Christian pilgrimage.

It is obvious that every part of the Psalter when explicated according to this Scriptural and primitive method, is rendered universally "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness;" and the propriety immediately appears of its having always been used in the devotional way, both by the Jewish and the Christian church. With regard to the Jews, Bishop Chandler pertinently remarks, that "they must have understood David, their prince, to have been a figure of Messias. They would not otherwise have made his Psalms part of their daily worship; nor would David have delivered them to the Church to be so employed, were it not to instruct and support them in the knowledge and belief of this fundamental article. Was the Messias not concerned in the Psalms, it were absurd to celebrate, twice a day in their public devotions, the events of one man's life, who was deceased so long ago as to have no relation now to the Jews, and the circumstances of their affairs; or to transcribe whole passages from them, into their prayers for the coming of the Messiah." Upon the same principle it is easily seen, that the objections which may seem to lie against the use of Jewish services in Christian congregations cease at once. Thus, it may be said: Are we concerned with the affairs of David and of Israel? Have we anything to do with the ark and the temple? They are no more. Are we to go up to Jerusalem, and to worship on Sion? They are desolated, and trodden under foot by the Turks. Are we to sacrifice young bullocks, according to the law? The law is abolished, never to be observed again. Do we pray for victory over Moab, Edom, and Philistia; or for deliverance from Babylon? There are no such nations, no such places in the world. What then do we mean,

when taking such expressions into our mouths, we utter them in our own persons, as parts of our devotions before God? Assuredly we must mean a spiritual Jerusalem and Sion; a spiritual ark and temple; a spiritual law; spiritual sacrifices; and spiritual victories over spiritual enemies; all described under the old names, which are still retained, though "old things are passed away, and all things are become new." By substituting Messiah for David, the Gospel for the saw, the Church Christian for that of Israel, and the enemies of the one for those of the other, the Psalms are made our own. Nay, they are, with more fullness and propriety, applied now to the substances, than they were of old to the "shadow of good things to come." And, therefore, ever since the commencement of the Christian era, the Church hath chosen to celebrate the Gospel mysteries in the words of these ancient hymns, rather than to compose for that purpose new ones of her own. . . .

The Psalms, thus applied, have advantages which no fresh compositions, however finely executed, can possibly have; since beside their incomparable fitness to express our sentiments, they are, at the same time, memorials of, and appeals to, former mercies and deliverances; they are acknowledgements of prophecies accomplished; they point the connection between the old and new dispensations, thereby teaching us to admire and adore the wisdom of God displayed in both, and furnishing, while we read or sing them, an inexhaustible variety of the noblest matter that can engage the contemplations of man.—*Preface to Commentary on the Psalms.*

HORNE, RICHARD HENGIST, an English author, born in 1803; died in 1884. He was educated at the Royal Military College of Sandhurst, served in the Mexican army during the war between Mexico and Spain, travelled in the United States and Canada, and on his return to England, devoted himself to literature. In 1837–8 he published three tragedies: *Cosmo de Medici*, *The Death of Marlowe*, and *The Death Fetch*. These were followed by *The Exposition of the False Medium and Barriers excluding Men of Genius from the Public* (1838), *Gregory the Seventh, a Tragedy* 1840), *The Life of Napoleon*, 1841), *Orion, an Epic Poem* (1843), first sold at a farthing a copy—the author's way of expressing his sense of the low estimation in which epic poetry was held. *The New Spirit of the Age*, a collection of biographical sketches of authors (1844), *Ballads and Romances*, and *The Spirit of Peers and People*, a tragic-comedy (1846), *Judas Iscariot, a Miracle Play* (1840), *The Poor Artist, or Seven Eyesights and One Object* (1850), *The Dreamer and the Worker*, a novel (1851), *The Good-Natured Bear*, a story for children, and *Prometheus the Fire Bringer*, a lyrical drama. In 1852 he accompanied William Howitt and his sons to Australia, where he remained for twelve years, serving successively as Commissioner of the Gold-Fields, Territorial Magistrate, Commissioner of the Yan Yean Water Supply, and Mining Registrar. After his return to England, he published *Laura Diblazo*, a tragedy, *John the Baptist, or the Valor of a Soul*, *The Apocryphal Book of Job's Wife*, and many contributions to periodical literature.

THE ASCENT OF ORION.

The cloud expanded darkly o'er the heavens,
Which, like a vault preparing to gave back
The heroic dead, yawned with its sacred gloom,
And iron-crowned Night her black breath
 poured around,
To meet the clouds that from Olympus rolled
Billows of darkness with a dirging roar,
Which by gradations of high harmony [eyes
Merged in triumphal strains. Their earnest
Filled with the darkness, and their hands still
 clasped,
Kneeling the Goddesses' bright rays perceived,
Reflected, glance before them. Mute they rose
With tender consciousness; and, hand in hand,
Turning, they saw slow rising from the sea
The luminous Giant clad in blazing stars,
New-born and trembling from their Maker's
 breath—
Divine, refulgent effluence of Love.
Though to his insubstantial form no gleam
Of mortal life's rich colors now gave warmth,
Yet was the image he had worn on earth,
With all its memories of the old dim woods—
The caves—his toils, joys, griefs—the fond
 old ways—
The same—his heart the same e'en as of yore.
With pale gold shield, like a translucent Moon
Through which the Morning with ascending
 cheek
Sheds a soft blush, warming cerulean veins;—
With radiant belt of glory, typical
Of happy change that o'er the zodiac round
Of the world's monstrous phantasies shall
 come;
And in his hand a sword of peaceful power,
Streaming like a meteor to direct the earth
To victory over life's distress, and show
The future path whose light runs through
 death's glooms;—
In grandeur, like the birth of Motion, rose
The glorious Giant, tow'rds his place in
 heaven;

And, while ascending, thus his Spirit sang:
"I came into the world a mortal creature,
Lights flitting upward through my unwrought clay,
Not knowing what they were, nor whither tending,
But of some goodness conscious in my soul.
With earth's rude elements my first endeavor
I made; attained rare mastery, and was proud,
Then felt strange longings in the grassy woodlands,
And hunted shadows under the slant sun. . . .
"Thou Earth, whom I have left, and all my brothers!
Followers of Time through steep and thorny ways;
Wrestlers with strong Calamity, and falling
For ever, as with generations new
Ye carry on the strife—deem it no loss
That in full vigor of his fresh designs,
Your Worker and your Builder hath been called
To rest thus undesired. Though for himself
Too soon, and not enough of labor done
For high desires; sufficient yet to give
The impulse ye are fitted to receive:
More, were a vain ambition. Therefore strive,
My course without its blindness to pursue,
So that ye may through night, as ye behold me,
And also through the day by faithful hope,
Ascend to me; and he who faints half way,
Gains yet a noble eminence o'er those
Whose feet still plod the earth with hearts o'erdusted.
"Then with aspiring love behold Orion!
Not for his need, but for thine own behoof:
He loved thy race, and calls thee to his side.
The human spirit is a mountain thing,
But ere it reach the constellated thrones,
It may attain, and on mankind bestow,
Substance, precision; mastery of hand, [life,
Beauty intense, and power that shapes new

So shall each honest heart become a champion,
Each high-wrought soul a builder beyond
time—
The ever-hunted ne'er o'ertaken Time,
For whom so many youthful hours are slain
Vainly: the grave's brink shows we have been
deceived,
And still the aged god his flight maintains!
But not in vain the earth-born shall pursue,
E'en though with wayward, often stumbling
feet,
That substance-bearing Shadow, if with a soul
That to an absolute unadulterate truth
Aspires, and would make active through the
world,
He hath resolved to plant for future years.
And thus, in the end, each soul may to itself,
With truth before it as its polar guide,
Become both Time and Nature, whose fixt
paths
Are spiral, and when lost will find new stars,
Beyond man's unconceived infinities,
And in the Universal Movement join."
The song ceased, and at once a chorus burst
From all the stars in heaven, which now shone
forth!
The Moon ascends in her rapt loveliness;
The ocean swells to her forgivingly:
Bright comes the dawn, and Eos hides her
faces,
Glowing with tears divine, within the bosom
Of great Poseidon, in his rocking car
Standing erect to gaze upon his son,
Installed midst golden fires, which ever melt
In Eos's breath and beauty; rising still
With nightly brilliance, merging in the
drawn—
And circling onward in eternal youth.—*Orion.*

HUMAN PROGRESS.

The wisdom of mankind creeps slowly on,
Subject to every doubt that can retard
Or fling it back upon an earlier time;

So timid are man's footsteps in the dark,
But blindest those who have no inward light.
One mind, perchance, in every age contains
The sum of all before, and much to come;
Much that's far distant still; but that full mind,
Companioned oft by others of like scope,
Belief and tendency and anxious will,
A circle small transpierces and illumes:
Expanding, soon its subtle radiance
Falls blunted from the mass of flesh and bone,
The man who for his race might supersede
The work of ages, dies worn out—not used,
And in his track disciples onward strive,
Some hair-breadths only from his starting-point:
Yet lives he not in vain; for if his soul
Hath entered others, though imperfectly,
The circle widens as the world spins round—
His soul works on while he sleeps 'neath the grass.
So let the firm Philosopher renew
His wasted lamp—the lamp wastes not in vain,
Though he no mirrors for its rays may see,
Nor trace them through the darkness; let the Hand
Which feels primeval impulses, direct
A forthright plough, and make his furrow broad,
With heart untiring while one field remains;
So let the herald poet shed his thoughts
Like seeds that seem but lost upon the wind.
Work in the night, thou sage, while Mammon's brain
Teems with low visions on his couch of down;
Break thou the clods while high-toned Vanity,
Midst glaring lights and trumpets, holds its court;
Sing thou thy song amidst the stoning crowd,
Then stand apart, obscure to man, with God.
—*Orion.*

HORNE, THOMAS HARTWELL, an English clergyman and author, born in 1780; died in 1862. He began his education in Christ Hospital School, but his father's death compelled him, when fifteen years old, to quit school, in order to assist in supporting his younger brothers and sisters. During eight years of employment as a barrister's clerk, he devoted his leisure to study, and to writing. His first work, *A Brief View of the Necessity and Truth of the Christian Religion*, published in 1800, passed through several editions. The necessity which he felt for aid in his study of the Scriptures led him to the composition of his great work the *Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures*, which appeared in 1818. The next year he was admitted to the ministry of the Anglican Church, his work being taken as evidence of his fitness for the Holy Orders. His first parishes were small, and he had much leisure, which he employed in writing. In 1833 he was given a rectorship in London. Forty-five volumes were published by him, on commerce, law, theology, and art. Of some he was editor, of others translator, of others author. Among them are: *The Lakes of Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland*, *The Works of William Hogarth elucidated by Descriptions, Critical, Moral and Historical*. *A Protestant Memorial*, *Mariolatry*, *The Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity*, *Deism Refuted*; *A History of the Mohammedan Empire in Spain*, and *A Manual of Biblical Biography*.

THE MORAL TEACHING OF THE ANCIENTS.

From the ignorance and uncertainty, which

prevailed among some of the greatest teachers of antiquity, concerning those fundamental truths which are the great barriers of virtue and religion, it is evident that the heathens had no perfect scheme of moral rules for piety and good manners. Thus, with the exception of two or three philosophers, they never inculcated the duty of loving our enemies and of forgiving injuries; but on the contrary, they accounted revenge to be not only lawful, but commendable. Pride and the love of popular applause (the subduing of which is the first principle of true virtue) were esteemed the best and greatest incentives to virtue and noble actions; suicide was regarded as the strongest mark of heroism; and the perpetrators of it, instead of being branded with infamy, were commended and celebrated as men of noble minds. But the interior acts of the soul—the adultery of the eye and the murder of the heart were little regarded. On the contrary, the philosophers countenanced both by arguments and example, the most flagitious practices. Thus theft, as is well known, was permitted in Egypt and in Sparta. The exposure of infants, and the putting to death of children who were weak or imperfect in form, was allowed at Sparta by Lycurgus. At Athens, the great seat and nursery of philosophers, the women were treated and disposed of as slaves, and it was enacted that "infants which appeared to be maimed should either be killed or exposed;" and that "the Athenians might lawfully invade and enslave any people, who in their opinion were fit to be made slaves."

Corresponding with such principles was the moral conduct of the ancients—the most distinguished philosophers and heroes not excepted—whose lives are recorded by Plutarch in a manner the most favorable to their reputation. Many of them, it is true, entertained a high sense of honor, and possessed a large portion

of patriotism. But thesewere not *morality*, if by that term we are to understand such dispositions of the mind as are right, fit, and amiable. Their sense of honor was not of that kind which made them scorn to do evil; but, like the false honor of modern duellists, consisted merely in a dread of disgrace. Hence many of them not only pleaded for self-murder (as Cicero, Seneca, and others) but carried about with them the means of destruction, of which they made use rather than fall into the hands of their adversaries, as Demosthenes, Cato, Brutus, Cassius, and others did. And their patriotism, generally speaking, operated not merely in the preservation of their country, but in endeavors to extend and aggrandize it at the expense of other nations. It was a patriotism inconsistent with justice and good will to mankind. Truth was but of small account among many, even of the best heathens; for they taught that, on many occasions, a lie was to be preferred to the truth itself. To which we may add, that the unlimited gratification of their sensual appetites, and the commission of the most unnatural crimes, was common even among the most distinguished teachers of philosophy.—*Introduction to the Holy Scriptures.*

THE PRECEPTS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Admirably as the doctrines of the New Testament are adapted to the actual condition and wants of mankind, the moral precepts which it enjoins are not less calculated to promote their happiness and well-being, both collectively and individually. In it the best descriptions of virtue are to be found: and the whole volume is replete with piety, and with devotional virtues, which were utterly unknown to the ancient heathen moralists. Indeed, the view of human duty, exhibited by them, was not only radically defective and materially erroneous; but the manner of its

exhibition was little calculated to impress the mind, affect the heart, or influence the conduct. Abstruse reasonings upon the fitness of things —general declarations concerning the beauty of virtue—cold and inanimate precepts of conduct, if not contradicted, yet imperfectly exemplified in their own behavior—might in some degree exercise their pupils' faculties of reasoning and memory, and render them subtle disputants, and pompous declaimers; but they had little tendency to enlighten their minds in the knowledge of moral truth, and to imbue their hearts with the love of moral excellence. It is far otherwise with the morality of the Scriptures, and especially of the New Testament. While the system of moral truth which they evolve is incomparably more pure than that of the heathen moralist, it is not, like his, couched in cold generalities or in abstract uninteresting language. It is pure and rational, alike remote from the overstrained precepts of superstition and enthusiasm, and the loose compliant maxims of worldly policy. It comes home to men's business and bosoms. It is deeply impressive, and it is perfectly intelligible. It is calculated for every rank and order of society, and speaks with equal strictness and authority to the rich and honorable, to the poor and ignoble. All other systems of morals prohibit actions but not thoughts, and therefore are necessarily ineffectual. But the moral system of Christianity, infinitely superior to all the defective systems of men, pervades every thought of the heart; teaches us to refer all our actions to the will of our Creator; and corrects all selfishness in the human character, by teaching us to have in view the happiness of all around us, and enforcing the most enlarged and diffusive benevolence.—*Introduction to the Holy Scriptures.*

HORSLEY, SAMUEL, an English clergyman and author, born in 1733; died in 1806. He was the son of a clergyman; was educated in Westminster School and at Cambridge University; entered the church, was first his father's curate at Newington Butts, and afterwards succeeded him as rector. In 1767 he was made a member of the Royal Society, and its secretary in 1773. After several ecclesiastical promotions, he became Bishop of St. David's in 1788, of Rochester in 1793, and of St. Asaph's in 1802. In 1783–84 his controversy with Dr. Priestley on Unitarianism took place, in the course of which he published two volumes of *Letters in reply to Doctor Priestley*, and *Remarks on Dr. Priestley's Second Letter*. Besides these volumes of controversy, he published works on mathematics, language, and theology. Among them are *Remarks on the Observations made in the late Voyage towards the North Pole, for determining the Acceleration of the Pendulum in lat.* 79° 51′ (1774), *On the Prosodies of the Greek and Latin Languages* (1796), and *Critical Disquisitions on the Eighteenth Chapter of Isaiah* (1796). He also published a complete edition of the works of Sir Isaac Newton (1771–85.) After his death appeared three volumes of his *Sermons*, which are regarded as among the finest in the language.

OUR LORD'S SECOND COMING.

I shall now venture to conclude that, notwithstanding the great authorities which incline the other way, that the phrase of "our Lord's coming," wherever it occurs in his prediction of the Jewish war, as well as in most

other passages of the New Testament, is to be taken in its literal meaning, as denoting his coming in person, in visible pomp and glory, to the general judgment. Nor is the belief of that coming, so explicitly foretold, an article of little moment in the Christian's creed, however some who call themselves Christians may affect to slight it. It is true, that the expectation of a future retribution is what ought, in the nature of the thing, to be a sufficient restraint upon a wise man's conduct, though we were uninformed of the manner in which the thing will be brought about, and were at liberty to suppose that every individual's lot would be silently determined, without any public entry of the Almighty Judge, and without the formality of a public trial.

But our merciful God, who knows how feebly the allurements of the present world are resisted by our reason, unless imagination can be engaged on reason's side, to paint the prospect of future good, and display the terror of future suffering, hath been pleased to ordain that the business shall be so conducted, and the method of the business so clearly foretold, as to strike the profane with awe, and animate the humble and the timid. He has warned us—and let them who dare to extenuate the warning, ponder the dreadful curse with which the Book of Prophecy is sealed: "If any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life." God hath warned us that the inquiry into every man's conduct will be public—Christ himself the Judge—the whole race of man, and the whole angelic host, spectators of the awful scene. Before that assembly, every man's good deeds will be declared, and his most secret sins disclosed. As no elevation of rank will then give a title to respect, no obscurity of condition shall exclude the just from public honor, or screen the guilty from public shame. Opulence will find itself no longer

powerful—poverty will be no longer weak; birth will no longer be distinguished, meanness will no longer pass unnoticed. The rich and poor will indeed strangely meet together; when all the inequalities of the present life shall disappear, and the conqueror and his captive, the monarch and his subject, the lord and his vassal, the statesman and the peasant, the philosopher and the unlettered hind, shall find their distinctions to have been mere illusions.

The characters and the actions of the greatest and the meanest have in truth been equally important, and equally public; while the eye of the omniscient God hath been equally upon them all, while all are at least equally brought to answer to their common judge, and the angels stand around spectators, equally interested in the dooms of all. The sentence of every man will be pronounced by Him who cannot be merciful to those who shall have willingly sold themselves to that abject bondage from which He died to purchase their redemption—who, nevertheless, having felt the power of temptation, knows to pity them that have been tempted; by Him on whose mercy contrite frailty may rely, whose anger hardened impenitence must dread. To heighten the solemnity and terror of the business, the Judge will visibly descend from heaven—the shout of the archangels and the trumpet of the Lord will thunder through the deep—the dead will awake —the glorified saints will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air; while the wicked will in vain call upon the mountains and the rocks to cover them. Of the day and hour when these things shall be knoweth no man; but the day and hour for these things are fixed in the eternal Father's counsels. Our Lord will come—He will come unlooked-for, and may come sooner than we think.—*Sermons.*

HOUGHTON, Lord, see Milnes, Richard Monkton.

HOUSSAYE, ARSENE, a French author, born near Laon, in 1815. When he was sixteen years of age he served in the army. On his return he found life on the farm and in the mill distasteful, and gave himself to writing verses. At length he resolved to seek his fortune in Paris. On the way thither he fell in with a company of strolling singers who ended by taking his purse. He arrived in Paris almost penniless, and in a cholera season. His first resource was the composition of extravagant romances for wandering minstrels. He at length made the acquaintance of Théophile Gautier, who introduced him to Gerard de Nerval and other literary men, and he become one of a company of poets, artists, and literateurs, who inhabited a large house in the Rue Doyenne, made celebrated by Gautier and others. He wrote novels, poems, and sketches of art, literature, and society. Among his early productions are *La Couronne de Bhuts*, *Le Serpent sous l'Herbe*, *Les Revenants*, *Mademoiselle de Vaudeuil*, and *Mademoiselle de Krouart*. In 1843 he bought the journal of *L'Artiste*, of which he assumed the editorship. From 1849 to 1856 he was director of the *Comédie Française*, and in 1856 he was appointed Inspector-general of the works of art and the museums. His literary activity has continued throughout his life. Among his writings are two volumes of poems: *Les Sentiers Perdus* (1841), and *Poésie dans les Bois* (1845), *Romans, Contes, et Voyages* (1846), *Galerie de Portraits du XVIIIe Siècle* (1844), translated under title of *Men and Women of the Eighteenth Century*, *Philosophes et Comédiennes* (1850), *Le Pantoufle de Cen-*

drillon and *Le Voyage à ma Fenêtre* (1851), *Les Femmes sous la Régence et sous la Terreur* (1852), *Le Violon de Franjolé* (1856), *Le Roi Voltaire* (1858), *Histoire de l' Art Français* (1860), *Notre Dame de Thermidor* (1865), *Nos Grandes Dames* (1868), *Les Parisennes* (1869–70), and *Les Confessions: Souvenirs d'un Demi-Siècle* 1830–1880 (1885), in four volumes, containing sketches of contemporary characters, including Napoleon III.

THE ELDER CREBILLON AND HIS WIFE.

True wisdom does not inhabit the world in which we live. Crébillon collected all the superfluities of luxury about him. In vain did his wife strive with both hands to restrain him on the brink of ruin; in vain she reminded him of the frugal repasts and plain furniture of their small house in the Place Maubert, "so gay on sunny days."—"True," said he, "and if we are forced to return to it, I shall not complain; what matter if the wine is not so good, if you still pour it out for me?"

Happily, Crébillon in the same year secured victory after victory; the representations of *Electre* were given, which gained the suffrages of all, and astonished even the critics. Crébillon had softened down his brutalities, and preserving all his grandeur, had shown himself more natural and more true. *Electre* was followed by *Rhadamiste*, which passed then for a powerful and boldly-drawn masterpiece. There is a certain savage grandeur in the style, which is the true characteristic of Crébillon's genius. It was this tragedy that gave Voltaire the idea that it was better on the stage to strike a strong, than a well-directed blow. All the spectators enthusiastically decided that Crébillon delineated hate as Racine did love. The aged Boileau, who was near his end, and would

have been glad to have had French literature terminate with himself, said that this success was scandalous. "I have lived too long!" he cried, in violent ill-humor. "To what Visigoth do I leave the French stage a prey! The Pradons, whom we have so often ridiculed, were eagles compared to these." Boileau had some resemblance to old Nestor in the *Iliad*, who said to the Greek Kings, "I counsel you to listen to me, for I formerly associated with men who were better than yourselves."

The parterre avenged Crébillon for Boileau's bitter critique, for in eight days two editions of *Rhadamiste* were exhausted. Nor was this all; the piece, when played at Versailles was applauded to the echo. During the rehearsals of *Rhadamiste*, Crébillon told his friends that he was going to surprise the public by a master-stroke. He was anything but modest, and spoke of his genius as another man would speak of his wine or his horse. Nevertheless, at the end of the second act he trembled for his success, for if the spectators were surprised, it was that they did not understand what was going on. But at last, when the curtain fell, Crébillon's name was received with acclamation. The vigorous beauties of his pencil had triumphed over his faults of style and composition. . . .

The poet was not long, however, in exhausting all his resources. He borrowed three thousand crowns from Baron Hoguer, who was the Providence of Literature under the regency; he sold his copyright of a tragedy to a usurer before it was written, wishing to put off as far as possible the moment when he should be forced to change his mode of living. He calculated on the success of *Xercès*, but that tragedy was hissed. Crébillon was a man of heart and courage. He entered his house with a calm and smiling countenance. "Well?" asked Madame Crébillon, who had been anxiously awaiting his return. "Well.

they have hissed my piece. To-morrow we will resume our old habits."

The next day Crébillon returned to the Place Maubert, where he found small apartments near his father-in-law's, who in evil days could still offer his son a corner of his table. Out of all his splendid establishment, Crébillon only reserved a dozen dogs and cats. As D'Alembert says, "he passed without an effort, like Alcibiades of old, from the luxuries of Persia to the austerities of Sparta, and found himself, as Alcibiades doubtless did not, happier in his latter estate than in his former."

Charlotte Péaget carried to her retreat the same manner she had shown in society. Not once did she repine. Perhaps she appeared still more charming to the hissed and penniless poet. The poor woman concealed their wretchedness from him with touching delicacy. She spread such a charm over the gloomy house, that he believed himself almost rich; like King Midas, she had the art of changing everything she touched to gold; that is to say, of giving everything life and gayety by her adorable grace. Blessed are the poets who, like Crébillon, have learned that charms and beauty are an inexhaustible fortune. Madame Crébillon never complained; she was proud of the poet's glory, she ever encouraged him in his lofty character, she listened with pious resignation to all his dreams of triumph; she knew the right moment to throw herself in his arms, when he declared that he had nothing more to expect from the world. For all this, she ventured one day when there was no money in the house, on seeing him come in with a dog under each arm, to say, "Take care, Monsieur de Crébillon; we have eight dogs, we have fifteen cats,"—"Well, madame, don't I know it? But see what a pitiful air these two dogs have; could I leave them to die of hunger in the streets?"—"Do you not foresee, Monsieur

de Crébillon, that they will die of hunger here? I appreciate your love and pity for the poor animals, but it will not do to make your house an hospital for lost dogs."—"Why do you despair? God does not abandon genius and beauty. There is a report that I am to be admitted a member of the Academy."—"I do not think you will," said Madame de Crébillon, "Fontenelle and La Motte, who are only wits, would not permit a man like you to sit beside themselves, for if you were in the Academy, would you not be its king?" Crébillon made his application for membership in the Academy; but, as his wife had foreseen, Fontenelle and La Motte succeeded in excluding him.

Although Crébillon hated libels and satire, he could not restrain himself one day when in good spirits from rhyming off, in marotic verse, a fable, very bitter in its application against La Motte, Dauchet and Fontenelle. La Motte was designated under the name of a mole; he had already become blind. Dauchet, who was a Hercules in stature, was painted as a camel; Fontenelle, in allusion to his finesse, wore a fox's skin. The satire ran all over Paris. The three comrades no longer contented themselves in closing the avenues of the Academy to Crébillon, but sought to ruin him in public estimation. They had no trouble at the Court in succeeding in this odious design. Apropos to this I find these lines in D'Alembert: "It is well to remark as a trial worthy of preservation in the history of human follies, that the enemies of Crébillon, not being able to bring any charge against the man, set to work to find in his plays proofs of the perversity of his character. None but a black-hearted man, according to them, could choose the subjects he did."

La Motte, the Royal Censor, had to be entreated a long time to grant his approbation to *Semiramis*: at last, the few protectors of Crébillon having represented to the author of *Inez*

de Castro, that rather more charity was needful in literary manners, La Motte thus granted his *imprimateur:* "I have read, by order of Monseigneur the Chancellor, *Semiramis*, a tragedy, by M. de Crébillon, and I think that the death of Semiramis, in default of remorse, may permit one to tolerate the publication of that tragedy." What could be more pleasant than the reasons and style of Monsieur the Royal Censor?

All these literary thorns only gave the greater charm to Crébillon's home, but we are opening the most touching page of his life. One evening, on returning after a discussion more noisy than literary at the Café Procope, Crébillon found his wife very much agitated, pressing to her bosom their sleeping infant. "Charlotte, what has happened?"—"I am afraid," she said, shuddering and looking toward the bed. —"What folly! you are afraid of shadows like a child."— "Yes, I am afraid of shadows: a little while ago I was about retiring: you see, I am but half dressed. In drawing aside the curtain I saw a spectre glide past the foot of the bed; I almost fainted, and scarcely had strength enough to reach the child's cradle."— "You are a child yourself, you saw only the shadow of the curtain."— "No, no," said the young wife, seizing the poet's hand, "it was Death; I recognized him, for it is not the first time he has approached me. Ah, my friend, with what grief and terror I shall lay me down beneath the ground! If you love me as I do you, do not quit me any more for an instant: help me to die. If you are near me, I shall think that I am but going to sleep."

Crébillon, pale and shuddering, took his son and laid him in his cradle. He returned to his wife, embraced her, and in vain sought for words to divert her attention, and lead her to less sombre thoughts. He persuaded her, with difficulty, to go to rest; she slept but little. He remained silent before the bed, praying in his

soul, for he believed, perhaps more than Charlotte, in presentiments. Finding that she was at last asleep, he lay down himself. When he awoke in the morning, he found Charlotte, in a partially-raised posture, watching his sleep. He was terrified at her worn, pale look, and the supernatural brilliancy of her eyes—as easily moved as an infant, he could not restrain two tears. She threw herself despairingly into his arms, and covered him with tears and kisses. "It is over," she said in a broken voice, "see, my heart beats too violently to beat long. But I shall die uncomplaining; for I see well, by your tears, that you will remember me."

Crébillon rose, and ran for his father-in-law. "Alas!" said the poor apothecary, "the mother, who was as good and fair as the daughter, died at twenty-six. It was the heart that killed the mother, and it will kill the daughter."

All the celebrated physicians were called in; but before they had agreed on a course of treatment, Marie Charlotte Péaget quietly expired at eleven o'clock the following evening. Crébillon, inconsolable, was not afraid of ridicule in weeping for his wife; he mourned for her for half a century, that is to say, until the end of his life. For the space of two years he was scarcely to be seen at the Comédie Française. He had the air of a man of another age, so much did he seem a stranger to all that was passing about him. It might be said that he still lived with his divine Charlotte. The beloved dead live in our hearts; he saw and conversed with her incessantly. After fifteen years of mourning, he was surprised in his solitude talking aloud to Charlotte, relating to her his vexations, reminding her of their happy days. "Ah, Charlotte, they all talk to me of my fame, but I think only of thee."—*Men and Women of the Eighteenth Century.*

HOWARD, HENRY, EARL OF SURREY. See SURREY, EARL OF.

HOWE, EDGAR WATSON, an American author, born in Indiana, in 1854. He became a printer, and in 1878 he bought the Atchison, Kansas, *Daily Globe*. He is the author of *The Story of a Country Town* (1884), *The Mystery of the Locks* (1885,) and *A Moonlight Boy* (1886.)

THE YOUNG MEEKS AT SCHOOL.

The. Meek sent so many children that the teacher never pretended to know the exact number. Sometimes there were eleven, and at other times only seven or eight, for the older ones seemed to take turns about, working one day and studying the next. I think The. Meek was about the only man in our country who was as good at home as he was at church, and his family of white-headed boys were laughers like him, and always contented and happy. They never learned anything, and my recollection is that they all studied out of one book while I went to school there, reciting in a class by themselves from the same page. If the teacher came upon them suddenly in their seats, and asked them to name the first letter of the alphabet, the chances were that one of them would know and answer, whereupon they all cried "*A!*" in a chorus. But if one of the number was called out separately a few moments later, and asked the same question, the round, chubby face would look up into the teacher's and after meditating a while (moving his lips during the time as if recalling the rules governing such a difficult problem) would honestly answer that he didn't know. He was then sent back to study with the warning that he would be called out again presently, and asked to name not only the first letter; but the second and third, and perhaps the fourth. Going back to his seat, the white-headed brothers gathered about him, and engaged in deep contemplation of their book for awhile, but one by one their eyes wandered away from it again, and they became

the prey of any one who had it in his heart to get them into difficulty by setting them to laughing. If they all mastered the first three letters that day they were content, and were so pleased with their progress that they forgot them the next.—*The Story of a Country Town.*

THE MEN OF TWIN MOUNDS.

I never formed a good opinion of a man there that I was not finally told something to his discredit by another citizen, causing me to regard him with great suspicion, and if I said a good word for any of them, it was proved beyond question immediately that he was a very unscrupulous, a very ridiculous, a very weak and a very worthless man. There were no friendships among them, and they all hated each other in secret, there being much quiet satisfaction when one of them failed. There seemed to be no regular aristocracy, either, for I heard so frequently how ignorant and awkward the prominent citizens were when they first came, that I finally found them all out. If Dr. Medicine told me what an unpromising lout the present magnificent Honorable Legal was when he first arrived, and how much difficulty he had in getting him introduced into respectable society, I was certain to meet Honorable Legal, soon after, and hear him recite a similar experience with reference to Dr. Medicine. One of the stories, and I found afterwards that it was true, was that a man of ordinary worth, who seemed to be prosperous, had collected his money of a railroad company in the country he had moved from, because of an injury to his first wife, and that his second was enabled to go elegantly dressed because of the misfortune of the first. Thus it went on until I was familiar with the poor origin of all of them, and perhaps this was one reason why we did not respect one another more.

Very few of the Twin Mounds men had positive opinions of their own, as they seemed

to have got them second-handed from some source; and none of them was original or natural in his methods of conducting business, or in his habits. Two or three times a year most of them visited a city a good many miles away, where they spent a great deal of money they could not afford, to create an impression that they were accustomed to what they supposed was good society, and where they met men who filled their ideas of greatness. These they mimicked, each one choosing a different example; so it happened that the men of Twin Mounds were very ridiculous. There was a lawyer, I remember, who had met, somewhere, a distinguished member of his profession, who shook hands (Ho! ho!) with everybody, and (Ha! ha!) patronizingly wanted to know how they were getting along. It was not his natural way, and as he only adopted it because he believed it would make him popular, it became him very poorly. Perhaps it was very effective with the man the habit had been copied from, but it was very absurd with our citizens, whose pretense was that every man he shook hands with (and he shook hands cordially with everybody) was not getting along as well as he in his great compassion desired.

As I grew older and began to notice more, I thought that every man in Twin Mounds, had reason to feel humiliated that he had not accomplished more, but most of them were as conceited as though there was nothing left in the world worthy of their attention. Their small business affairs, their quarrels over the Bible, and an occasional term in the Town Council, or a mention for the Legislature or a county office, satisfied them, and they were as content as men who really amounted to something.—*The Story of a Country Town.*

HOWE, JOHN, an English theologian, born in 1630; died in 1705. He graduated at Christ's College, became pastor of a Non-Conformist Congregation, and in 1657 become domestic chaplain to Oliver Cromwell, the Lord Protector. After the restoration of Charles II. he resided in many places, always engaged in ministerial duties. In 1687, when James II. put forth his "Declaration for Liberty of Conscience," Howe returned to England, where the remainder of his life was passed. He was a very voluminous author upon theological and devotional topics; and has been, not inaptly, styled "the Platonic Puritan." Robert Hall was wont to say that he had learned more from Howe than from any other author he had ever read. Doddridge says of him: "He seems to have understood the gospel as well as any uninspired writer, and to have imbibed as much of its spirit. There is the truest sublime to be found in his writings, and some of the strongest pathos. He has a vast number and variety of uncommon thoughts, and is, on the whole, one of the most valuable writers in our language, or, I believe, in the world." The complete works of Howe have been reprinted, in 1724, with a memoir by Dr. Edward Calamy, and in 1848, in three volumes, with a Life by the Rev. J. P. Hewlett. His most notable works are *The Living Temple; Delighting in God; The Blessedness of the Righteous; The Vanity of Man as Mortal; on the Divine Presence;* and *The Redeemer's Presence over the Invisible World.* Mr. Henry Roger, who in 1836 put forth a *Life of Howe* with an *Analysis of his Writings,*

thus represents his position and views when officiating as domestic chaplain to Oliver Cromwell.

RELIGIOUS BELIEF AT CROMWELL'S COURT.

It was a very prevalent opinion in Cromwell's court, and seems to have been entertained by Cromwell himself, that whenever the "special favorites" of Heaven offered up their supplications for themselves or others, secret intimations were conveyed to the mind that the particular blessings they implored would be certainly bestowed, and even indications afforded of the particular method in which their wishes would be accomplished. Howe himself confessed to Calamy, in a private conversation on this subject, that the prevalence of the notion at Whitehall, at the time he lived there, was too notorious to be denied; that great pains were taken to cherish and diffuse it; and that he himself had heard "a person of note" preach a sermon with the avowed design of maintaining and defending it. To point out the pernicious consequences of such an opinion would be superfluous. Of course, there could be no lack of "special favorites of Heaven" in an age and court like those of Cromwell; and all the dangerous illusions which a fanatical imagination might inspire, and all the consequent horrors to which a fanatical zeal could prompt, would of course plead the sanction of an express revelation.

HOWE, Julia Ward, an American author, born in New York, in 1819. She began to write verses while very young. Her first publication was a review of Lamartine's *Jocelyn* with an English translation. In 1843 she married Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe of Boston, with whom in 1851–53 she conducted an anti-slavery paper, *The Commonwealth.* She was one of the founders of the New England Women's Club, and is an earnest advocate of woman-suffrage. Her works are *Passion Flowers* (1854), and *Words for the Hour* (1857), two volumes of poems; *The World's Own*, a drama, (1857); *A Trip to Cuba* (1860); *Later Lyrics* (1866); *From the Oak to the Olive*, (1868); *Modern Society* (1881), and a *Life of Margaret Fuller* (1883.)

THE LAMB WITHOUT.

Whene'er I close the door at night,
And turn the creaking key about,
A pang renewed assails my heart—
I think, my darling is shut out.

Think that beneath these starry skies,
He wanders, with his little feet;
The pines stand hushed in glad surprise,
The garden yields its tribute sweet.

Thro' every well-known path and nook
I see his angel footsteps glide,
As guileless as the Paschal Lamb
That kept the Infant Saviour's side.

His earnest eye, perhaps, can pierce
The gloom in which his parents sit;
He wonders what has changed the house,
And why the cloud hangs over it.

He passes with a pensive smile—
Why do they linger to grow old,

And what the burthen on their hearts?
 On *him* shall sorrow have no hold.

Within the darkened porch I stand—
 Scarce knowing why, I linger long;
Oh! could I call thee back to me,
 Bright bird of heaven, with sooth or song!

But no—the wayworn wretch shall pause
 To bless the shelter of this door;
Kinsman and guest shall enter in,
 But my lost darling never more.

Yet, waiting on his gentle ghost,
 From sorrow's void, so deep and dull,
Comes a faint breathing of delight,
 A presence calm and beautiful.

I have him, not in outstretched arms,
 I hold him, not with straining sight,
While in blue depths of quietude
 Drops, like a star, my still "Good-night."

Thus, nightly, do I bow my head
 To the Unseen, Eternal force;
Asking sweet pardon of my child
 For yielding him in Death's divorce.

He turned away from childish plays,
 His baby toys he held in scorn;
He loved the forms of thought divine,
 Woods, flowers, and fields of waving corn.

And then I knew, my little one
 Should by no vulgar lore be taught;
But by the symbol God has given
 To solemnize our common thought;

The mystic angels, three in one,
 The circling serpent's faultless round,
And, in far glory dim, the Cross,
 Where love o'erleaps the human bound.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eye hath seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his
terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening
dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim
and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in rows of burnished steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you
my grace shall deal;"
Let the Hero born of woman, crush the serpent
with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his
judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures
you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to
make men free,
While God is marching on.

OUR COUNTRY.

On primal rocks she wrote her name,
Her towers were reared on holy graves,
The golden seed that bore her came
Swift-winged with prayer o'er ocean waves.

The Forest bowed his solemn crest,
And open flung his sylvan doors;
Meek Rivers led the appointed Guest
To clasp the wide-embracing shores;

Till, fold by fold, the' broidered Land
   To swell her virgin vestments grew,
While Sages, strong in heart and hand,
   Her virtue's fiery girdle drew.

O Exile of the wrath of Kings!
   O Pilgrim Ark of Liberty!
The refuge of divinest things,
   Their record must abide in thee.

First in the glories of thy front
   Let the crown-jewel Truth be found:
Thy right hand fling with generous wont
   Love's happy chain to furthest bound.

Let Justice with the faultless scales
   Hold fast the worship of thy sons,
Thy commerce spread her shining sails
   Where no dark tide of rapine runs.

So link thy ways to those of God,
   So follow firm the heavenly laws,
That stars may greet thee, warrior-browed.
   And storm-sped angels hail thy cause.

O Land, the measure of our prayers,
   Hope of the world, in grief and wrong!
Be thine the blessing of the years,
   The gift of faith, the crown of song.

THE UNSPEAKABLE PANG.

Who are these that sit by the long dinner-table in the forward cabin, with a most unusual lack of interest in the bill of fare? Their eyes are closed, mostly, their cheeks are pale, their lips are quite bloodless, and to every offer of good cheer, their "No, thank you," is as faintly uttered as are marriage-vows by maiden lips. Can they be the same that, an hour ago, were so composed, so jovial, so full of dangerous defiance to the old man of the sea? The officer who carves the roast-beef offers at the same time a slice of fat; this is too much; a panic runs through the ranks, and the rout is instantaneous and complete. . .

To what but to Dante's Inferno can we liken this steamboat-cabin, with its double row of pits, and its dismal captives? What are those sighs, groans, and despairing noises, but the *alti guai* rehearsed by the poet? Its fiends are the stewards who rouse us from our perpetual torpor with offers of food and praises of shadowy banquets,—"Nice mutton-chop, Sir? roast-turkey? plate of soup?" Cries, of "No, no!" resound, and the wretched turn again and groan. The Philanthropist has lost the movement of the age,—keeled up in an upper birth, convulsively embracing a blanket—what conservative more immovable than he? The Great Man of the party refrains from his large theories, which, like the circles made by the stone thrown into the water, begin somewhere, and end nowhere. As we have said, he expounds himself no more, the significant forefinger is down, the eye no longer imprisons yours. But if you ask him how he does, he shakes himself as if like Farinata—

"averse l' inferno in gran dispetto,"

"he had a very contemptible opinion of hell."

Let me not forget to add, that it rains every day, that it blows every night, and that it rolls through the twenty-four hours till the whole world seems as if turned bottom upwards, clinging with its nails to chaos, and fearing to launch away. . . . . But all things have an end, and most things have two. After the third day, a new development manifests itself. Various shapeless masses are carried up-stairs and suffered to fall like snow-flakes on the deck, and to lie there in shivering heaps. From these larvæ gradually emerge features and voices,—the luncheon-bell at last stirs them with the thrill of returning life. They look up, they lean up, they exchange pensive smiles of recognition,—the Steward comes, no fiend this time, but a ministering angel; and lo! the strong man eats broth, and

the weak woman clamors for pickled oysters.—*A Trip to Cuba.*

HOWE, SAMUEL GRIDLEY, the husband of Julia Ward Howe, was an American physician, born in 1801; died in 1876. He was educated at Brown University and at the Harvard Medical School. From 1824 to 1827 he served as a surgeon in the Greek army, and afterwards obtained assistance in the United States for the Greeks who were threatened with famine. In 1831 he again visited Europe to study methods of education for the blind, and in 1832 he established the Perkins Institution for the Blind, of which he was the superintendent. His success in the education of Laura Bridgman is well known. He also assisted in founding the school for idiotic children. He was an active worker in the anti-slavery movement. In 1851–53 he edited *The Commonwealth.* In 1871 he was one of the Commissioners sent to San Domingo to report upon its proposed annexation to the United States. He published various letters on topics of the time, a *Historical Sketch of the Greek Revolution* (1828), and a *Reader for the Blind*, printed in raised characters (1839.)

HOWELL, Elizabeth Lloyd, an American poetess, born in Philadelphia, about 1828. She was the daughter of Isaac Lloyd, a member of the Society of Friends, and was married to Robert Howell, of Philadelphia, who died not long after. Before her marriage she wrote the poem *Milton's Prayer of Patience*, which appeared in the *Friend's Review* for January, 1848; and contributed several poems to the *Wheat Sheaf*, (1852.)

MILTON'S PRAYER OF PATIENCE.

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;—
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme to Thee.

All-merciful One!
When men are farthest, then art Thou most near;
When men pass by, my weaknesses to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown;
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been.

Wrapped in that radiance from the sinless land
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go,
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel-lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

In a purer clime,
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

This poem, which has sometimes been attributed to Milton, and was even printed as such in an English edition of his works, is an amplification of the following passage in Milton's *Defense of the People of England.*

MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

Since my enemies boast that this affliction is only a retribution for the transgressions of my pen, I invoke Almighty God to witness that I never, at any time wrote anything which I did not think agreeable to truth, to justice, and to piety. This was my persuasion then, and I feel the same persuasion now. As long as in that obscurity in which I am enveloped the light of the Divine presence more clearly shines, then, in proportion as I am weak, I shall be invincibly strong; and in proportion as I am blind, I shall more clearly see. The Divine law not only shields me from injury, but almost renders me too sacred to attack; not indeed from the privation of sight, as from the overshadowing of those heavenly wings which seem to have occasioned this obscurity; and which, when occasioned, He is wont to illuminate with an interior light, more precious and more pure.

HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN, an American author, born in Ohio, in 1837. When he was three years old his family removed to Hamilton, Ohio, and here he learned to set type in the office of the *Intelligencer*, a weekly paper published by his father. On their removal to Dayton in 1849, young Howells assisted his father in printing the *Transcript*, and delivered the papers. He afterwards worked on the *Ohio State Journal*, and the *Sentinel* of Ashtabula which the elder Howells purchased. At the age of twenty-two he became one of the editors of the *State Journal* at Columbus. From 1861 to 1865 he was U. S. Consul at Venice. In 1866 he became assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and in 1872 its editor. He resigned the position in 1881. He now has charge of the "Editor's Study," a critical department of *Harper's Magazine*. His works include *Poems of Two Friends*, with John J. Piatt (1860), *Life of Abraham Lincoln* (1860), *Venetian Life* (1866), *Italian Journeys* (1867), *Suburban Sketches*, and *No Love Lost, A Poem of Travel* (1868), *Their Wedding Journey* (1871), *A Chance Acquaintance* (1873), *A Foregone Conclusion* (1874), *Out of the Question*, a novel, and a *Life of Rutherford B. Hayes* (1876), *A Counterfeit Presentment* (1877), *Choice Biographies*, edited with essays (1877–8), *The Lady of the Aroostook* (1878), *The Undiscovered Country* (1880), *A Fearful Responsibility, and other Tales* (1882), *Dr. Breen's Practice* and *A Modern Instance* (1883), *A Woman's Reason* (1884), *Three Villages*, *The Rise of Silas Lapham* and *Tuscan Cities* (1885), *A Little Girl among*

the Old Masters, *The Minister's Charge*, and *Indian Summer* (1886), *Modern Italian Poets*, and *April Hopes* (1887.) He has published several amusing dialogues, " *The Parlor Car* (1877), *The Sleeping Car* (1883), *The Register* (1884), *The Elevator*, and *The Garroters* (1885), and *Five o'clock Tea* (1887.)

THANKSGIVING.

Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought:
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still;
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer:
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement:
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude.

THE MYSTERIES.

Once on my mother's breast, a child, I crept,
Holding my breath;
There, safe and sad, lay shuddering, and wept
At the dark mystery of Death.

Weary and weak, and worn with all unrest,
Spent with the strife—
O mother, let me weep upon thy breast
At the sad mystery of Life!

THE SONG THE ORIOLE SINGS.

There is a bird that comes and sings
In the Professor's garden-trees;
Upon the English oak he swings,
And tilts and tosses in the breeze.

I know his name, I know his note,
That so with rapture takes my soul;
Like flame the gold beneath his throat,
His glossy cape is black as coal.

O Oriole, it is the song
  You sang me from the cottonwood,
Too young to feel that I was young,
  Too glad to guess if life were good.

And while I hark, before my door,
  Adown the dusty Concord Road,
The blue Miami flows once more
  As by the cottonwood it flowed.

And on the bank that rises steep,
  And pours a thousand tiny rills,
From death and absence laugh and leap
  My school-mates to their flutter-mills.

The blackbirds jangle in the tops
  Of hoary-antlered sycamores;
The timorous kildee starts and stops
  Among the drift-wood on the shores.

Below, the bridge—a noonday fear
  Of dust and shadow shot with sun—
Stretches its gloom from pier to pier,
  Far unto alien coasts unknown.

And on those alien coasts, above,
  Where silver ripples break the streams
Long blue, from some roof-sheltering grove
  A hidden parrot scolds and screams.

Ah, nothing, nothing! Commonest things:
  A touch, a glimpse, a sound, a breath—
It is a song the Oriole sings—
  And all the rest belongs to death.

But Oriole, my Oriole,
  Were some bright seraph sent from bliss
With songs of heaven to win my soul,
  From simple memories such as this,

What could he tell to tempt my ear
  From you? What high thing could there be,
So tenderly and sweetly dear
  As my lost boyhood is to me?

OUR WOODMAN.

Our particular woodman was, in his way, a gifted man. Long before I had dealings with

him, I knew him by the superb song, or rather incantation, with which he announced his coming on the Grand Canal. The purport of this was merely that his bark was called the *Beautiful Caroline*, and that his fagots were fine; but he so dwelt upon the hidden beauties of this idea, and so prolonged their effect upon the mind by artful repetition, and the full, round, and resonant roar with which he closed his triumphal hymn, that the spirit was taken with the charm, and held in breathless admiration.

By all odds, this woodman's cry was the most impressive of all the street cries of Venice. There may have been an exquisite sadness and sweetness in the wail of the chimney-sweep; a winning pathos in the voice of the vendor of roast pumpkin; and oriental fancy and splendor in the fruiterers who cried "Melons with hearts of fire!" and "Juicy pears that bathe your beard!"—there may have been something peculiarly effective in the song of the chestnut man who shouted "Fat chestnuts," and added, after a lapse in which you got almost beyond hearing, "and well cooked!"—I do not deny that there was a seductive sincerity in the proclamation of one whose peaches could *not* be called beautiful to look upon, and were consequently advertised as "Ugly, but good!"—I say nothing to detract from the merits of harmonious chair-menders; —to my ears the shout of the melodious fisherman was delectable music, and all the birds of summer sang in the voices of the countrymen who sold finches and larks in cages, and roses and pinks in pots;—but I say, after all, none of these people combined the vocal power, the sonorous movement, the delicate grace, and the vast compass of our woodman. Yet this man, as far as virtue went, was *vox et præterea nihil*. He was a vagabond of the most abandoned; he was habitually in drink, and I think his sins had gone near to make him mad

—at any rate he was of a most lunatical deportment.

In other lands, the man of whom you are a regular purchaser, serves you well; in Italy he conceives that his long service gives him the right to plunder you if possible. I felt in every fibre that this woodman invariably cheated me in measurement, and, indeed, he scarcely denied it on accusation. But my single experience of the more magnificent scoundrels of whom *he* bought the wood originally, contented me with the swindle with which I had become familiarized.

On this occasion I took a boat and went to the Custom House, to get my fuel at first hand. The captain of the ship which I boarded wished me to pay more than I gave for fuel delivered at my door, and thereupon ensued the tragic scene of bargaining as these things are conducted in Italy. We stood up and bargained, we sat down and bargained; the captain turned his back upon me in indignation; I parted from him and took to my boat in scorn; he called me back and displayed the wood—good, sound, dryer than bones; he pointed to the threatening heavens, and declared that it would snow that night, and on the morrow I could not get wood at twice the present price; but I laughed incredulously. Then my captain took another tack, and tried to make the contract in obsolete currencies, in Austrian pounds, in Venetian pounds, but as I inexorably reduced these into familiar money, he paused desperately, and made me an offer which I accepted with mistaken exultation; for my captain was shrewder than I, and held arts of measurement in reserve against me. He agreed that the measurement and transportation should not cost me the value of his tooth-pick—quite an old and worthless one—which he showed me. Yet I was surprised into the payment of a youth whom this man called to assist at the measurement, and I had

to give the boatman drink-money at the end. He promised that the measure should be just: yet if I lifted my eye from the work he placed the logs slantingly on the measure, and threw in knotty chunks that crowded wholesome fuel out, and let the daylight through and through the pile. I protested, and he admitted the wrong when I pointed it out: "*Ga razon, lu!*" (He's right!) he said to his fellows in infamy, and throwing aside the objectionable pieces, proceeded to evade justice by new artifices. When I had this memorable load of wood housed at home, I found that it had cost just what I paid my woodman, and that I had additionally lost my self-respect in being plundered before my face, and I resolved thereafter to be cheated in quiet dignity behind my back. The woodman exulted in his restored sovereignty, and I lost nothing in penalty for my revolt.—*Venetian Life.*

OPTIMISTS, OR PESSIMISTS?

Colville slept late, and awoke with a vague sense of self-reproach, which faded afterward to such poor satisfaction as comes to us from the consciousness of having made the best of a bad business; some pangs of softer regret mixed with this. At first he felt a stupid obligation to keep indoors, and he really did not go out till after lunch. The sunshine had looked cold from his window, and with the bright fire which he found necessary in his room, he fancied a bitterness in the gusts that caught up the dust in the piazza, and blew it against the line of cabs on the other side; but when he got out into the weather, he found the breeze mild and the sun warm. The streets were thronged with people, and at all the corners there were groups of cloaked and overcoated talkers, soaking themselves full of the sunshine. The air throbbed, as always, with the sound of bells, but it was a mellower and opener sound than before, and looking at the purple bulk of one

of those hills which seem to rest like clouds at the end of each avenue in Florence, Colville saw that it was clear of snow. He was going up through Via Cavour to find Mr. Waters and propose a walk, but he met him before he had got half way to San Marco.

"And you didn't go to Rome, after all?" said Mr. Waters.

"No; I couldn't face the landlord with a petition so preposterous as mine. I told him that I found I had no money to pay his bill till I had seen my banker, and as he didn't propose that I should send him the amount back from Rome, I staid. Landlords have their limitations; they are not imaginative, as a class."

"Well, a day more will make no great difference to you, I suppose," said the old man, "and a day less would have been a loss to me. I shall miss you."

"Shall you, indeed?" asked Colville, with a grateful stir of the heart. "It's very nice of you to say that."

"Oh no. I meet few people who are willing to look at life objectively with me, and I have fancied some such willingness in you. What I chiefly miss, over here, is a philosophic lift in the human mind, but probably that is because my opportunities of meeting the best minds are few, and my means of conversing with them are small. If I had not the whole past with me I should feel lonely at times."

"And is the past such good company always?"

"Yes, in a sense it is. The past is humanity set free from circumstance, and history studied where it was once life, is the past rehumanized."

As if he found this rarefied air too thin for his lungs, Colville made some ineffectual gasps at response, and the old man continued: "What I mean is, that I meet here the characters I read of, and commune with them before their errors were committed, before they

had condemned themselves to failure, while they were still wise and sane, and still active and vital forces."

"Did they all fail? I thought some of the bad fellows had a pretty fair worldly success?"

"The blossom of decay."

"Oh! what black pessimism!"

"Not at all! Men fail, but man succeeds. I don't know what it all means, or any part of it; but I have had moods in which it seemed as if the whole secret of the mystery were about to flash upon me. Walking along in the full sun, in the midst of men, or sometimes in the solitude of midnight, poring over a book, and thinking of quite other things, I have felt that I had almost surprised it."

"But never quite?"

"Oh, it isn't too late yet."

"I hope you won't have your revelation before I get away from Florence, or I shall see them burning you here like the great *frate*."

They had been walking down the Via Calzioli from the Duomo, and now they came out into the piazza della Signoria, suddenly, as one always seems to do, upon the rise of the old palace, and the leap of its tower into the blue air. The history of all Florence is there, with memories of every great time in bronze or marble, but the supreme presence is the martyr who hangs forever from the gibbet over the quenchless fire in the midst.

"Ah, they *had* to kill him!" sighed the old man. "It has always been so with the benefactors. They have always meant mankind more good than any one generation can bear, and it must turn upon them and destroy them."

"How will it be with you, then, when you have read us the riddle of 'the painful earth?'"

"That will be so simple that every one will accept it willingly and gladly, and wonder that no one happened to think of it before. And perhaps the world is now grown old enough to receive the truth without resentment."

"I take back my charge of pessimism," said Colville. "You are an optimist of the deepest dye."

They walked out of the piazza and down to the Lung' Arno, through the corridor of the Ufizzi, where the illustrious Florentines stand in marble under the arches, all reconciled and peaceful and equal at last. Colville shivered a little as he passed between the silent ranks of the statues.

"I can't stand those fellows to-day. They seem to feel such a smirk satisfaction at having got out of it all." They issued upon the river, and he went to the parapet and looked down on the water. "I wonder," he mused aloud," if it has the same Sunday look to these Sabbathless Italians as it has to us?"

"No; nature isn't puritan," replied the old minister.

"Not at Haddam East Village?"

"No: less there than here; for she's had to make a harder fight for her life there."

"Ah, then you believe in nature—you're a friend of nature?" asked Colville, following the lines of an oily swirl in the current with indolent eye.

"Only up to a certain point." Mr. Waters seemed to be patient of any direction which the other might be giving the talk. "Nature is a savage. She has good impulses, but you can't trust her altogether."

"Do you know," said Colville, "I don't think there's very much of her left in us after we reach a certain point in life. She drives us on at a great pace for a while, and then some fine morning we wake up and find that nature has got tired of us and has left us to taste and conscience. And taste and conscience are by no means so certain of what they want you to do as nature was."

"Yes," said the minister, "I see what you mean." He joined Colville in leaning on the parapet, and he looked out on the river as if he

saw his meaning there. "But by the time we reach that point in life most of us have got the direction which nature meant us to take, and there's no longer any need of her driving us on."

"And what about the unlucky fellows who haven't got the direction, or haven't kept it."

"They had better go back to it."

"But if nature herself seems to change her mind about you?"

"Ah, you mean persons of weak will. They are a great curse to themselves and to everybody else."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Colville. "I've seen cases in which a strong will looked very much more like the devil."

"Yes, a perverted will. But there can be no good without a strong will. A weak will means inconstancy. It means, even in good, good attempted and relinquished, which is always a terrible thing, because it is sure to betray some one who relied upon its accomplishment."

"And in evil?" Perhaps the evil attempted and relinquished turns into good."

"Oh, never!" replied the minister fervently. "There is something very mysterious in what we call evil. Apparently it has infinitely greater force and persistence than good. I don't know why it should be so. But so it appears."

"You'll have the reason of that along with the rest of the secret when your revelation comes," said Colville.—*Indian Summer.*

THE ARCADIAN SHEPHERDS.

One day near the close of the seventeenth century, a number of ladies and gentlemen—mostly poets and poetesses according to their thinking—were assembled on a pleasant hill in the neighborhood of Rome. As they lounged upon the grass, in attitudes as graceful and picturesque as they could contrive, and listened

to a sonnet or an ode with the sweet patience of their race—for they were all Italians—it occurred to the most conscious man among them that here was something uncommonly like the Golden Age, unless that epoch had been flattered. There had been reading and praising of odes and sonnets the whole blessed afternoon, and now he cried out to the complaisant, canorous company: "Behold Arcadia revived in us!"

This struck everybody at once by its truth. It struck, most of all, a certain Giovan Maria Crescimbeni, honored in his day and despised in ours as a poet and critic. He was of a cold, dull temperament; "a mind half lead, half wood," as one Italian writer calls him; but he was an inveterate maker of verses, and he was wise in his own generation. He straightway proposed to the tuneful *abbés cavalieri servente* and *precieuses*, who went singing and love-making up and down Italy in those times, the foundation of a new academy, to be called the Academy of the Arcadians.

Literary academies were then the fashion in Italy, and every part of the peninsula abounded in them. They bore names fanciful or grotesque, such as The Ardent, The Illuminated, The Unconquered, The Intrepid, or The Dissonant, The Sterile, The Insipid, The Obtuse, The Astray, The Shunned, and they were all devoted to one purpose, namely, the production and perpetuation of twaddle. It is prodigious to think of the incessant wash of slip-slop which they poured out in verse; of the grave disputations they held upon the most trivial questions; of the inane formalities of their sessions. At the meetings of a famous academy in Milan, they placed in the chair a child just able to talk; a question was proposed, and the answer of the child, whatever it was, was held by one side to solve the problem, and the debates, *pro* and *con*, followed upon this point. Other academies in other cities had their follies;

but whatever the absurdity, it was encouraged alike by Church and State, and honored by all the great world. The governments of Italy in that day, whether lay or clerical, liked nothing so well as to have the intellectual life of the nation squandered in the trivialities of the academies—in their debates about nothing, their odes and madrigals and masks and sonnets; and the greatest politeness you could show a stranger was to invite him to a sitting of your academy; to be furnished with a letter to the academy in the next city was the highest favor you could ask for yourself.

In literature the humorous Bernesque school had passed; Tasso had long been dead; and the Neapolitan Marini—called the corruptor of Italian Poetry—ruled from his grave the taste of the time. This taste was so bad as to require a very desperate remedy; and it was professedly to counteract it that the Academy of the Arcadians had arisen.

The epoch was favorable; and, as Emiliani-Giudici teaches, in his *History of Italian Literature*, the idea of Crescimbeni spread electrically throughout Italy. The gayest of the finest ladies and gentlemen the world ever saw, the *illustrissimi* of that polite age, united with monks, priests, cardinals, and scientific thinkers in establishing the Arcadia; and even popes and kings were proud to enlist in the crusade for the true poetic faith. In all the chief cities Arcadian colonies were formed, "dependent upon the Roman Arcadia, as upon the supreme Arch Flock;" and in three years the Academy numbered thirteen hundred members, every one of whom had first been obliged to give proof that he was a good poet, they prettily called themselves by the names of shepherds and shepherdesses out of Theocritus, and, being a republic, they refused to own any earthly prince or ruler, but declared the Baby Jesus to be the Protector of Arcadia. Their code of laws was written in elegant Latin by a

grave and learned man, and inscribed upon tablets of marble.

As a pattern of perfect poetizing, these artless nymphs and swains chose Constanzo, a very fair poet of the sixteenth century. They collected his verse, and printed it at the expense of the Academy; and it was established without dissent that each Arcadian in turn, at the hut of some conspicuous shepherd, in the presence of the keeper (such was the jargon of those most amusing unrealities), should deliver a commentary upon some sonnet of Constanzo. As for Crescimbeni, who declared that Arcadia was instituted "strictly for the purpose of exterminating bad taste, and of guarding against its revival; pursuing it continually, wherever it should pause or lurk, even to the most remote and unconsidered villages and hamlets"—Crescimbeni could not do less than write four dialogues, as he did, in which he evolved from four of Constanzo's sonnets all that was necessary for Tuscan lyric poetry.

"Thus," says Emiliani-Giudici, referring to the crusading intent of Crescimbeni," the Arcadians were a sect of poetical Sanfedists, who, taking for example the zeal and performance of San Domingo de Guzman, proposed to renew in literature the scenes of the Holy Office among the Albigenses. Happily the fire of Arcadian verse did not really burn! The institution was at first derided then it triumphed and prevailed in such fame and greatness that, shining forth like a new sun it consumed the splendor of the lesser lights of heaven eclipsing the glitter of all these academies—the Thunderstruck, the Extravagant, the Humid, the Tipsy, the Imbeciles, and the like—which had hitherto formed the glory of the Peninsula.—*Modern Italian Poets.*

HOWITT, ANNA MARY, the daughter of William and Mary Howitt, born in 1824; died in 1884. She studied painting in Munich. In 1853 she published *An Art Student in Munich*, and in 1855, *The School of Life*, a novel. She married a son of the poet Alaric A. Watts. Later she published *Pioneers of Spiritualism.*

ON THE WAY TO OBER-AMMERGAU.

They call Murnau a town, but it is a marvellously small one, and would have been as still as death, but for the Ammergau visitors. So great was the overflow of strangers at the *Gast-Haus*, that it was not without difficulty we were able to secure a chamber to ourselves. The bustle and confusion, the hubbub and noise in the house, were inconceivable, and therefore, although we were to start at half-past one in the morning, and had consequently very little time for rest, the calm evening sunshine out of doors soon invited us forth. The mountains seemed fairly to close in the street of the little town, but still a plain extended from the gentle slope on which Murnau stands to the foot of the Alpine chain.

As the sun sank in a golden heaven, streaked with lilac and rose, tinting with rainbow-colors the glittering peaks of the most elevated and distant snowy ridge, the nearest, and lower chain was cast into a mysterious violet gloom, and the intermediate ranges were turned to deep indigo, almost black by shadow, or copper-color and russet in the evening glow. Beneath us lay the plain, golden in the evening light; long shadows cast athwart it from poplars and cherry-trees; beyond us this mountain vision, like the very gates of spirit-land; above our heads glowed an azure and pearly-tinted heaven, flecked with fantastic, gorgeous cloudlets; beneath our feet, nodded, in the soft evening breeze, flowers as bright as gems, orange,

deep blue, crimson, and lilac; Alpine flowers mingling with old English friends—the lady's mantle, the graceful quaking-grass, the daisy, the mountain-pink, and mountain-cistus. We sate and watched the azure shadows creeping up the mountains, and the light fading away from the snowy peaks, till they were left cold and white, and winterly, and till a deep, stern solemnity sank down upon the whole scene, and upon our hearts. When all was gray and mysterious, and the silence of twilight had become yet more perceptible from the ceasing of the vesper-bell, which had been sounding from a distant church, we reluctantly turned our faces homewards. Stalwart women, and girls, strong as men, were resting themselves at their doors, or fetching water at the fountains, as we passed up the village street. Where were the men and boys? I know not:—perhaps in the beer-houses.

It was a strange fragment of a night, that at Murnau! Throwing ourselves, half-dressed, on our beds, we tried to sleep; but that was impossible; the whole town was active, and nearly as noisy as Cheapside, with an incessant rattle of peasants' carts, *Stellwagen*, and vehicles of all descriptions, which were jolting over the uneven pavement on their way to Ammergau; and if, by any chance, you did lose consciousness for a moment, you were woke up again by the watchman chanting his verse, and calling out the quarters of the hour.

By one o'clock all the travellers were again astir; by half-past, having scalded their mouths with a cup of boiling coffee, and having in their sleepy haste run against each other, laden with carpet-bags and umbrellas, on dark staircases and in dimly lighted passages, all had subsided into cold and silence within the *Stellwagen*. We again took our places in the cabriolet. Clare's sleepy head sunk upon my shoulder, whilst I, only too widely awake, gazed out into the starlight, and felt, rather than saw,

that we were entering the mountain gorge. *Stellwagen* after *Stellwagen* passed us, to be re-passed by us in their turn; now an *Eilwagen* with its four horses and postilions; now a gentleman's carriage with its flaring lamps; now we passed groups of pedestrians; now wagon after wagon, filled with peasant women, their long rows of white draperied heads flitting along the dark road before us like strange moths, and looking in the cold, gray light of dawn, as phantom-like, almost, as the cold, white, solemn peaks, draperied with snow above us. The roar of a mountain river accompanied us through the night; in the early dawn we were still travelling along its bank. The villages through which we passed were half choked up with heaps of timber; rafts were floating down the stream, or were moored to its banks; giant pine-trees were lying prostrate by the river's edge, ready to be converted into rafts. This lower range of mountains was clothed with pine trees to its very summit.

It was now four o'clock on Sunday morning, and intensely cold; we were well pleased, therefore, at the foot of the Ettalberg, to alight from our cabriolet, and commence with our fellow-passengers, and numerous other pilgrims, the ascent of the mountain on foot. Cold as it was, the sun was already shining down into the pleasant birch and pine woods through which our road wound, and gilding the mountain peaks; a torrent was dashing and leaping over huge rocks in the gorge below us; the birds were singing, and all was fresh and joyous. The most remarkable feature of the scene, however, was the people. From the rustic inn at the foot of the mountain to the inn at the top, where is a certain pilgrimage church, and all along the road thence to Ammergau, as far as the eye could reach, was one dense stream of people. The crowd of peasants ascending the mountain was to me an affecting sight; my eyes and my heart in-

voluntarily filled with tears. Their earnest, grave, yet cheerful countenances told me that it was a deep religious object which they had in view: it was not curiosity and the love of pleasure which urged them up that steep ascent; it was with faith and pious hope that they pressed onward. Men, women, old and middle aged, youths, maidens, children, family groups, neighbors and friends all banded together to witness this outward rendering of the spirit of their creed. The variety of costume showed that the whole district for many miles round had sent out its votaries. There were groups of pure Tyroleans, with their green sugar-loaf hats adorned with golden cord and tassels, tufts of feathers or artificial flowers; there were many semi-Tyrolean dresses, and vast numbers of women wearing the queer, heavy, Tartar-looking cap of badger-skin, peculiar, I believe, to the Ober-Ammergau district; there were boddices and petticoats and head-dresses of every color of the rainbow—red, green, and blue, being, however, predominant; there was a considerable sprinkling also of the swallow-tailed gold and silver Munich cap, and no end of red umbrellas. How gay this winding multitude made the mountain, you can well imagine! Slowly and painfully behind each group ascended the poor tired horses, dragging the skeleton-like peasant's cart, *Stellwagen* or *Einspann*, as it might be.—*An Art Student in Munich.*

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